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The Riverdale Hymn Book

Edited by
IRA SEYMOUR DODD
and
LINDSAY BARTHOLOMEW LONGACRE

NEW YORK CHICAGO TORONTO
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Preface

The Riverdale Hymn Book is an attempt to present a limited selection of hymns suited to present day needs, warm with the Spirit of Christian devotion, and expressive of the praises and aspirations of the Communion of Saints.

The first place has been given to the objective hymns, those that lead thought and emotion away from self, up to God and his Christ, and out toward the service of our brother men; and while hymns of more personal tone have not been neglected, the purpose has been the inclusion of those that are uplifting and the avoidance of those that are enervating and depressing.

As far as possible the hymns are presented in their original text. In a number of instances the original text has been used where an altered one has been customary; and wherever a hymn is the work of more than one person the fact is noted.

In the choice of music, the needs of the average congregation have been held in mind. Customary association of hymns with particular tunes has been preserved wherever the music appeared at all worthy. But there has been a constant endeavor to choose musical settings worthy of the hymns and truly voicing their spirit.

We have preferred tunes suitable for unison singing, and tunes have sometimes been set in lower keys so that all the voices in the congregation might sing the melody, leaving the harmony to the organ or choir.

If such tunes as Old Hundredth or St. Anne—and in general the older Psalm tunes and Chorales, should be sung in slower time than is customary, with due regard to the pauses at the end of the lines, there would be a great gain in resonance and effectiveness. We have for this reason made freer use of the pause mark (𝄐) than has lately been common.

The great hymns— the classics belonging to all time— together with those hymns of lesser note whose worth has been proved by the common use which has made them familiar, form the basis of the selection; but ancient as well as modern fields have yielded much that is new in both hymns and music. A goodly number, both of hymns and tunes appear for the first time in this country. The newer hymns will be found rich in poetic and devotional quality, and the newer music simple, dignified and melodious.

To the friends who have been our wise and cordial helpers in our work, we express our thanks.

We record our obligations to the various American Hymnals new and old: to the Hymnal of the Scottish Presbyterian Churches; the Canadian Presbyterian Book of Praise; the Hymns Ancient and Modern; the English Hymnal; the Oxford Hymn Book; and the British Wesleyan Methodist Hymn Book.

Preface

Acknowledgements are due to the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, the Rev. Dr. John Brownlie, the Rev. Dr. H. Montagu Butler, the Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden, the Rev. Dr. F. L. Hosmer, the Rev. Dr. John Julian, the Rev. Dr. James M. Whiton, and Mr. Rudyard Kipling for permission to use their hymns; to Mr. Robert Bridges for the use of translations and adaptations from the Yattendon Hymnal; to the Messrs. Macmillan Company for Hymns by Christina Rossetti; to the Messrs. Houghton-Mifflin Company for those of J. G. Whittier and John Hay; and to the publishers of the English Hymnal the use of versions of hymns, Nos. 67, 84, 125 and 354.

Acknowledgements are also due to Miss Broadwood and Mr. R. Vaughan Williams for their adaptations of English Traditional Melodies, and to Prof. Julius Röntgen for a Dutch Traditional Melody; to the Rev. J. S. B. Hodges, the Rev. Clement Powell, the Rev. G. C. E. Ryley, the Rev. T. B. Stephenson, Bishop J. H. Vincent, the Rev. G. R. Woodward, Mr. Robert Drury, J. H. Gower. Mus. D., Oxon, C. H. Lloyd, Mus. D., Oxon, Sir Walter Parratt, Mr. Robert Quaile, Professor H. E. Wooldridge, and the Messrs. Hughes and Son for permission to use tunes composed or owned by them.

We are indebted to the Century Company, and also to the Editors of "Hymns of the Kingdom of God," for courtesies extended. To Miss E. C. Tilley, organist at the Riverdale Presbyterian Church we are especially indebted for valuable assistance in the preparation of the music.

We have tried to communicate with all owners of copyrighted hymns or tunes. Occasionally it has been difficult to find addresses or to trace ownership. If for such reasons, or through inadvertence any rights have been overlooked we crave forgiveness.

Ira S. Dodd
Lindsay B. Longacre

NOTE.—The dates appended to the names of authors and composers are, when obtainable, those of the year in which the hymn was written or the tune composed. Frequently it has been possible to give date of publication only: and occasionally hymns were not published until after the author's death. When two dates are found they are those of the original form of the hymn and of the author's own revision given in the book. When the precise date of hymn or tune is uncertain, the letter c. (*circa*) is appended to the date, or else the years of the author's or composer's birth and death are given *e. g.* 1811-1887, except when the author or composer is still living, *e. g.* 1819—, or when the year of death only is known, *e. g.* d. 1620. When more than one person has had a hand in the making of a hymn, the fact is usually noted by the words "and others."

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O ye holy and humble men of heart,
Bless ye the Lord:
Praise him and magnify him forever.

The Call to Worship

THE LORD is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him.

✠

Honor and majesty are before him: strength and beauty are in his sanctuary.

✠

I will come into thy house in the multitude of thy mercy: and in thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple.

✠

O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the LORD our maker.

For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

✠

The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him.

God is a spirit: and they that worship him must worship in spirit and in truth.

✠

The LORD is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth.

He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him: he also will hear their cry, and will save them.

✠

We have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.

✠

If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.

If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

✠

Let my prayer be set forth before thee as incense; and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice.

✠

Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.

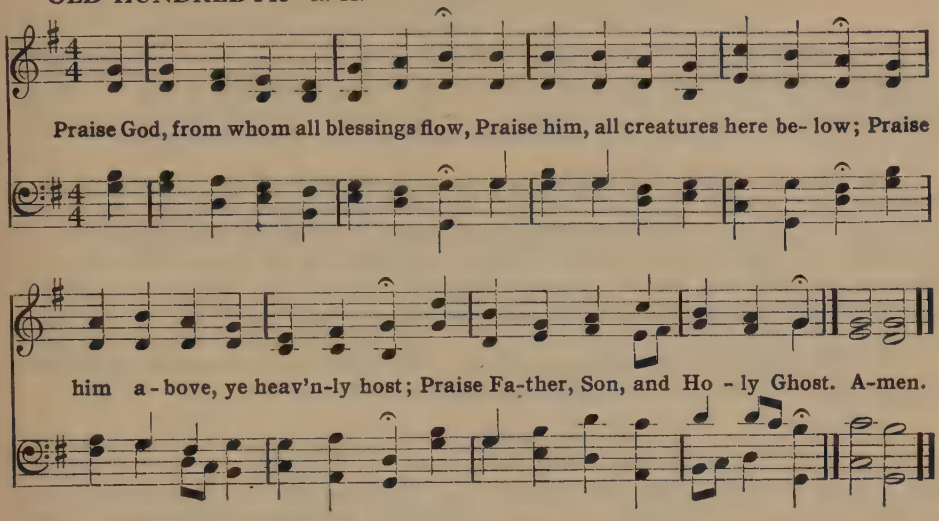
✠

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O LORD, my strength, and my redeemer.

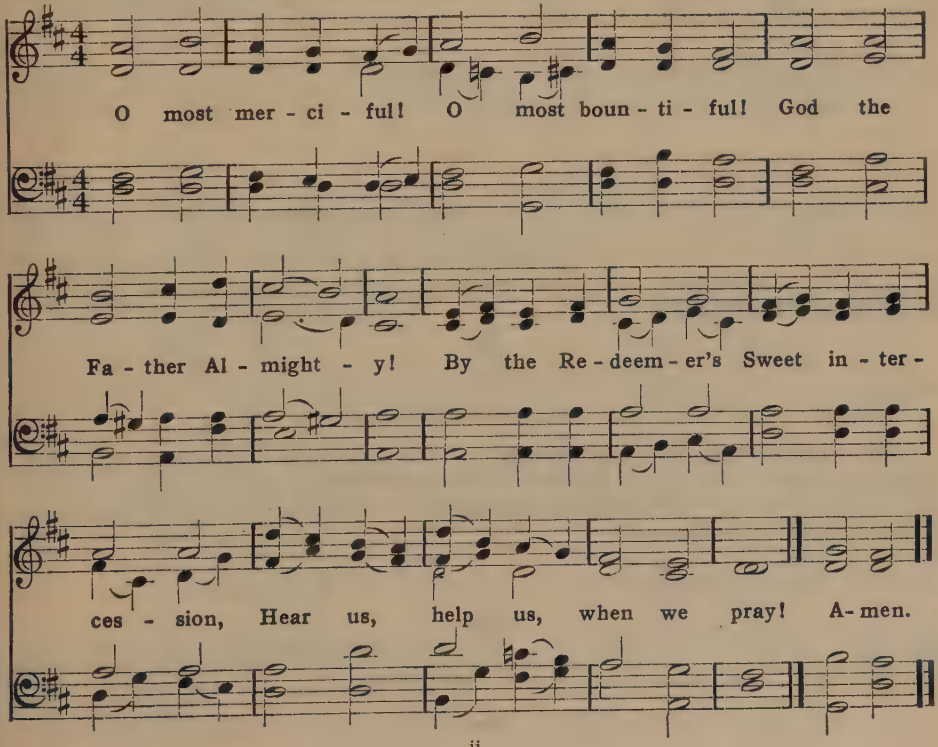
✠

The Call to Worship

OLD HUNDREDTH L. M.


Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise him, all creatures here be- low; Praise
him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. A-men.

O SANCTISSIMA


O most mer - ci - ful! O most boun - ti - ful! God the
Fa - ther Al - might - y! By the Re - deem - er's Sweet in - ter -
ces - sion, Hear us, help us, when we pray! A-men.

The Ten Commandments

GOD spake all these words, saying, I am the LORD thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage:

I Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

II Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the LORD thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

III Thou shalt not take the name of the LORD thy God in vain; for the LORD will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

IV Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the LORD thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates; for in six days the LORD made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the LORD blessed the Sabbath-day, and hallowed it.

V Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the LORD thy God giveth thee.

VI Thou shalt not kill.

VII Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII Thou shalt not steal.

IX Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

✠

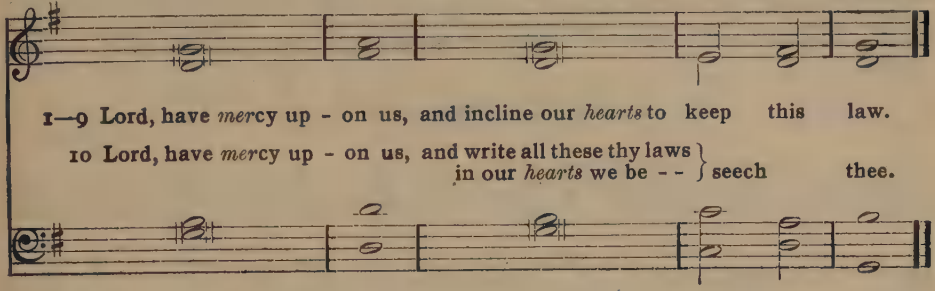
HEAR also the words of our Lord Jesus, how he saith:

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

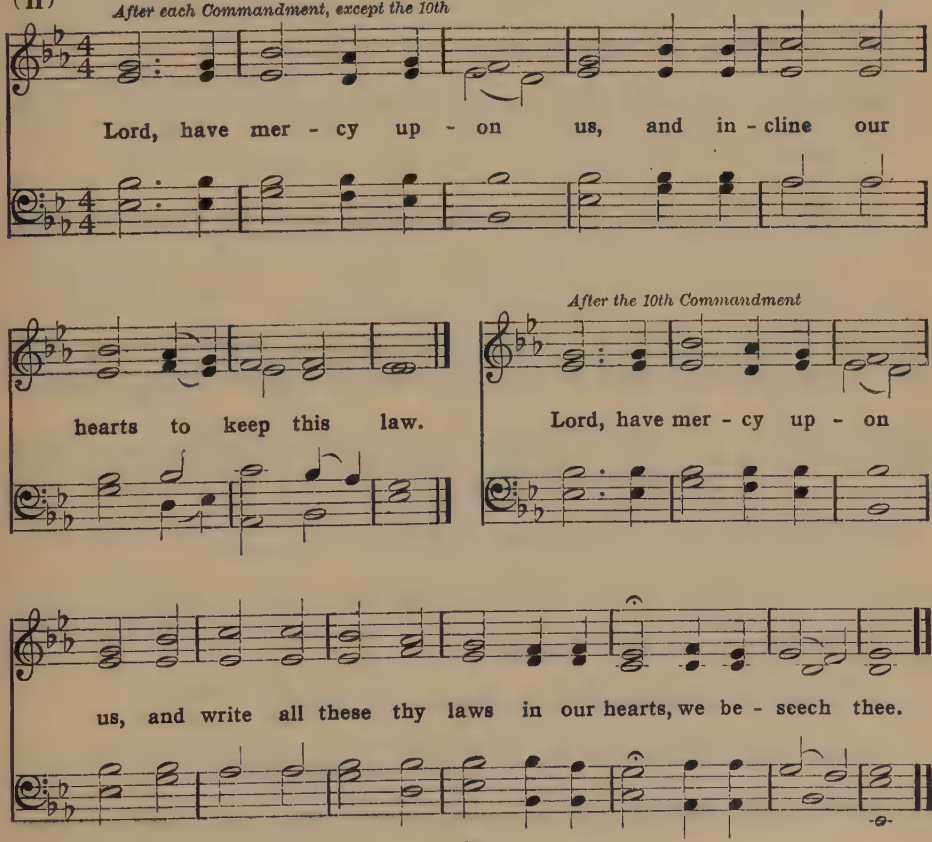
✠

(I)

Responses to the Commandments


1—9 Lord, have *mer*cy up - on us, and incline our *hearts* to keep this law.
10 Lord, have *mer*cy up - on us, and write all these thy laws in our *hearts* we be - - seech thee.

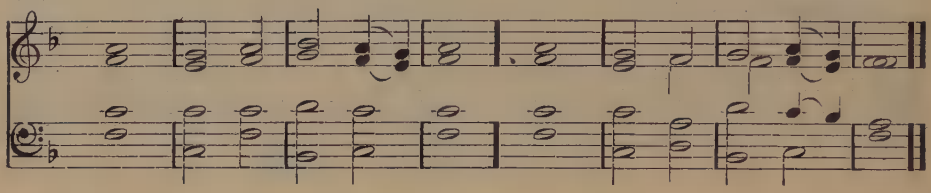
(II)

After each Commandment, except the 10th

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our
hearts to keep this law.
After the 10th Commandment
Lord, have mer - cy up - on
us, and write all these thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech thee.

The Lord's Prayer

OUR FATHER which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

(I) Gregorian



OUR FATHER which art in heaven, | hal-lowed | be thy | name ||

thy kingdom come, thy will be done in | earth * as it | is in | heaven.

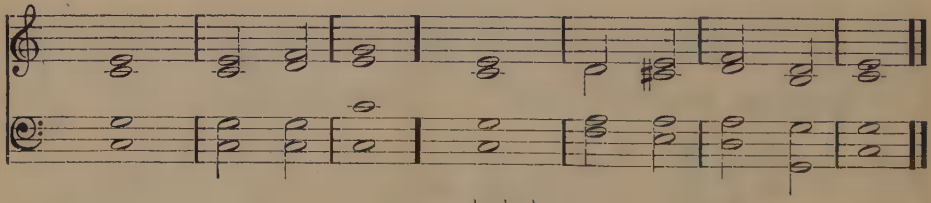
Give us this | day our | dai-ly | bread ||

and forgive us our debts as | we for- | -give our | debtors.

And lead us not into temptation, but de- | -liv-er | us from | evil ||

for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the | glory * for- | -ever. A- | -men.

(II) L. T. Downes



OUR FATHER which art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name ||

thy kingdom come, thy will be done in | earth * as it | is in | heaven.

Give us this day our | dai-ly | bread ||

and forgive us our debts as | we for- | -give our | debtors.

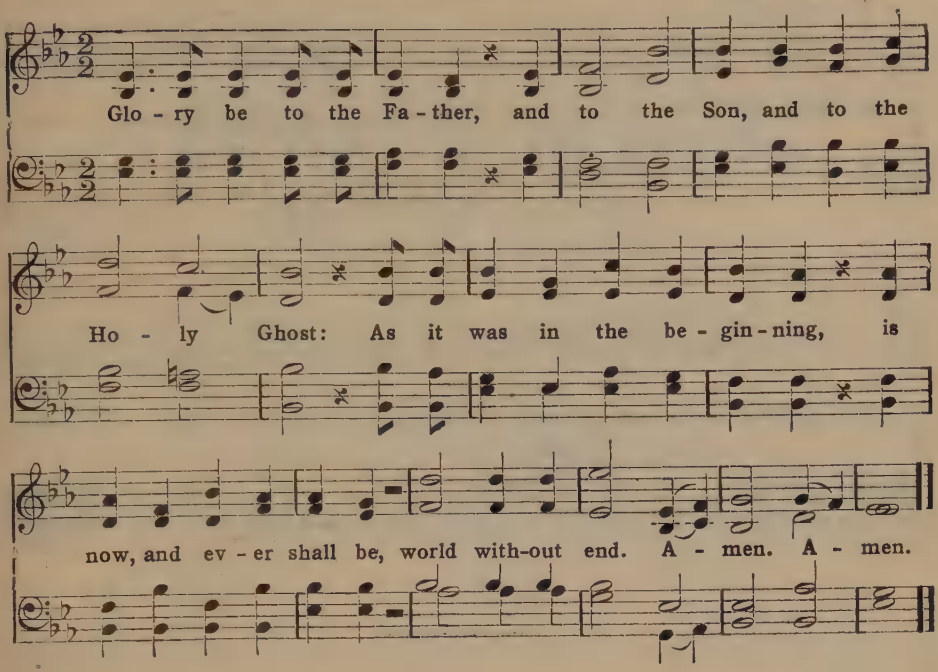
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil ||

for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the | glory * for- | -ever. A- | -men.

(I)

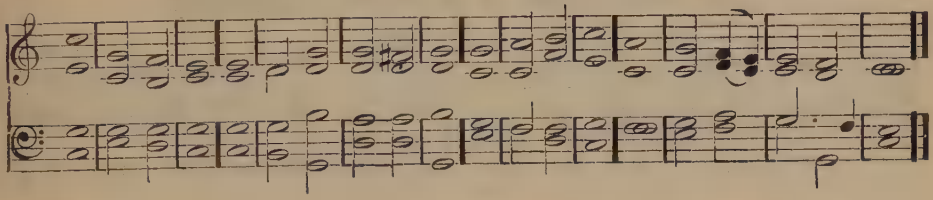
Gloria Patri

H. W. Greatorex


Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the
Ho - ly Ghost: As it was in the be - gin - ning, is
now, and ev - er shall be, world with-out end. A - men. A - men.

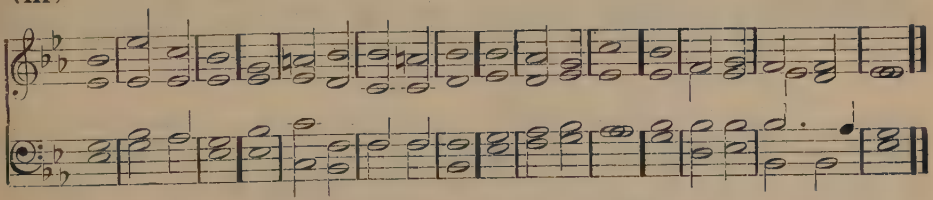
(II)

William Boyce



(III)

John Robinson



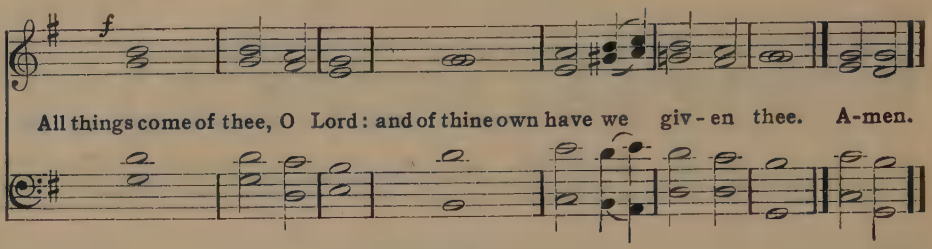
Glory be to the Fa-ther, | and * to the | Son ‖ and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost ‖

as it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be ‖

world with-out | end. | A- | -men.

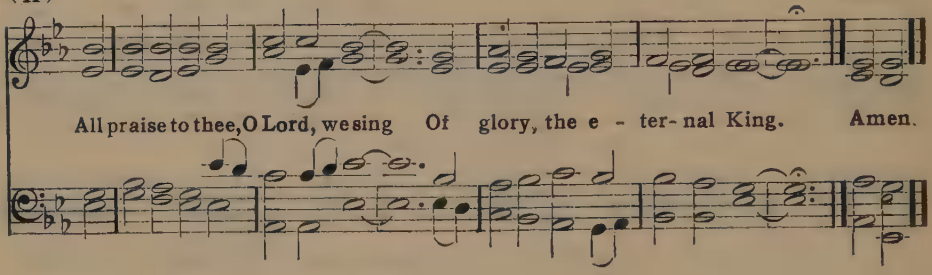
(I) Offertory Sentences

Anon.



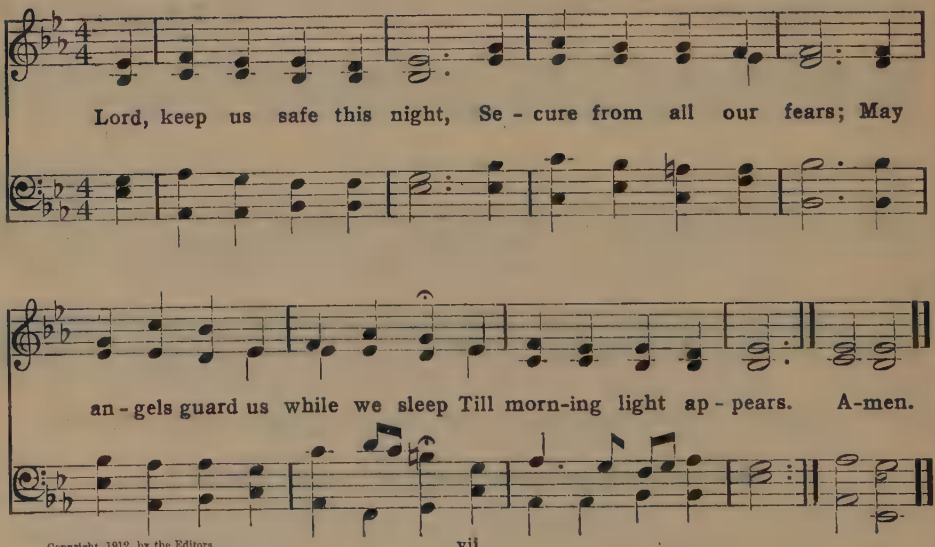
(II)

Anon.



For the Close of Evening Worship

R. Drury



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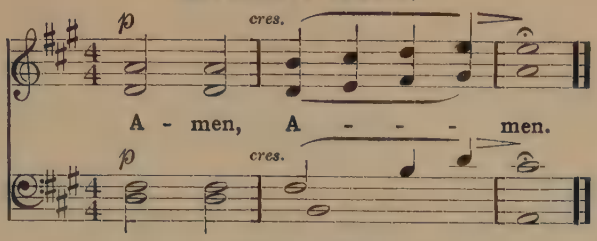
(I)

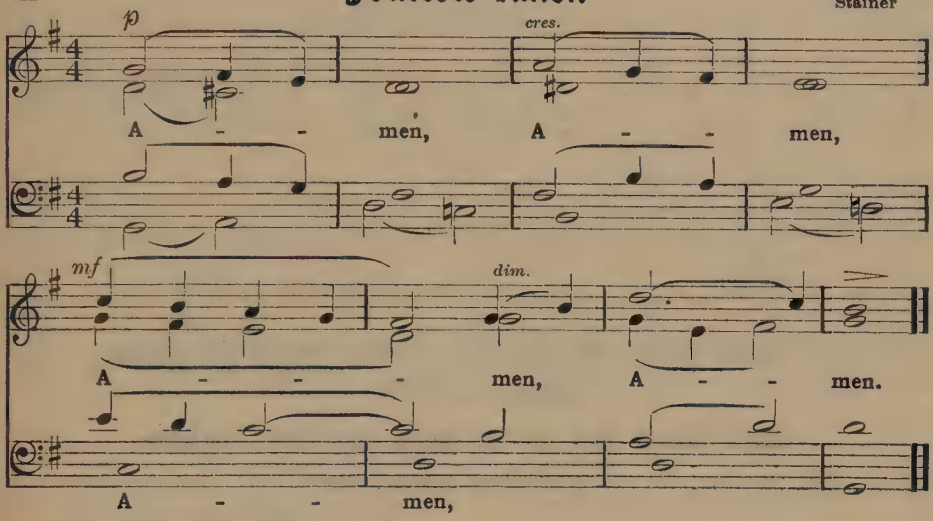
Dresden Amen



(II)

Fourfold Amen

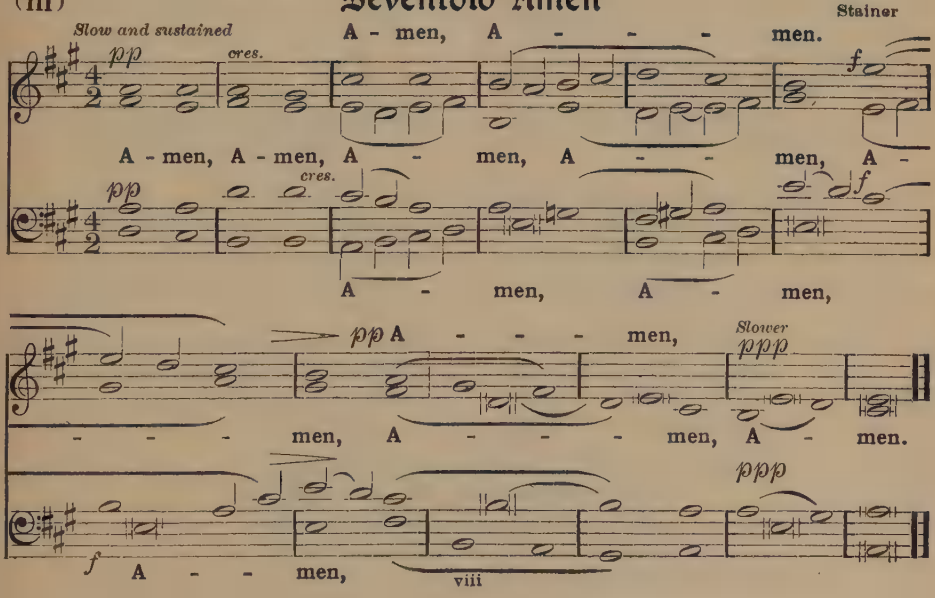
Stainer



(III)

Sevenfold Amen

Stainer

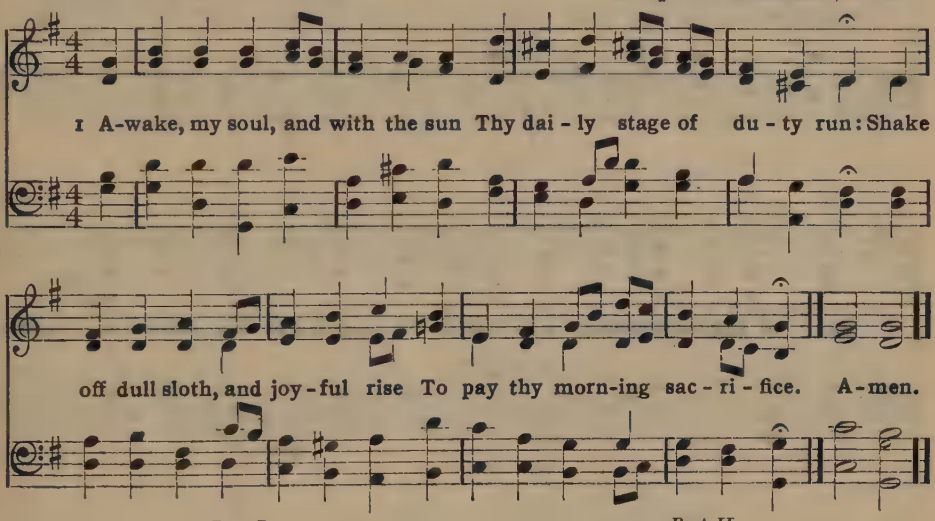


"Rise heart: thy Lord is risen. Sing his praise
without delayes
Who takes thee by the hand that thou likewise
with him mayst rise"

George Herbert

1 Morning

MORNING HYMN L. M. François H. Barthélémon, c. 1780


1 A-wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run: Shake
off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise To pay thy morn-ing sac - ri - fice. A - men.

Part I

2

Redeem thy mis-spent time that's past,
Live this day as if 'twere thy last;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great Day thyself prepare.

3

In all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

4

By influence of the light Divine
Let thy own light in good works shine;
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

5

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

Part II

1

Glory to thee, who safe hast kept
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

2

Heaven is, dear Lord, where'er thou art,
O never then from me depart,
For to my soul 'tis hell to be
But for one moment without thee.

3

Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew,
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

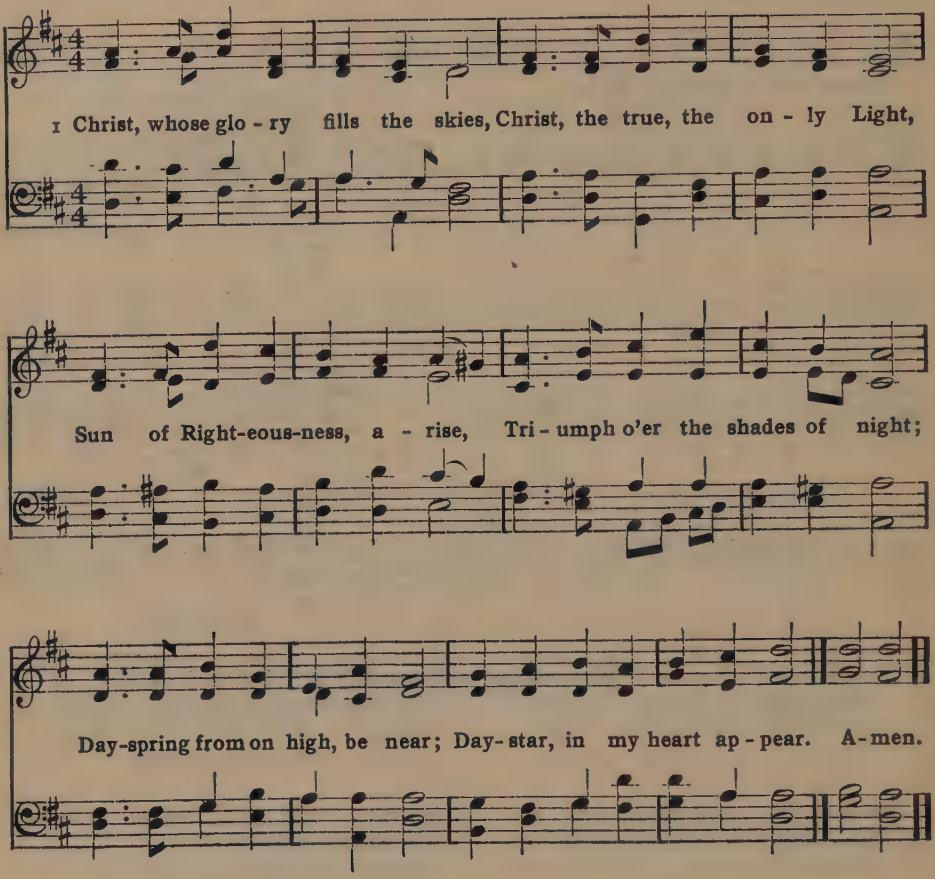
4

Direct, control, suggest, this day
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below,
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

1 Thomas Ken, 1695 and 1709

MORNING 7s. 6 l. W. H. Monk, 1823-1889


1 Christ, whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on - ly Light,
Sun of Right-eous-ness, a - rise, Tri - umph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near; Day-star, in my heart ap - pear. A-men.

2

Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

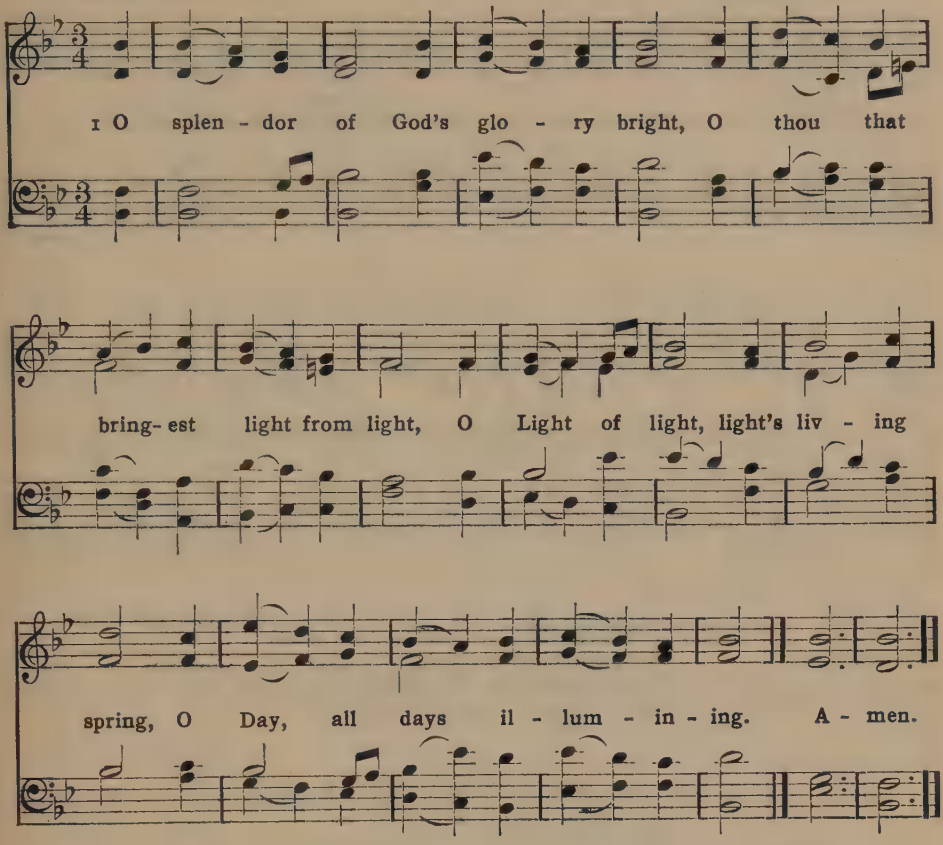
3

Visit then this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief,
Fill me, Radiancy Divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

2 Charles Wesley, 1740

WAREHAM L. M.

William Knapp, 1738


1 O splen - dor of God's glo - ry bright, O thou that
bring- est light from light, O Light of light, light's liv - ing
spring, O Day, all days il - lum - in - ing. A - men.

2

O thou true Sun, on us thy glance
Let fall in royal radiance;
The Spirit's sanctifying beam
Upon our earthly senses stream.

3

The Father too our prayers implore,
Father of glory evermore,
The Father of all grace and might,
To banish sin from our delight;

4

To guide whate'er we nobly do,
With love all envy to subdue,
To make ill fortune turn to fair
And give us grace our wrongs to bear.

5

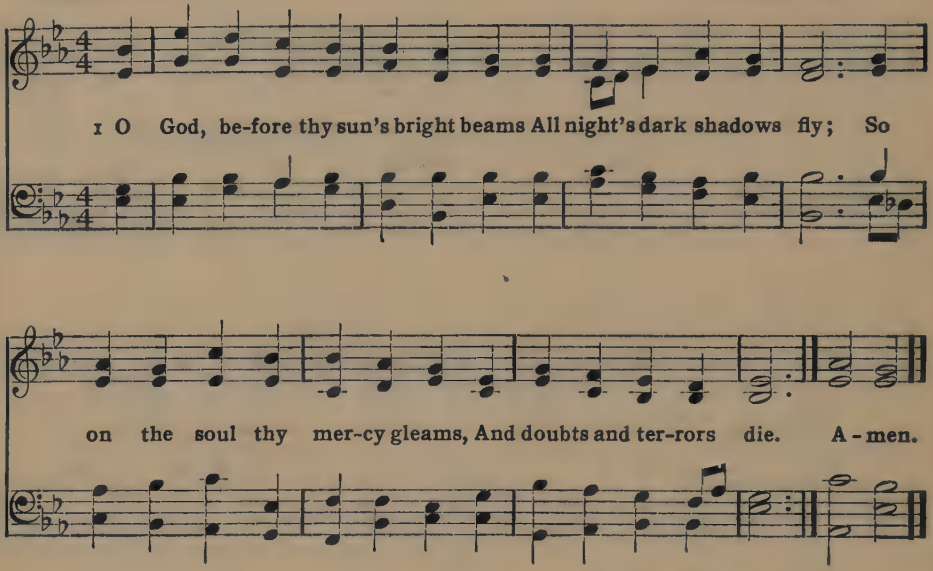
Rejoicing may this day go hence,
Like virgin dawn our innocence,
Like fiery noon our faith appear,
Nor know the gloom of twilight drear.

6

Morn in her rosy car is borne;
Let Him come forth our perfect morn,
The Word in God the Father one,
The Father perfect in the Son.

St. Ambrose, 340-397 Tr. Yattendon Hymnal, 1899

ST. PETER C. M. Alexander R. Reinagle, 1826


1 O God, be-fore thy sun's bright beams All night's dark shadows fly; So
on the soul thy mer-cy gleams, And doubts and ter-rors die. A - men.

2

So freshly falls thy heaven-sent grace
As morning's gladdening breath;
Gives light to all to seek thy face,
And guides in life and death.

3

O holy light! O light of God!
O light unseen below,
Which fills the courts of thine abode,
Which there the blest shall know!

4

Swift comes the hour when none can toil,
Short is the rugged way:
Teach us our lamps to fill with oil,
Whilst it is called to-day.

5

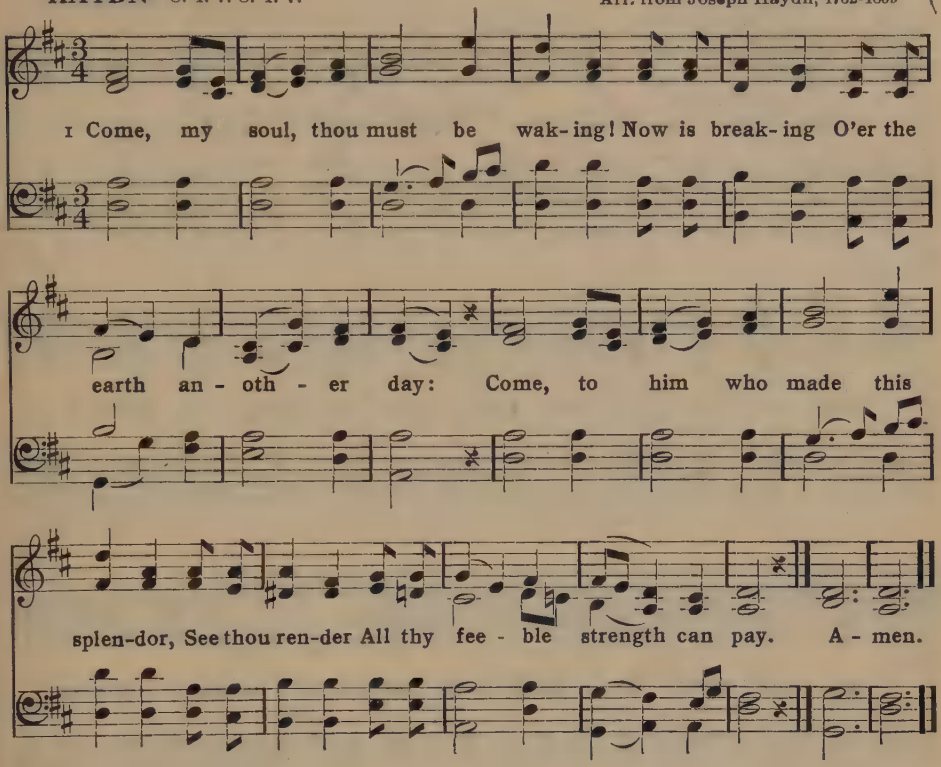
Then we shall see that glorious light
Which to the saints is given,
So sweet, so fair, so passing bright,
The eternal morn of heaven.

6

O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
O Holy One in Three,
Grant us, with all thy glorious host,
To share that morn with thee.

4 Greville Phillimore, 1863

HAYDN 8. 4. 7. 8. 4. 7. Arr. from Joseph Haydn, 1732-1809


1 Come, my soul, thou must be wak-ing! Now is break-ing O'er the
earth an - oth - er day: Come, to him who made this
splen-dor, See thou ren-der All thy fee - ble strength can pay. A - men.

2

Pray that he may prosper ever
Each endeavor,
When thine aim is good and true;
But that he may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil wouldst pursue.

3

Think that he thy ways beholdeth;
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within;
Every stain of shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

4

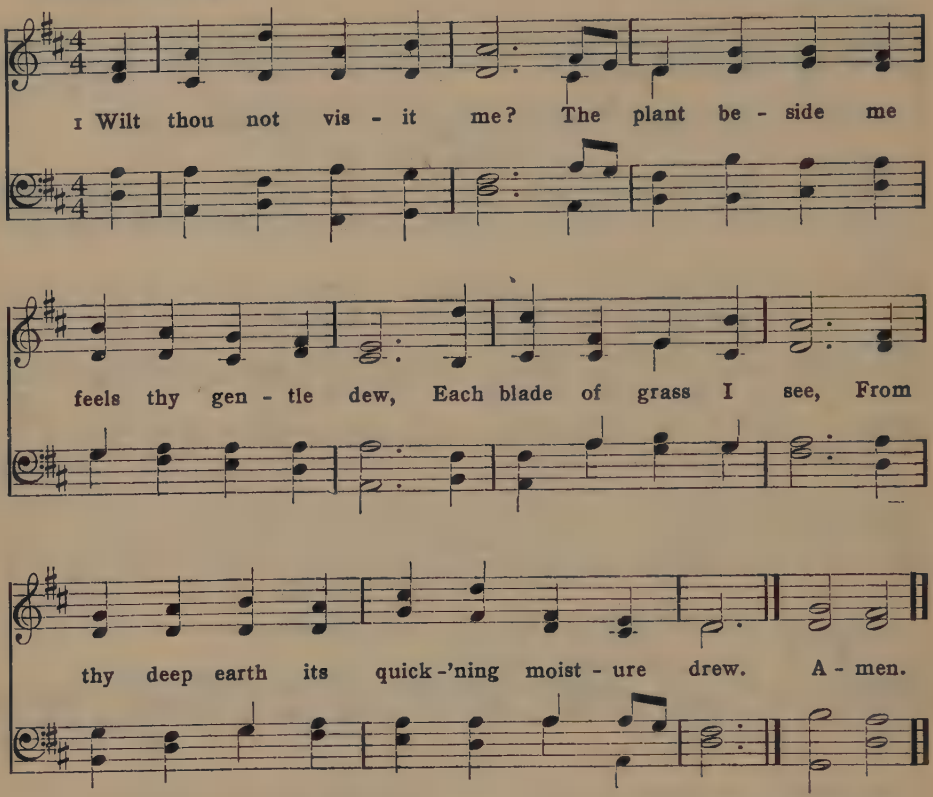
Mayest thou on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet;
And, released from death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness,
That far brighter Sun to greet.

5

Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But his Spirit's voice obey;
Thou with him shalt dwell, beholding
Light enfolding
All things in unclouded day.

5 F. R. L. von Canitz, 1654-1699: tr. H. J. Buckoll, and others

DAWN 6. 10. 6. 10. S. S. Wesley, 1810-1876


1 Wilt thou not vis - it me? The plant be - side me
feels thy gen - tle dew, Each blade of grass I see, From
thy deep earth its quick-'ning moist - ure drew. A - men.

Thou visitest the earth and waterest it.—Ps. lxv : 9
O Lord, visit me with thy salvation.—Ps. cvi : 4

2

Wilt thou not visit me?
The morning calls on me with cheering tone,
And every hill and tree
Has but one voice, the voice of thee alone.

3

Come, for I need thy love
More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain;
Come, like thy holy Dove,
And, swift-descending, bid me live again.

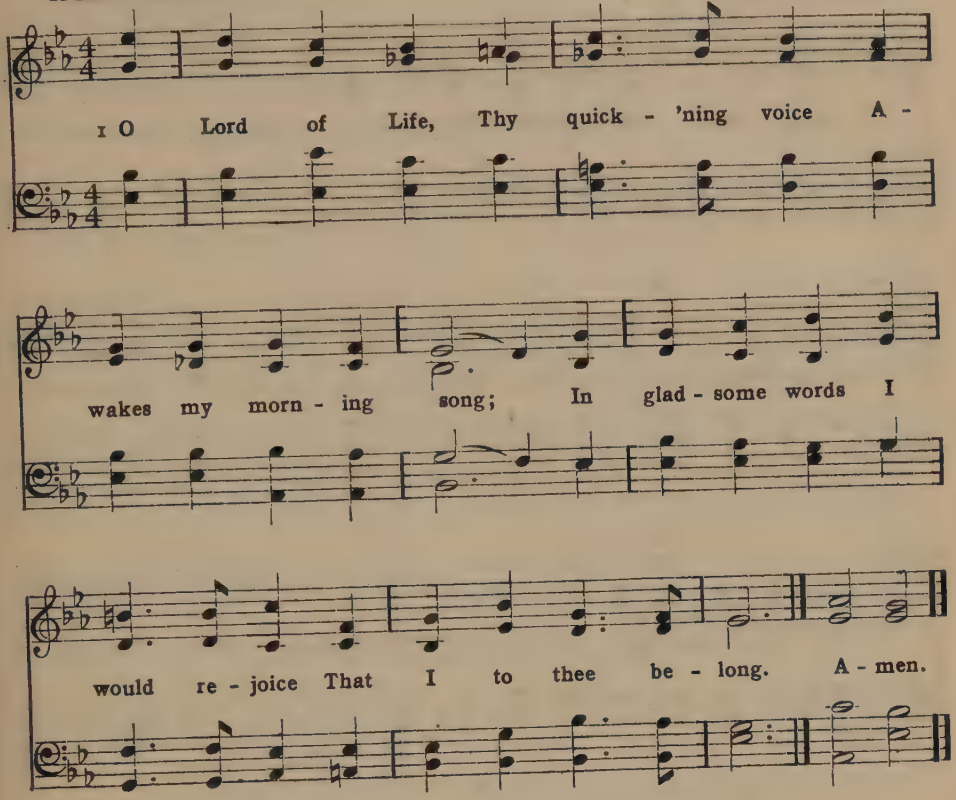
4

Yes, thou wilt visit me;
Nor plant nor tree thine eye delights so well,
As when, from sin set free,
Man's spirit comes with thine in peace to dwell.

6 Jones Very, 1839, and others

HOLY TRINITY C. M.

Joseph Barnby, 1861



Thou makest the outgoings of the morning to rejoice.—Ps. lxv : 8

2

I see thy light, I feel thy wind;
Earth is thy uttered word;
Whatever wakes my heart and mind,
Thy Presence is, my Lord.

3

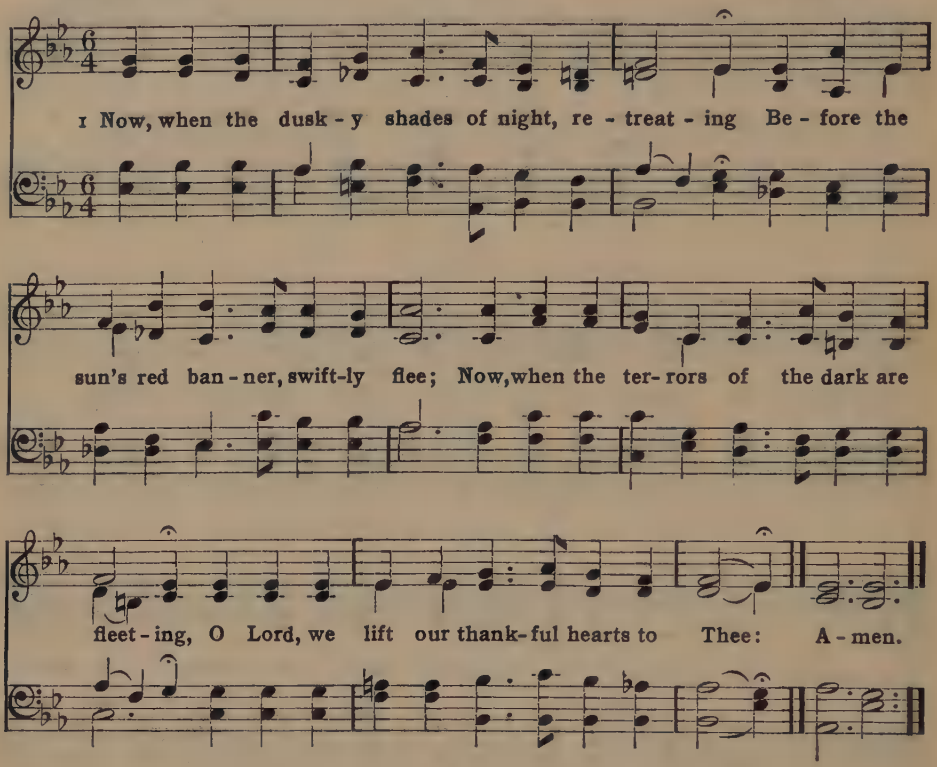
Therefore I choose my highest part,
And turn my face to thee;
Therefore I stir my inmost heart
To worship fervently.

4

Within my heart, speak, Lord, speak on,
My heart alive to keep,
Till comes the night, and, labor done,
In thee I fall asleep.

George Macdonald, 1869

COMMENDATIO 11. 10. 11. 10. First Tune J. B. Dykes, 1874


1 Now, when the dusk - y shades of night, re - treat - ing Be - fore the
sun's red ban - ner, swift-ly flee; Now, when the ter- rors of the dark are
fleet - ing, O Lord, we lift our thank-ful hearts to Thee: A - men.

2

To thee, whose word, the fount of light unsealing,
When hill and dale in thickest darkness lay,
Awoke bright rays across the dim earth stealing,
And bade the even and morn complete the day.

3

Look from the tower of heaven, and send to cheer us
Thy light and truth, to guide us onward still;
Still let thy mercy, as of old, be near us,
And lead us safely to thy holy hill.

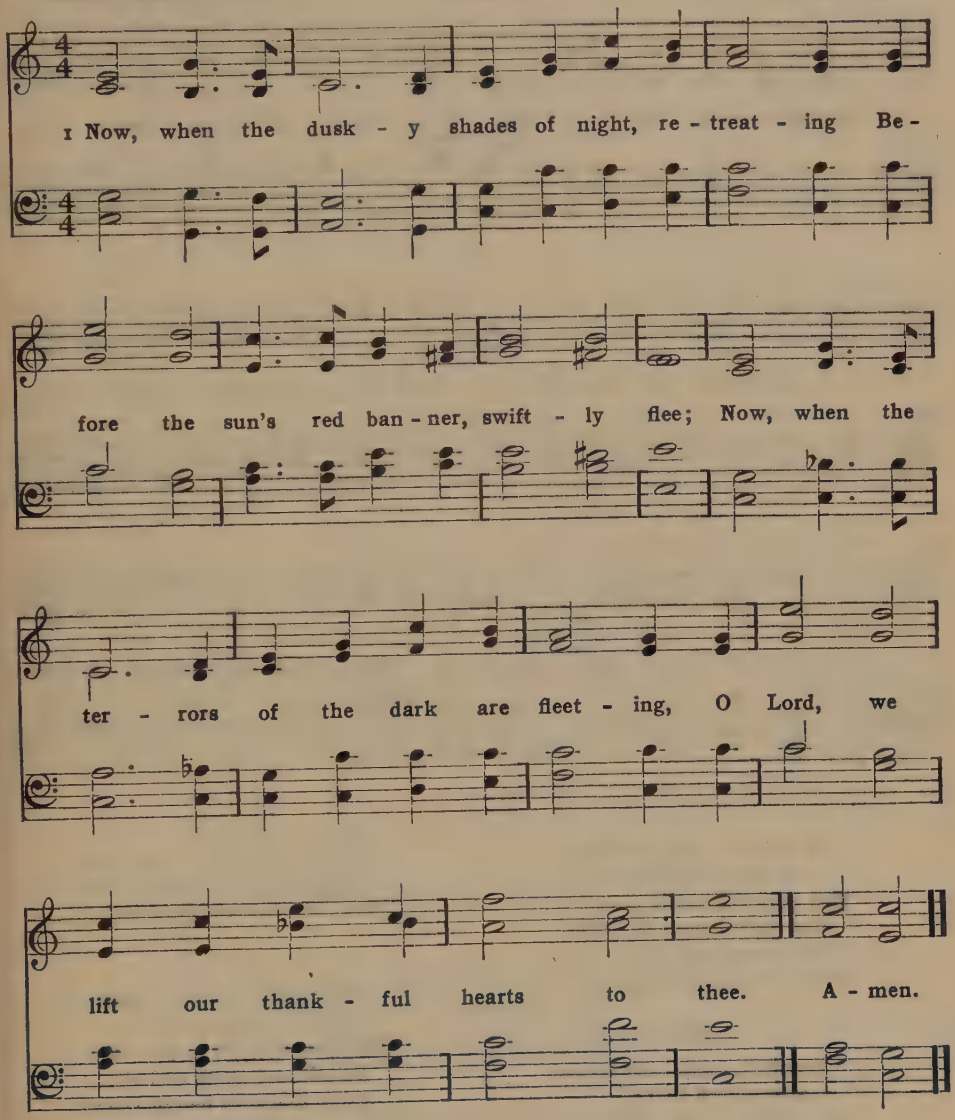
4

In vain to labor, unless thou be with him,
Man goeth forth through all the weary day;
In vain his strife, in vain his toil unceasing,
Unless thy staff bring comfort on his way.

5

Thou, who hast made the north and south, watch o'er us;
Thou, in whose Name the lonely ones rejoice,
Still let thy cloudy pillar glide before us,
Still let us listen for thy warning voice.

LAUS MATUTINA 11. 10. 11. 10. Second Tune J. Stainer, 1872

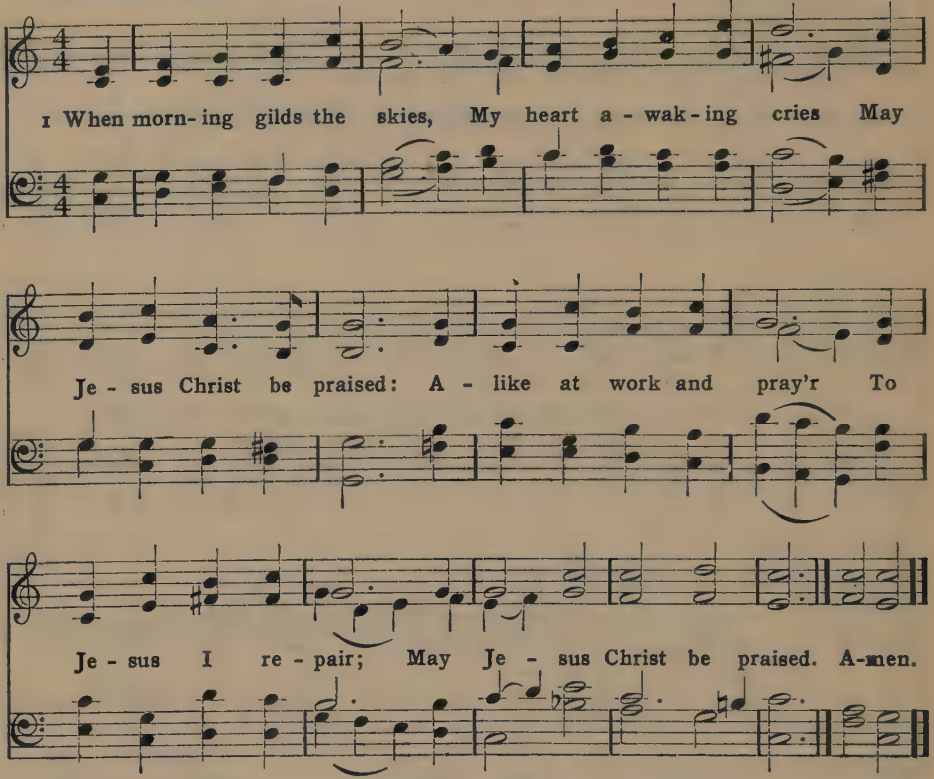

1 Now, when the dusk - y shades of night, re - treat - ing Be -
fore the sun's red ban - ner, swift - ly flee; Now, when the
ter - rors of the dark are fleet - ing, O Lord, we
lift our thank - ful hearts to thee. A - men.

6

So, when that morn of endless light is waking,
And shades of evil from its splendors flee,
Safe may we rise, the earth's dark breast forsaking,
Through all the long bright day to dwell with thee.

 Anon. Hedge and Huntington Hys., 1853

LAUDES DOMINI 6. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6. J. Barnby, 1868


1 When morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart a-wak-ing cries May
Je-sus Christ be praised: A-like at work and pray'r To
Je-sus I re-pair; May Je-sus Christ be praised. A-men.

2

To thee my God above
I cry with glowing love,
May Jesus Christ be praised;
The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

3

Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised;
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

4

When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised;
The powers of darkness fear
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

5

To God the Word on high
The hosts of angels cry,
May Jesus Christ be praised;
Let air and earth and sky,
From depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

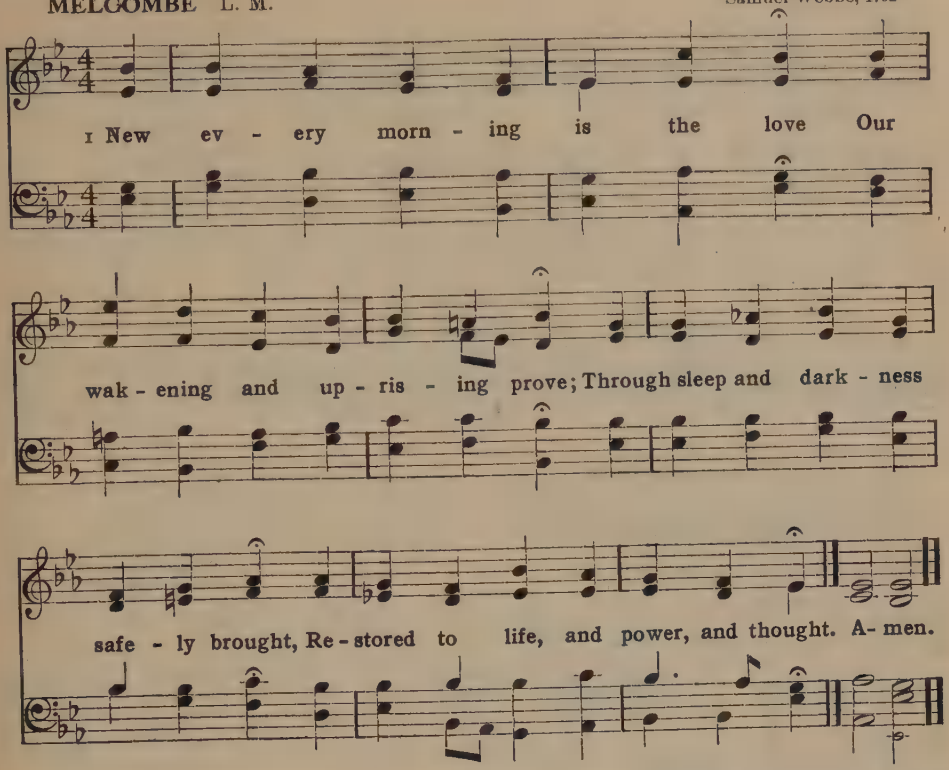
6

Be this while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised;
Be this the eternal song
Through all the ages long,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

 Anon. (German,) tr. Edw. Caswall, 1853

MELCOMBE L. M.

Samuel Webbe, 1792


1 New ev - ery morn - ing is the love Our
wak - ening and up - ris - ing prove; Through sleep and dark - ness
safe - ly brought, Re - stored to life, and power, and thought. A - men.

His compassions fail not, they are new every morning.—Lamentations iii. 22, 23

2

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

3

If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

4

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

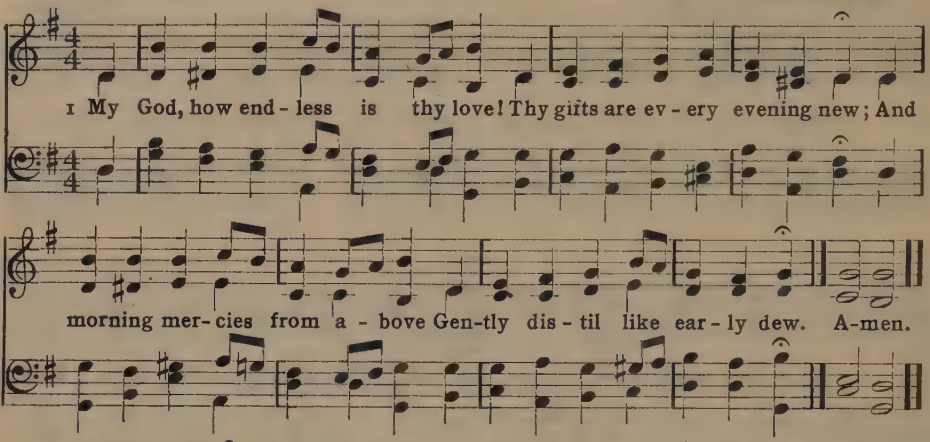
5

Only, O Lord, in thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above,
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

11 John Keble, 1822

CANONBURY L. M.

Arr. fr. Robert Schumann, 1839


1 My God, how end - less is thy love! Thy gifts are ev - ery evening new; And
morning mer - cies from a - bove Gen-tly dis - til like ear - ly dew. A-men.

2

Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours:
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

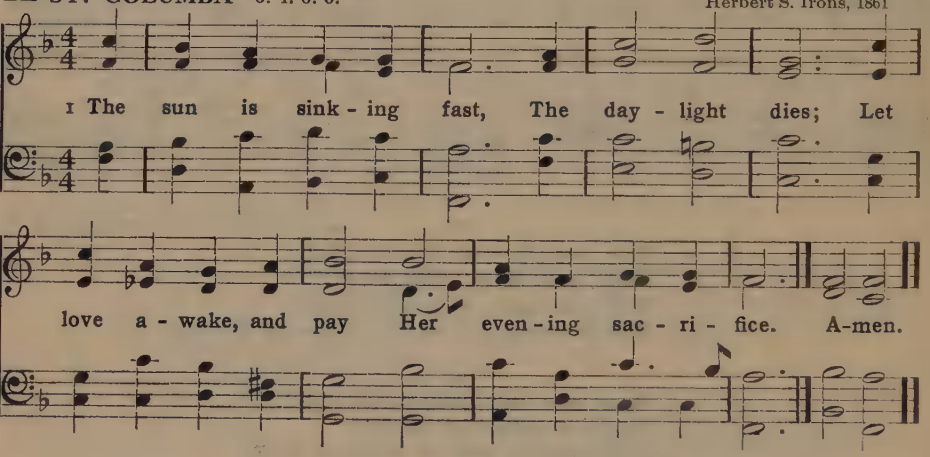
3

I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Isaac Watts, 1709

12 ST. COLUMBA 6. 4. 6. 6.

Herbert S. Irons, 1861



2

As Christ, upon the cross
In death reclined,
Into his Father's hands
His parting soul resigned;

3

So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into his sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live;

4

So now beneath his eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,

5

Save that his will be done,
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In him to all beside.

6

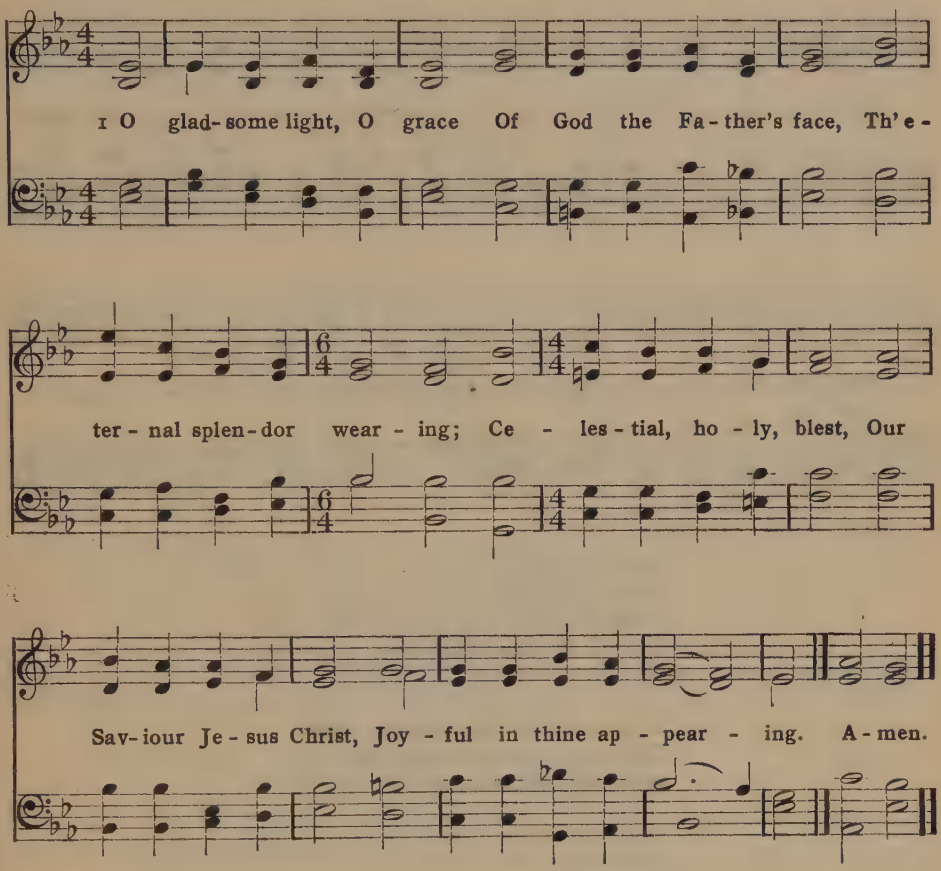
Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but he
In all his power and love
Henceforth alive in me.

7

One sacred Trinity,
One Lord Divine;
Myself for ever his,
And he for ever mine!

Anon. (Latin,) Tr. E. Caswall, 1858

ASCALON 6. 6. 7. 6. 6. 7. Anon., German


1 O glad-some light, O grace Of God the Fa-ther's face, Th'e-
ter-nal splen-dor wear-ing; Ce-les-tial, ho-ly, blest, Our
Sav-iour Je-sus Christ, Joy-ful in thine ap-pear-ing. A-men.

2

Now, ere day fadeth quite,
We see the evening light,
Our wonted hymn outpouring;
Father of might unknown,
Thee, his incarnate Son,
And Holy Ghost adoring.

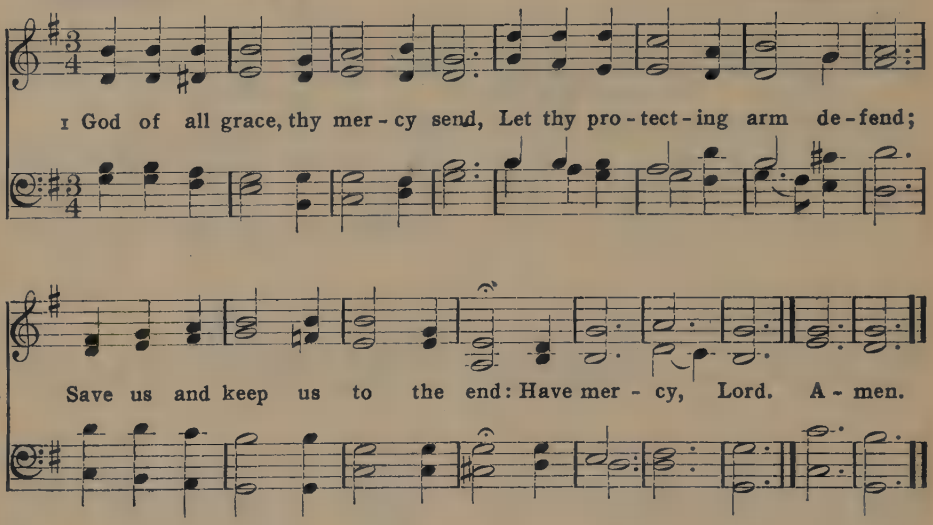
cf 148 note

3

To thee of right belongs
All praise of holy songs,
O Son of God, Lifegiver;
Thee, therefore, O Most High,
The world doth glorify,
And shall exalt for ever.

Author unknown, (Greek 3d cent. or earlier)
Tr. Yattendon Hymnal, 1899

OLDBRIDGE 8. 8. 8. 4. R. N. Quaile 1905



2

And through the coming hours of night
Fill us, we pray, with holy light;
Keep us all sinless in thy sight:
Grant this, O Lord.

3

May some bright messenger abide
For ever by thy servants' side,
A faithful guardian and our guide:

4

From every sin in mercy free,
Let heart and conscience stainless be,
That we may live henceforth for thee:

5

We would not be by care opprest,
But in thy love and wisdom rest;
Give what thou seest to be best:

6

While we of every sin repent,
Let our remaining years be spent
In holiness and sweet content:

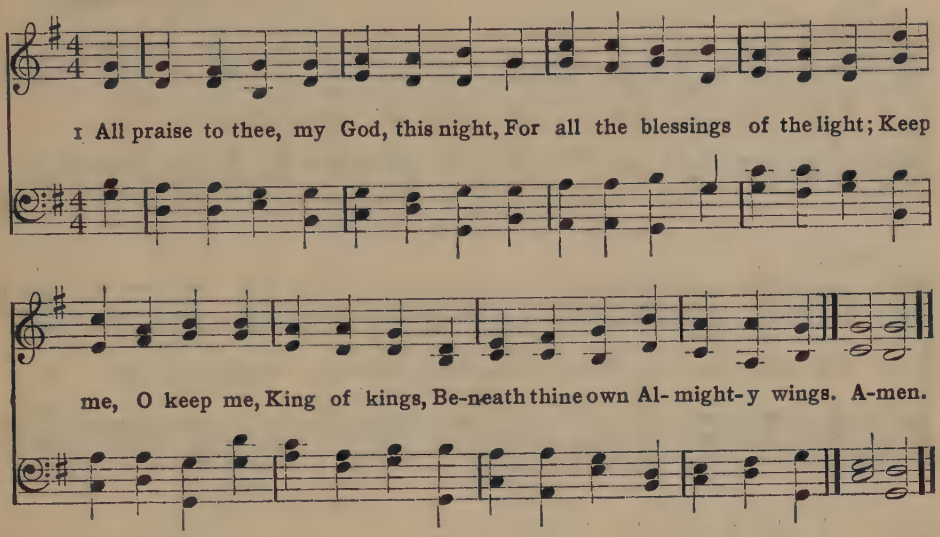
7

And when the end of life is near,
May we, unshamed and void of fear,
Wait for the Judgment to appear:

The Litany of the Deacon, (Greek)
Tr. John Brownlie, 1900

TALLIS' CANON L. M.

Thomas Tallis 1565


1 All praise to thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light; Keep
me, O keep me, King of kings, Be-neath thine own Al-might-y wings. A-men.

2

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4

O may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5

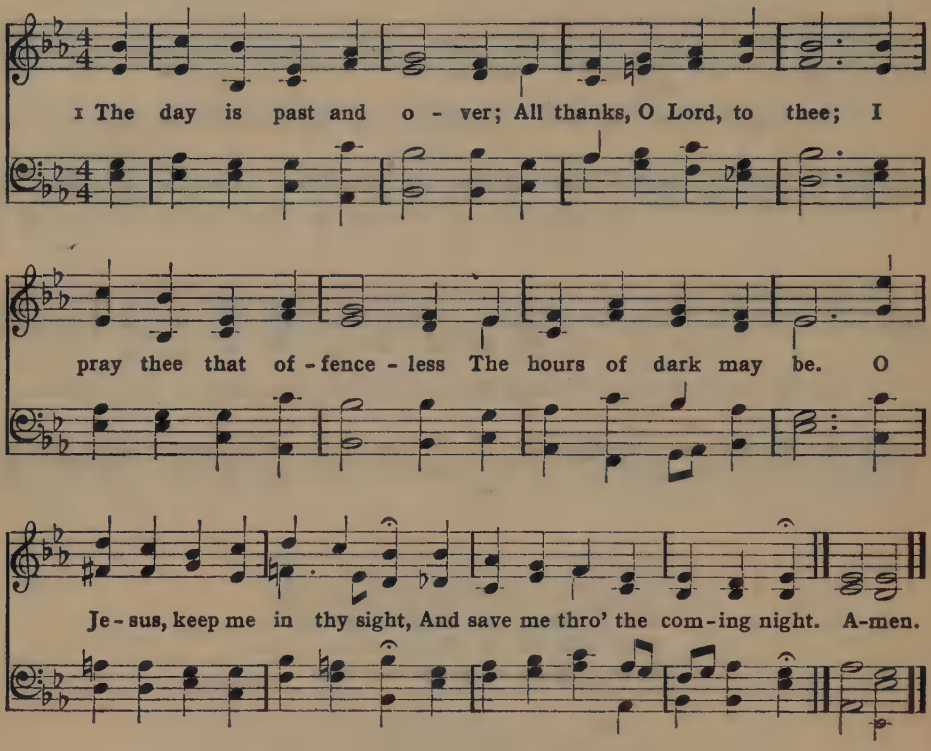
When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below,
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

15 Thomas Ken, 1695 and 1709,

ST. ANATOLIUS 7. 6. 7. 6. 8. 8. Arthur H. Brown, 1862


1 The day is past and o - ver; All thanks, O Lord, to thee; I
pray thee that of - fence - less The hours of dark may be. O
Je - sus, keep me in thy sight, And save me thro' the com - ing night. A-men.

2

The joys of day are over:
I lift my heart to thee,
And call on thee that sinless
The hours of gloom may be.
O Jesus, make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night.

3

The toils of day are over:
I raise the hymn to thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of fear may be.
O Jesus, keep me in thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

4

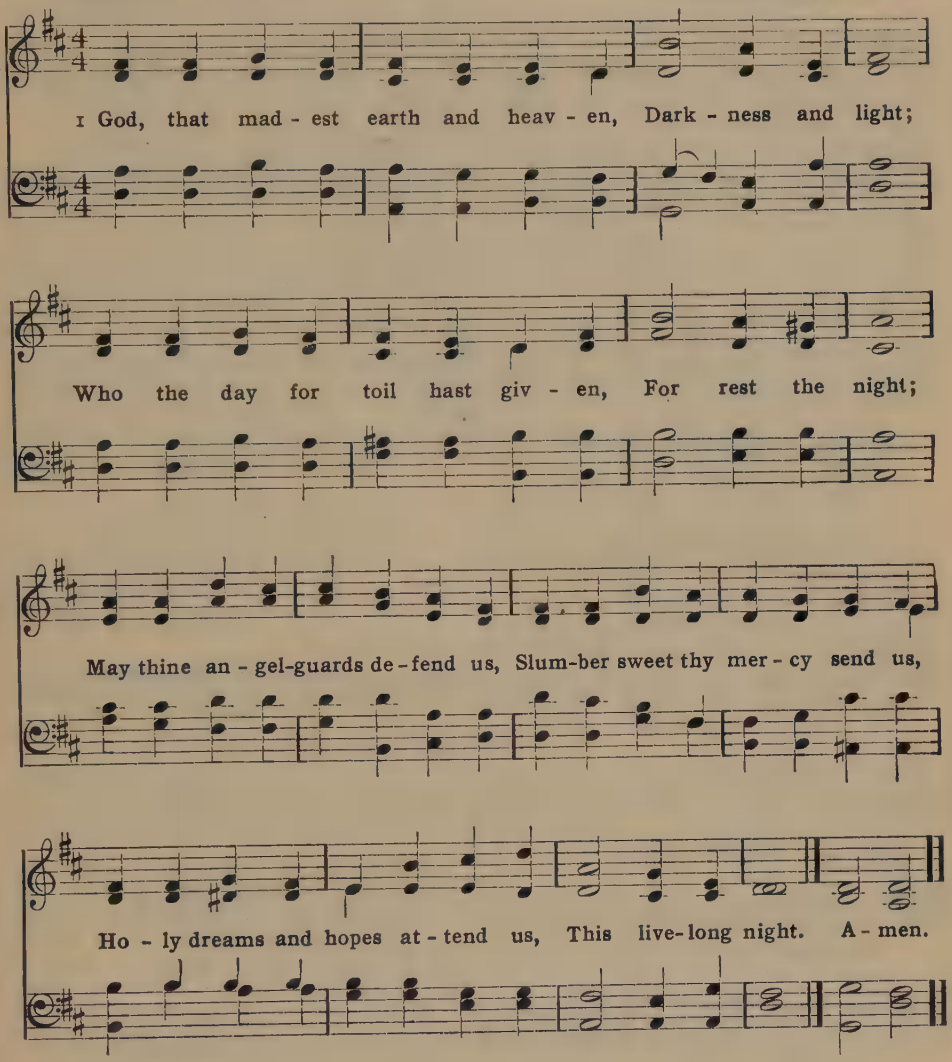
Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,
Or sleep in death shall I,
And he, my wakeful tempter,
Triumphantly shall cry,
"He could not make their darkness light,
Nor guard them through the hours of night."

5

Be thou my soul's Preserver,
O God, for thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go.
Lover of men, O hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all.

16 From an early Greek Service : tr. J. M. Neale, 1862

TEMPLE 8. 4. 8. 4. 8. 8. 8. 4. Edward J. Hopkins, 1867


1 God, that mad - est earth and heav - en, Dark - ness and light;
Who the day for toil hast giv - en, For rest the night;
May thine an - gel-guards de - fend us, Slum-ber sweet thy mer - cy send us,
Ho - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us, This live-long night. A - men.

2

And when morn again shall call us
To run life's way,
May we still, whate'er befall us,
Thy will obey.
From the power of evil hide us,
In the narrow pathway guide us,
Nor thy smile be e'er denied us
The livelong day.

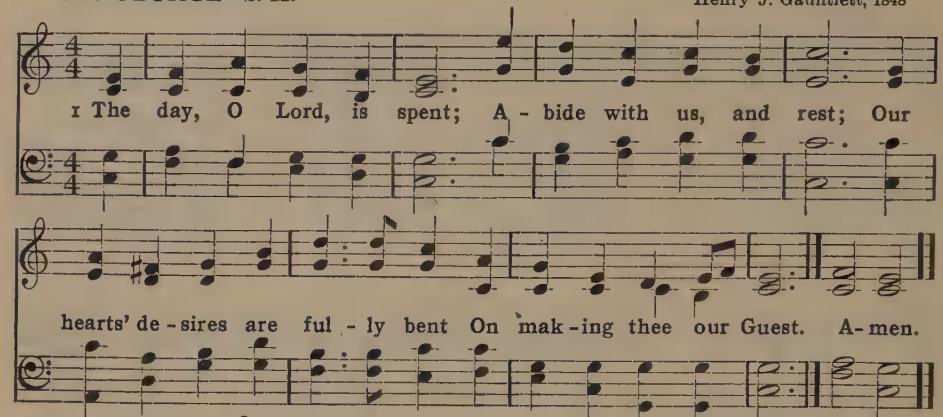
3

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
And, when we die,
May we in thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie.
When the last dread trump shall wake us,
Do not thou, our Lord, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us,
With thee on high.

William Mercer, 1864; Richard Whately, 1838; Reginald Heber, 1783-1826

ST. GEORGE S. M.

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1848



2
We have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.

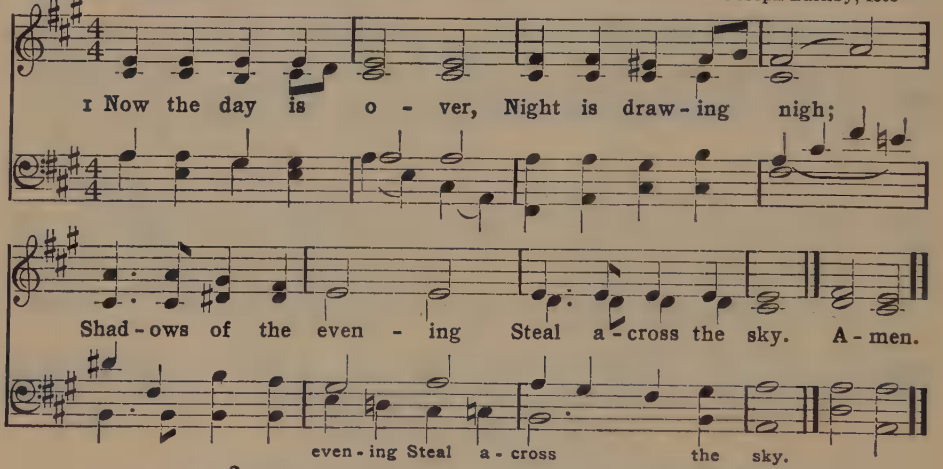
3
Our sun is sinking now;
Our day is almost o'er;
O Sun of Righteousness, do thou
Shine on us evermore.

4
From men below the skies,
And all the heavenly host,
To God the Father praise arise,
To Son, and Holy Ghost.

J. M. Neale, 1842

19 TWILIGHT 6. 5. 6. 5.

Joseph Barnby, 1868



2
Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

3
Grant to little children
Visions bright of thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep, blue sea.

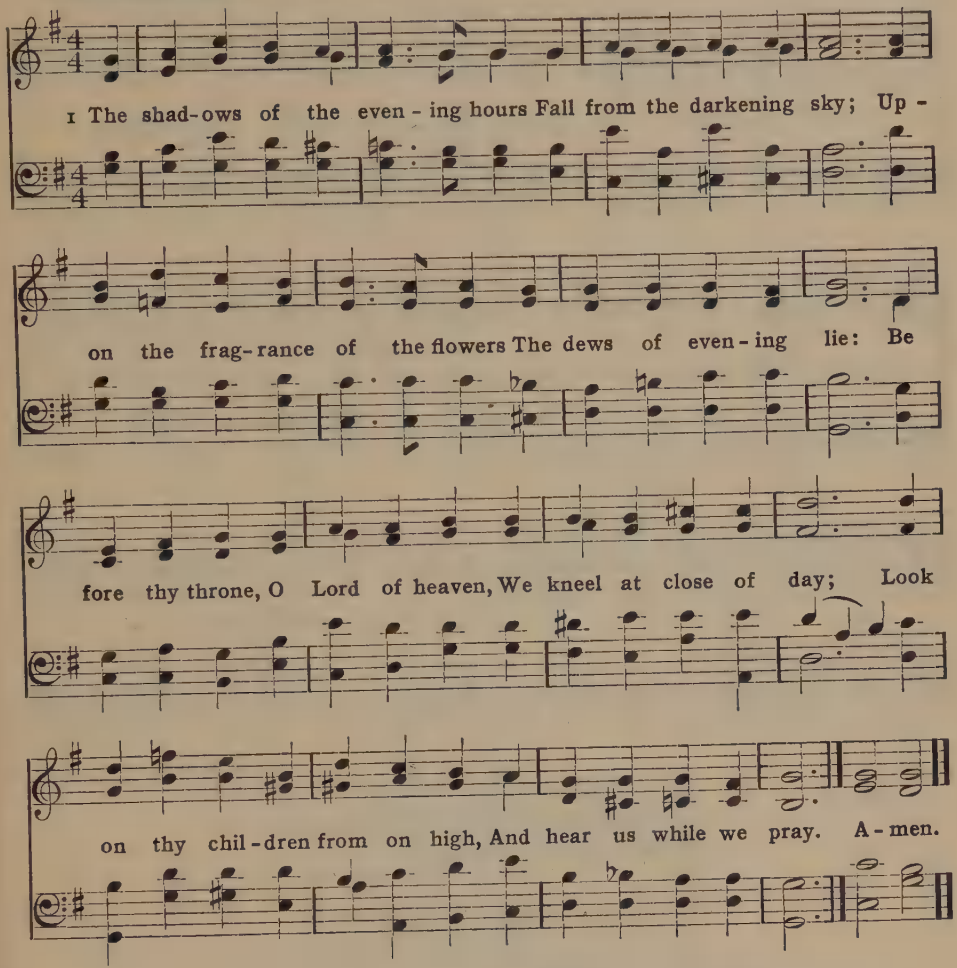
4
Through the long night-watches,
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

5
When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In thy holy eyes.

6
Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to thee, blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run.

S. Baring-Gould, 1865

ST. LEONARD (Hiles) C. M. D. Henry Hiles, 1867


1 The shad-ows of the even-ing hours Fall from the darkening sky; Up-
on the frag-rance of the flowers The dews of even-ing lie: Be
fore thy throne, O Lord of heaven, We kneel at close of day; Look
on thy chil-dren from on high, And hear us while we pray. A-men.

2

The sorrows of thy servants, Lord,
O do not thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before thy mercy rise.
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows from our souls.

3

Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy
That one by one depart.
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine;
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things Divine.

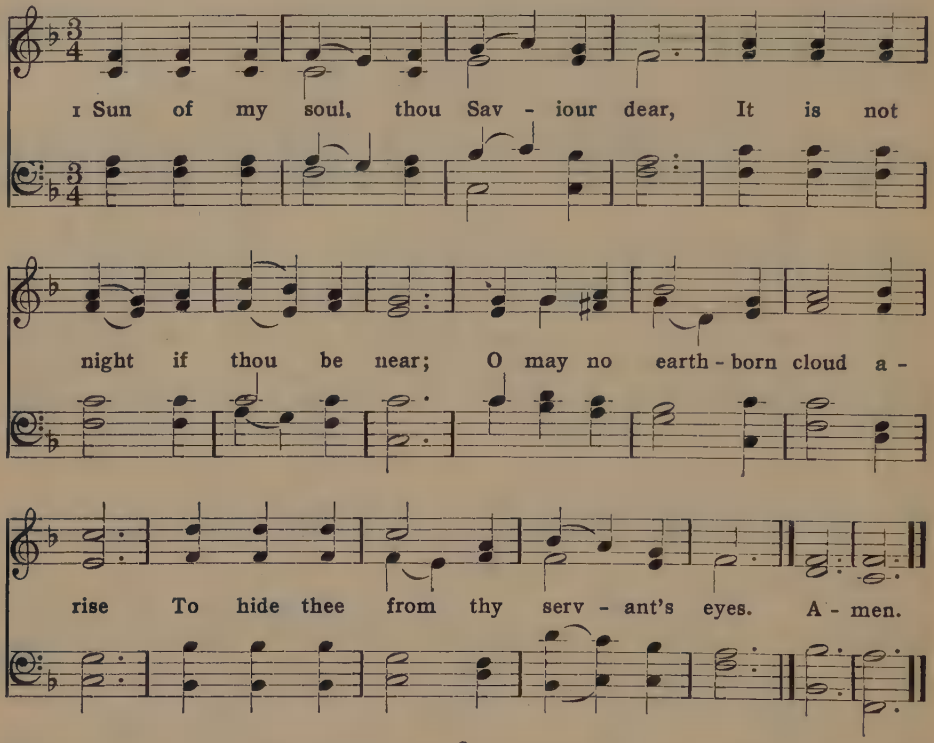
4

Let peace, O Lord, thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears and perils, thou
Our trembling hearts defend:
Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we labor, Lord,
O give us now repose.

Adelaide A. Procter, 1862

HURSLEY L. M.

Ascribed to Peter Ritter, 1792
Arr. by William H. Monk, 1861


1 Sun of my soul, thou Sav - iour dear, It is not
night if thou be near; O may no earth - born cloud a -
rise To hide thee from thy serv - ant's eyes. A - men.

2

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4

If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6

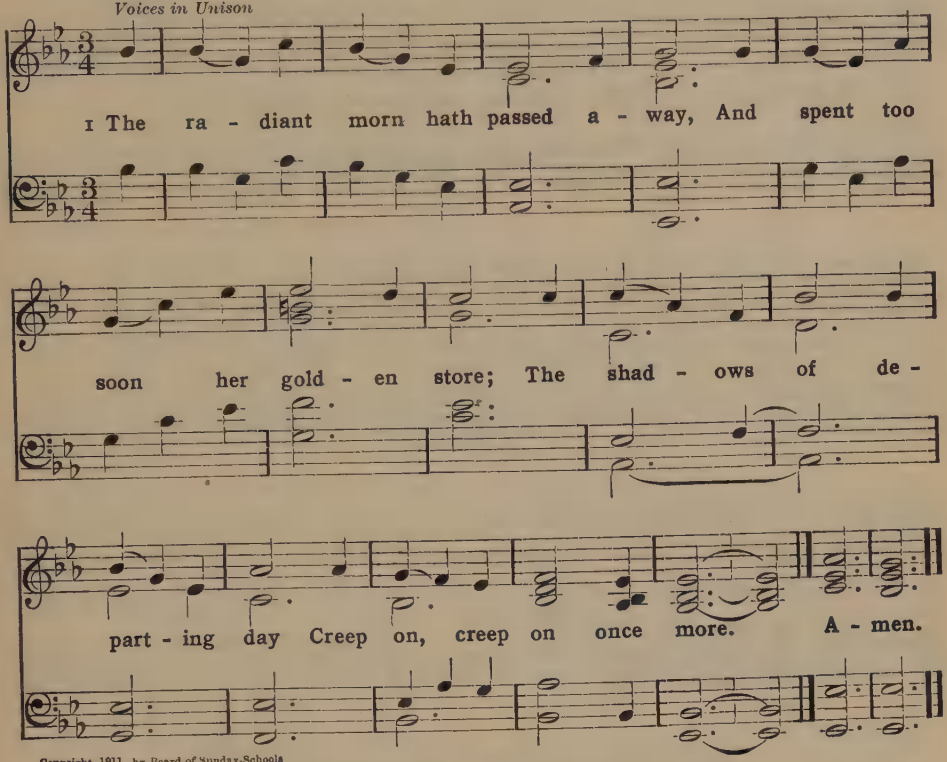
Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

20 John Keble, 1820

THE RADIANT MORN 8. 8. 8. 4.

Lindsay B. Longacre

Voices in Unison


1 The ra - diant morn hath passed a - way, And spent too
soon her gold - en store; The shad - ows of de -
part - ing day Creep on, creep on once more. A - men.

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2

Our life is but an autumn sun,
Its glorious noon how quickly past;
Lead us, O Christ, our life-work done,
Safe home at last.

3

O by thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky;—

4

Where light, and life, and joy, and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;—

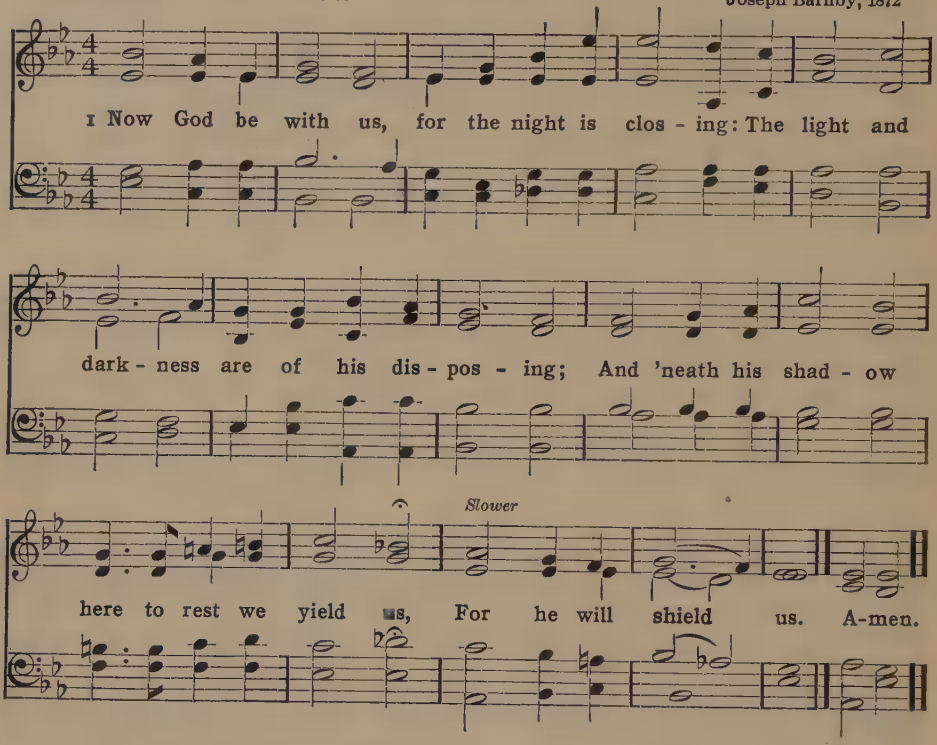
5

Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where thou, eternal Light of light,
Art Lord of all.

21 Godfrey Thring, 1864

NIGHTFALL 11. 11. 11. 5.

Joseph Barnby, 1872


1 Now God be with us, for the night is clos - ing: The light and
dark - ness are of his dis - pos - ing; And 'neath his shad - ow
Slower
here to rest we yield us, For he will shield us. A-men.

2
Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us;
Till morning cometh, watch, O Master, o'er us;
In soul and body thou from harm defend us,
Thine angels send us.

3
Let holy thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us;
Our earliest thoughts be thine when morning wakes us;
All day serve thee, in all that we are doing
Thy praise pursuing.

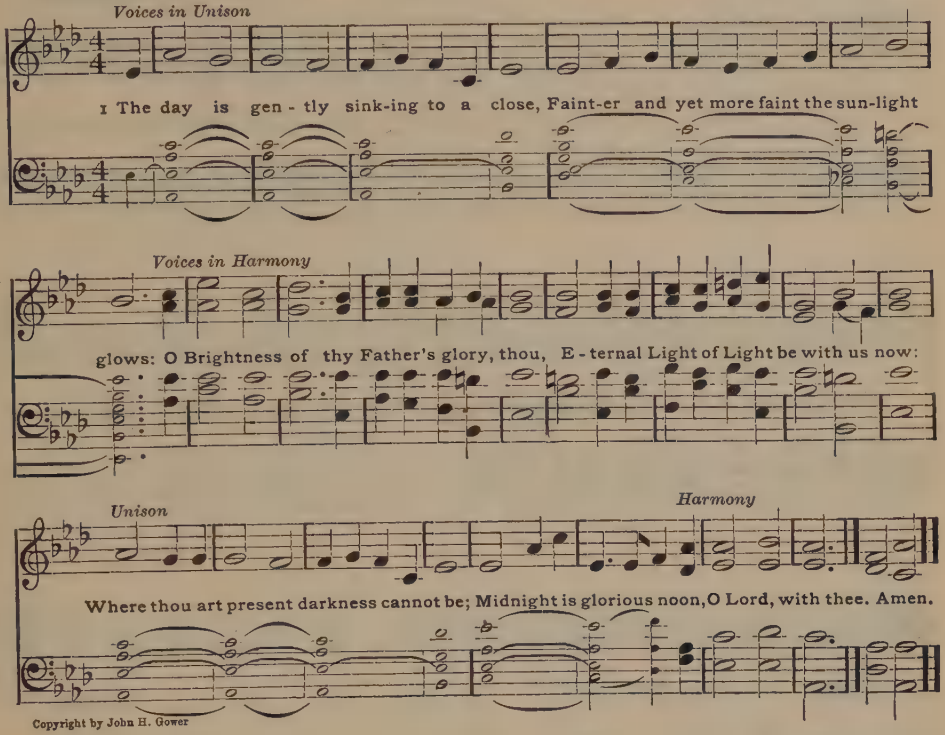
4
As thy beloved, soothe the sick and weeping,
And bid the prisoner lose his griefs in sleeping;
Widows and orphans, we to thee commend them,
Do thou befriend them.

5
We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us,
Save thee, O Father, who thine own hast made us;
But thy dear presence will not leave them lonely,
Who seek thee only.

6
Father, thy Name be praised, thy kingdom given,
Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in heaven;
Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
Us now and ever.

Rev. Petrus Herbert, 1566. Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1863

SUNDOWN Six 10s. John H. Gower, 1890


Voices in Unison
1 The day is gen - tly sink-ing to a close, Faint-er and yet more faint the sun-light
Voices in Harmony
glows: O Brightness of thy Father's glory, thou, E - ternal Light of Light be with us now:
Unison
Harmony
Where thou art present darkness cannot be; Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with thee. Amen.

Copyright by John H. Gower

2

Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end;
Onward to darkness and to death we tend:
O Conqueror of the grave, be thou our Guide,
Be thou our Light in death's dark eventide;
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

3

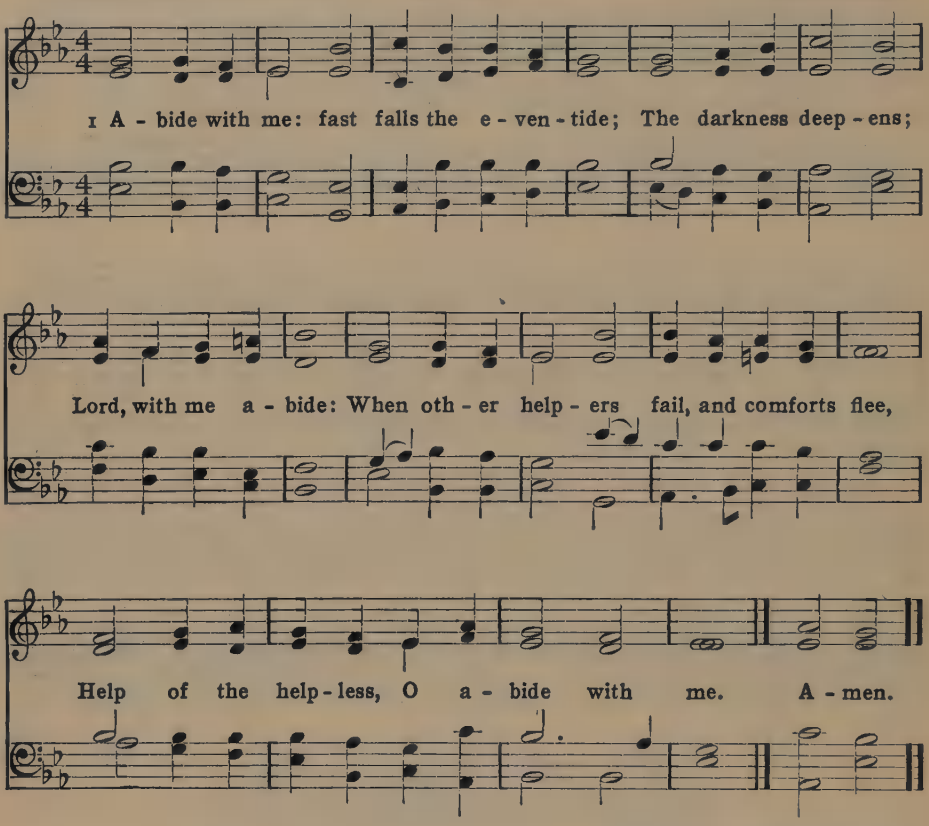
Thou, who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succors fail;
When all is dark, may we behold thee nigh
And hear thy voice, "Fear not, for it is I!"

4

The weary world is mouldering to decay:
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away:
In that last sunset, when the stars shall fail,
May we arise, awakened by thy call,
With thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide.

23 Christopher Wordsworth, 1863

EVENTIDE 10. 10. 10. 10. First Tune W. H. Monk, 1861


1 A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The darkness deep - ens;
Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me. A - men.

Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent.—Luke xxiv: 29

2

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

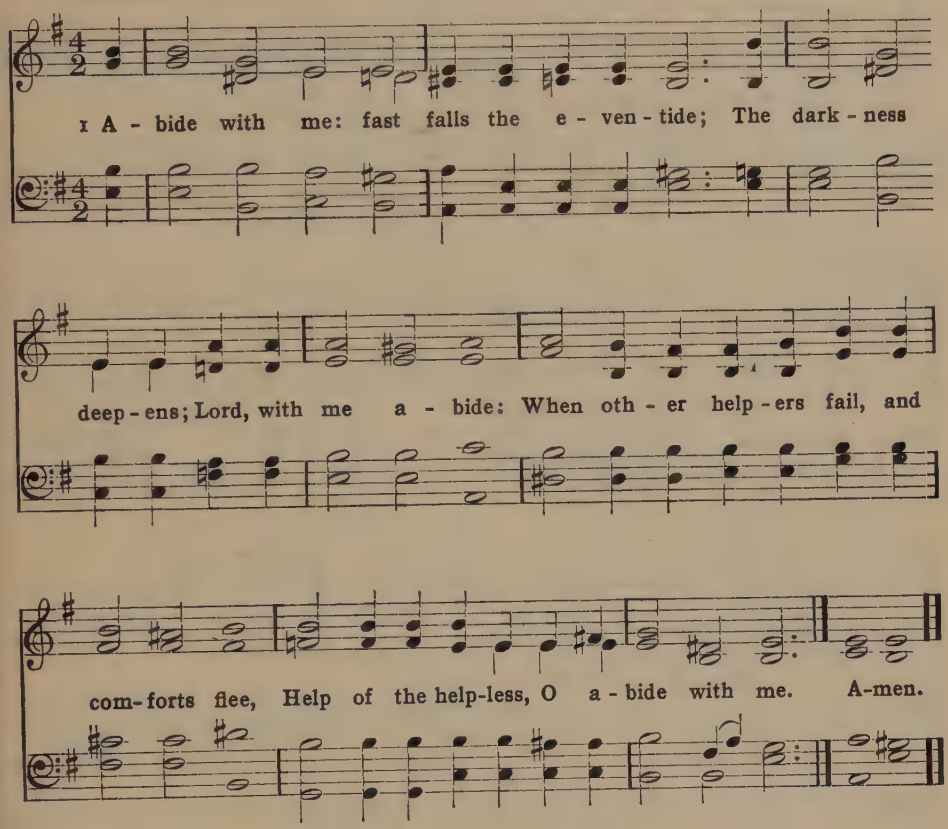
3

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word;
But, as thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me.

4

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in thy wings,
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.

ORISONS 10. 10. 10. 10. Second Tune S. S. Wesley, 1810-1876


1 A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness
deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers fail, and
com - forts flee, Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me. A-men.

5

I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

6

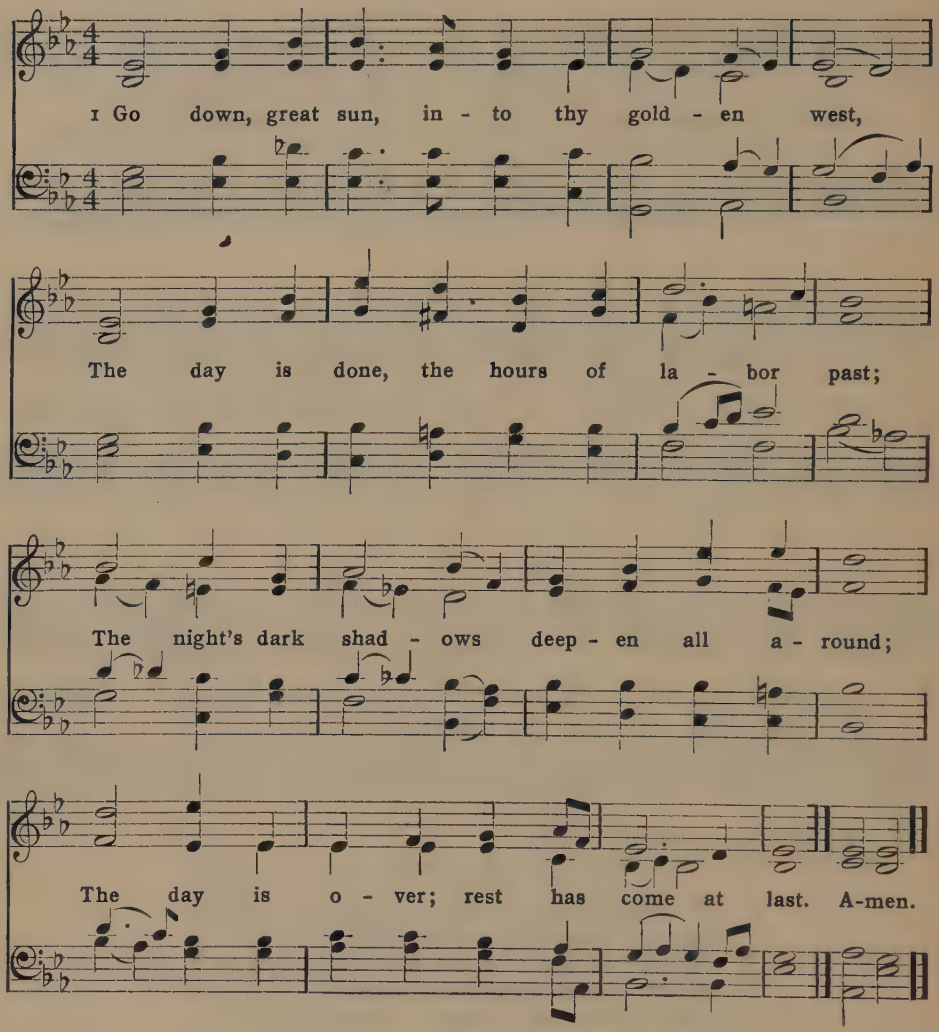
I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still if thou abide with me.

7

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

H. F. Lyte, 1847

PAX DEI 10s. 4 l. J. B. Dykes, 1868


1 Go down, great sun, in - to thy gold - en west,
The day is done, the hours of la - bor past;
The night's dark shad - ows deep - en all a - round;
The day is o - ver; rest has come at last. A-men.

2

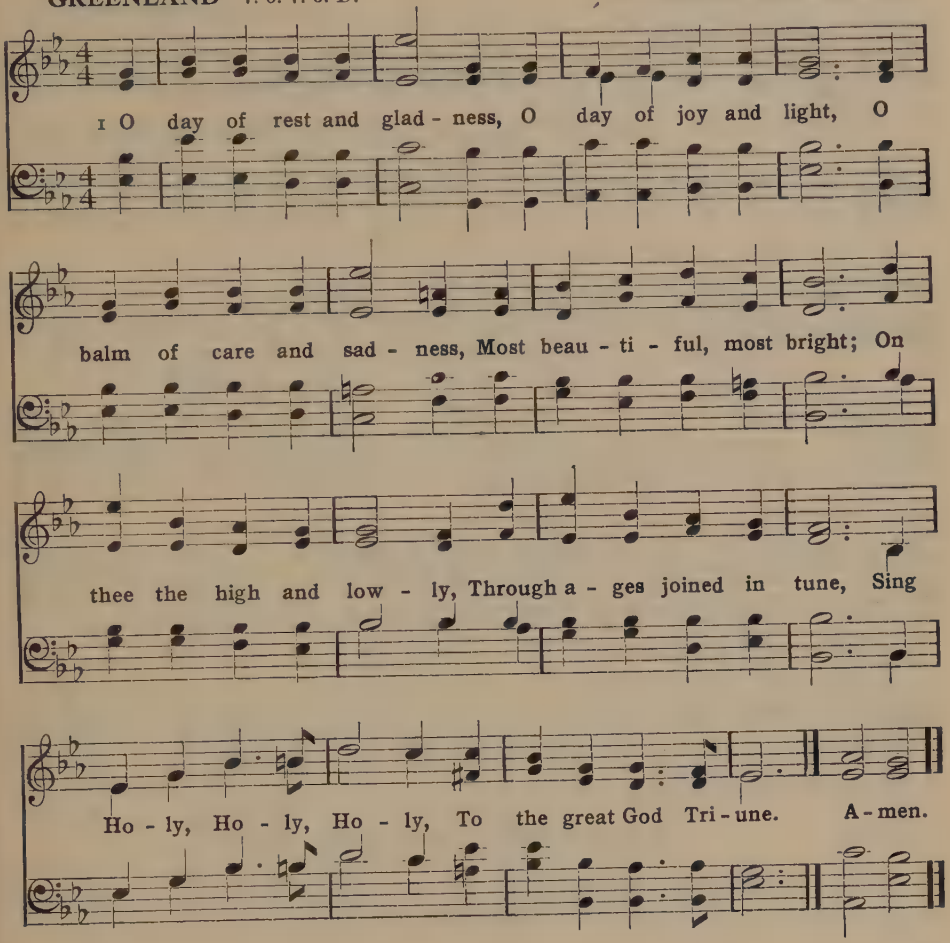
And so, our life to even-tide draws nigh,
Our days of change their course have almost run;
And soon the storms of winter will be past,
And then comes summer, and the unsetting sun.

3

And in that holier world of joy and peace,
Our sun shall rise upon a land so blest,
That none in this poor world have words to tell
How great the joy of that pure heavenly rest.

Edward Husband, 1871

GREENLAND 7. 6. 7. 6. D.

Arr. from Michael Haydn, 1737-1806

1 O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light, O
balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright; On
thee the high and low - ly, Through a - ges joined in tune, Sing
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, To the great God Tri - une. A - men.

2

On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth,
On thee our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3

Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise:
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

4

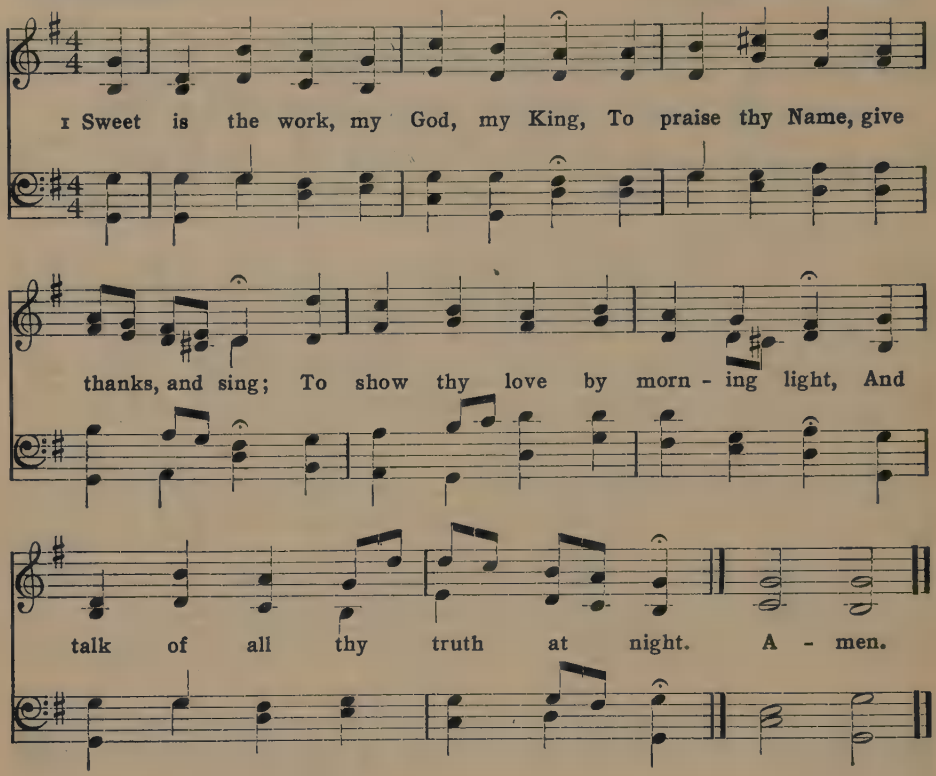
To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls:
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

5

New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1862

ARUNDEL L. M. Samuel Webbe, 1740–1816


1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy Name, give
thanks, and sing; To show thy love by morn - ing light, And
talk of all thy truth at night. A - men.

2 *Psalm xcii*

Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3

My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels, how divine!

4

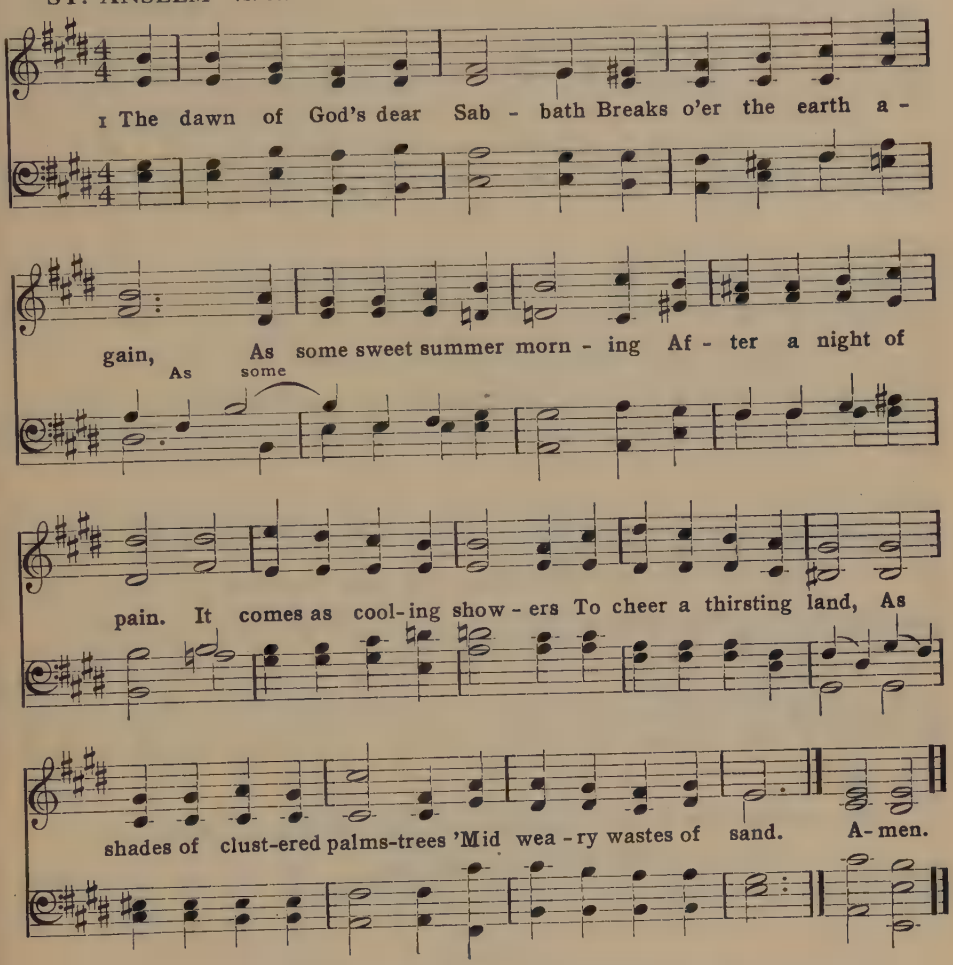
But I shall share a glorious part
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

5

Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

28 Isaac Watts, 1719

ST. ANSELM 7s. 6s. D. Joseph Barnby, 1869


1 The dawn of God's dear Sab - bath Breaks o'er the earth a -
gain, As some sweet summer morn - ing Af - ter a night of
As some
pain. It comes as cool-ing show - ers To cheer a thirsting land, As
shades of clust-ered palms-trees 'Mid wea - ry wastes of sand. A-men.

2

Lord, we would bring for offering,
Though marred with earthly soil,
A week of earnest labor,
Of steady, faithful toil;
Fair fruits of self-denial,
Of strong, deep love to thee,
Fostered by thine own Spirit
In our humility.

3

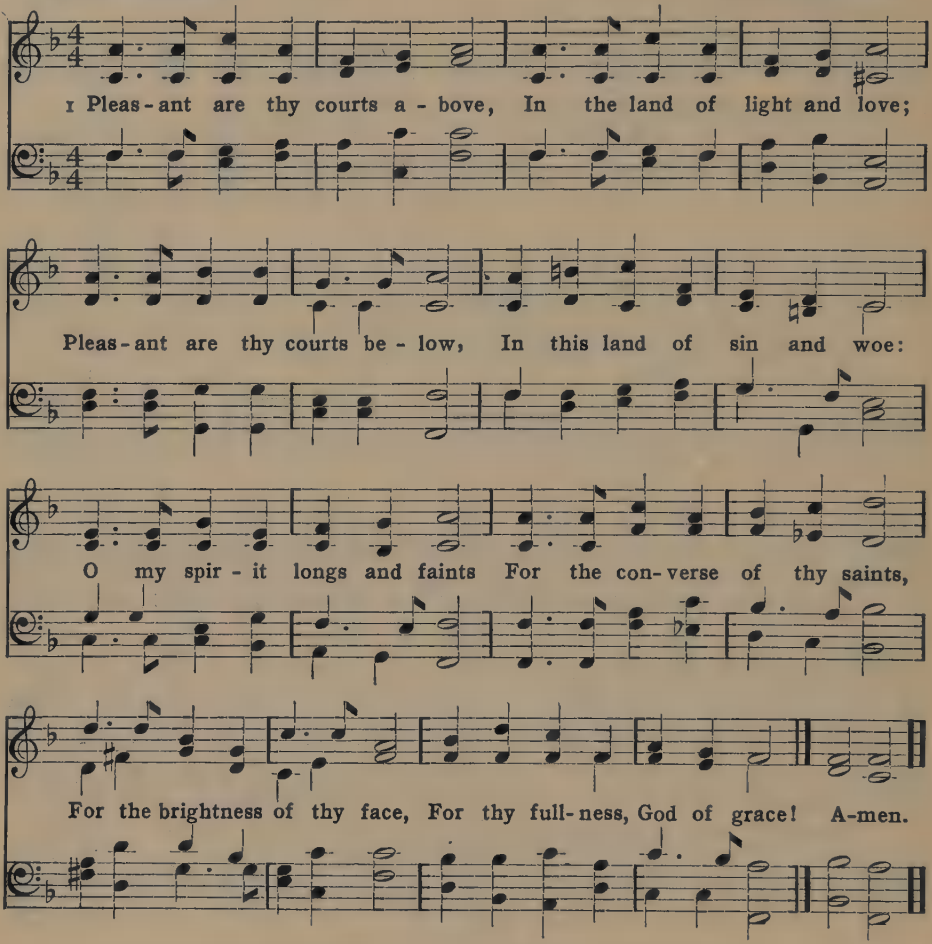
And we would bring our burden
Of sinful thought and deed,
In Thy pure presence kneeling,
From bondage to be freed;
Our hearts' most bitter sorrow
For all thy work undone,—
So many talents wasted,
So few bright laurels won.

4

O Lord, forgive and strengthen:
May we for evermore
Upon thy peaceful Sabbath
Thy blessèd name adore;
Until in joy and gladness
We reach that home at last,
Where life's short week of sorrow
And sin and strife is past.

Ada Cambridge Cross, 1866, and others

ST. GEORGE 7. 7. 7. 7. D. G. J. Elvey, 1858


1 Pleas-ant are thy courts a-bove, In the land of light and love;
Pleas-ant are thy courts be-low, In this land of sin and woe:
O my spir-it longs and faints For the con-verse of thy saints,
For the brightness of thy face, For thy full-ness, God of grace! A-men.

Psalm lxxxiv

2

Happy birds that sing and fly
Round thy altars, O Most High;
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast;
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

3

Happy souls, their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach thy throne at length,
At thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

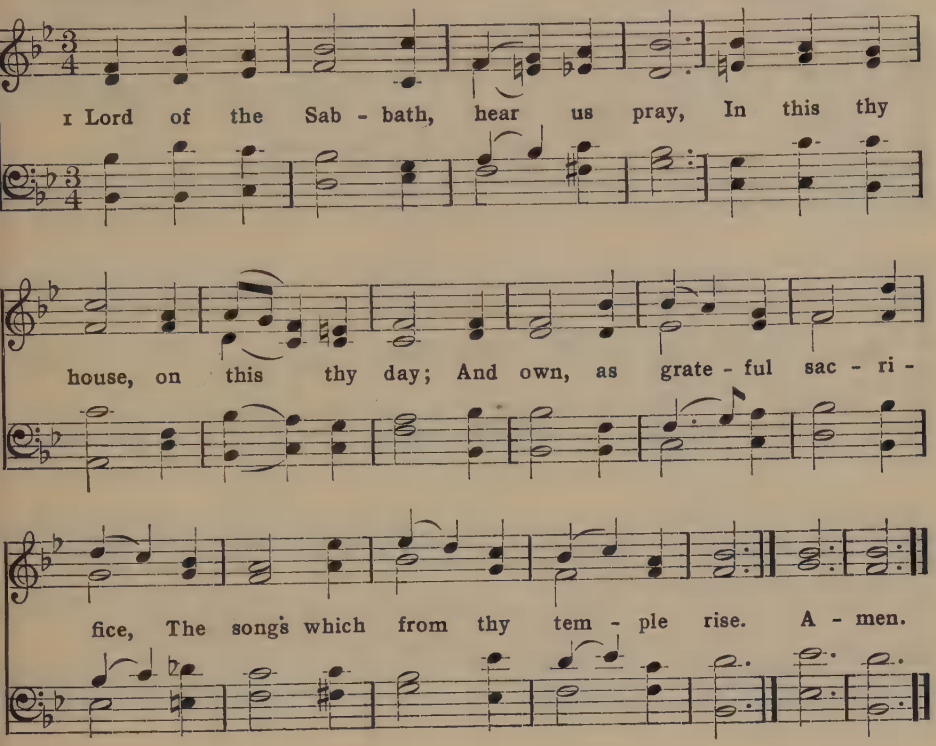
4

Lord, be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through a world of sin,
Keep me by thy saving grace,
Give me at thy side a place;
Sun and shield alike thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart.
Grace and glory flow from thee;
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

H. F. Lyte, 1834

GERMANY L. M.

Wm. Gardiner's Sacred Melodies, 1815
Arr. fr. Beethoven


1 Lord of the Sab - bath, hear us pray, In this thy
house, on this thy day; And own, as grate - ful sac - ri -
fice, The songs which from thy tem - ple rise. A - men.

Hebrews iv : 9

2

Thy day of rest, O Lord, we love
But look for truer rest above;
To that our laboring souls aspire
With ardent hope and strong desire.

3

In thy blest kingdom we shall be
From every mortal trouble free;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues;

4

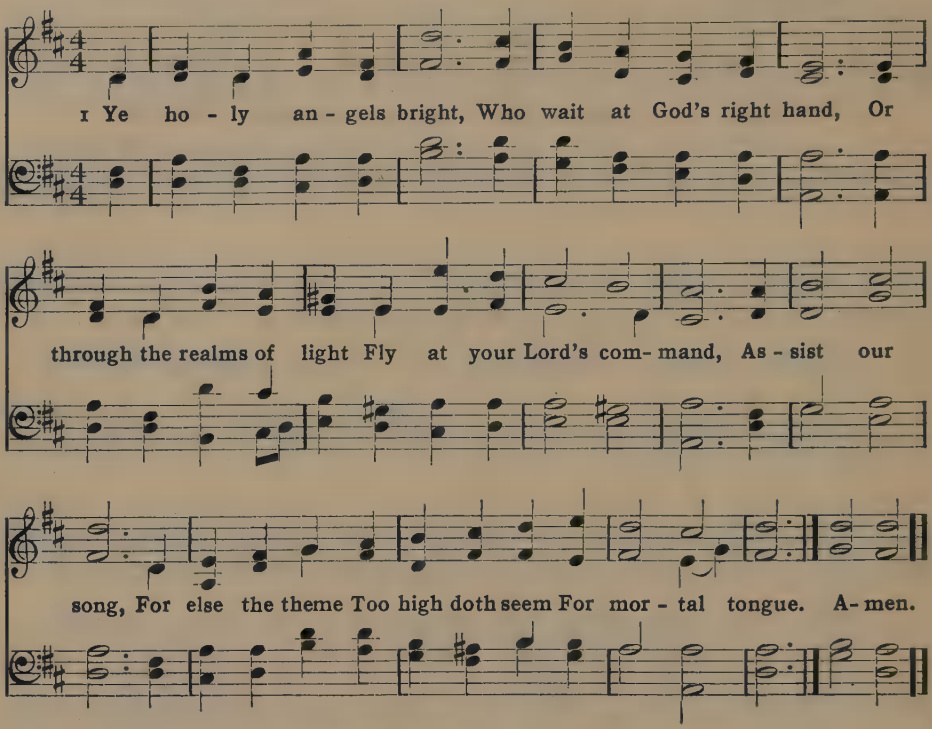
No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no waning moon,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5

O long expected day, begin,
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin!
Break, morn of God, upon our eyes;
And let the world's true Sun arise!

 P. Doddridge, 1737 and Cotterill, 1819

DARWALL'S 148th 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8. John Darwall, 1770


1 Ye ho - ly an - gels bright, Who wait at God's right hand, Or
through the realms of light Fly at your Lord's com- mand, As - sist our
song, For else the theme Too high doth seem For mor - tal tongue. A- men.

2

Ye blessèd souls at rest,
Who ran this earthly race,
And now, from sin released
Behold the Saviour's face,
God's praises sound,
As in his light
With sweet delight
Ye do abound.

3

Ye saints, who toil below,
Adore your heavenly King,
And onward as ye go
Some joyful anthem sing;
Take what he gives
And praise him still,
Through good or ill,
Who ever lives!

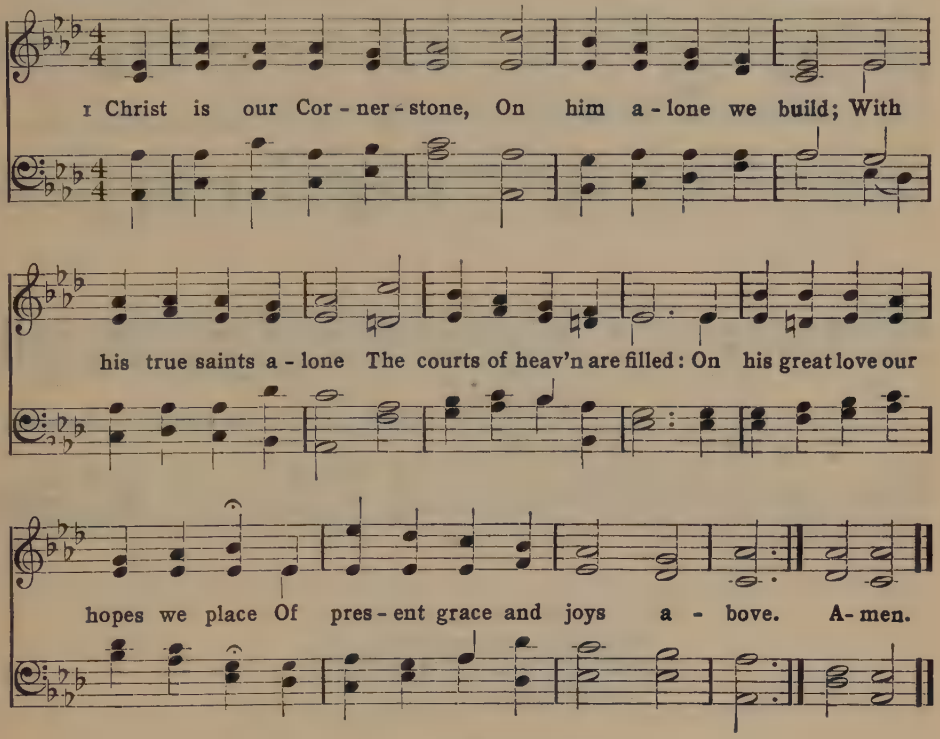
4

My soul, bear thou thy part,
Triumph in God above:
And with a well-tuned heart
Sing thou the songs of love!
Let all thy days
Till life shall end,
Whate'er he send,
Be filled with praise.

32 R. Baxter, 1681 and R. R. Chope, 1857

QUAM DILECTA 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

Anon. German


1 Christ is our Cor - ner - stone, On him a - lone we build; With
his true saints a - lone The courts of heav'n are filled: On his great love our
hopes we place Of pres - ent grace and joys a - bove. A - men.

2

O then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring;
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim in joyful song,
Both loud and long, that glorious Name.

3

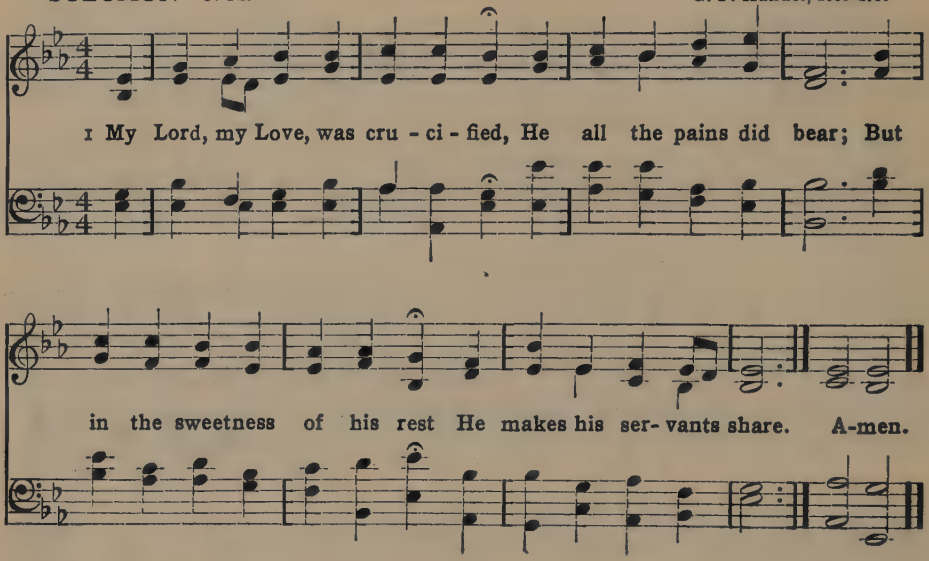
Here, gracious God, do thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh;
In copious shower on all who pray,
Each holy day, thy blessings pour.

4

Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,
Until that day when all the blest
To endless rest are called away.

Anon. (Latin 6th or 7th cent.) **Tr. John Chandler, 1837**

SOLOMON C. M. G. F. Handel, 1685-1759



2

How sweetly rest thy saints above
  Which in thy bosom lie;
The Church below doth rest in hope
  Of that felicity.

3

Thou, Lord, who daily feed'st thy sheep,
  Mak'st them a weekly feast;
Thy flocks meet in their several folds
  Upon this day of rest.

4

Welcome and dear unto my soul
  Are these sweet feasts of love;
But what a Sabbath shall I keep
  When I shall rest above!

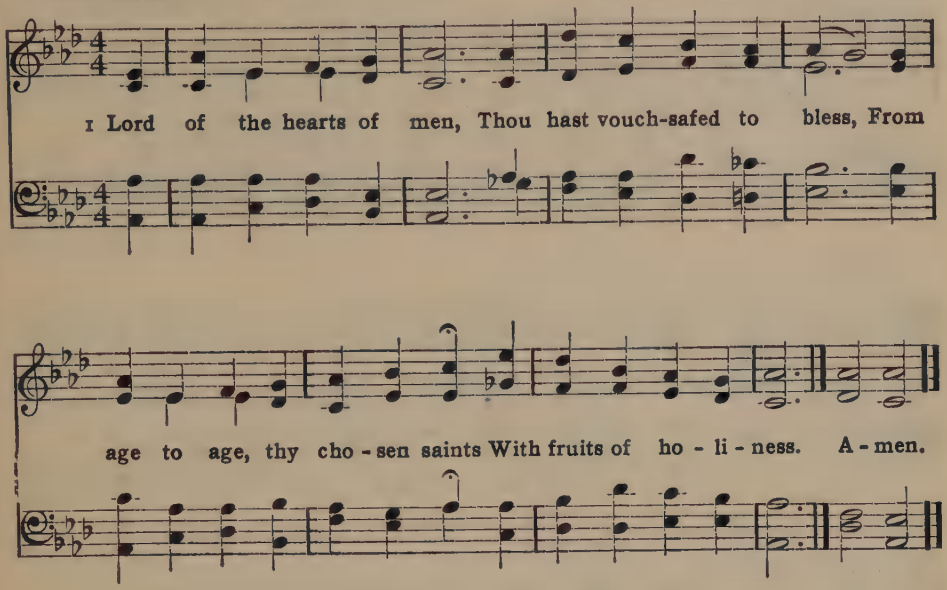
5

I bless thy wise and wondrous love,
  Which binds us to be free;
Which makes us leave our earthly snares
  That we may come to thee.

6

I come, I wait, I hear, I pray,
  Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace;
I sing to think this is the way
  Unto my Saviour's face.

SCHUMANN S. M. Ascribed to R. Schumann, 1810-1856



2

Here faith, and hope, and love
Reign in sweet bond allied;
There, when this little day is o'er,
Shall love alone abide.

3

O love, O truth, O light!
Light never to decay!
O rest from thousand labors past!
O endless Sabbath day!

4

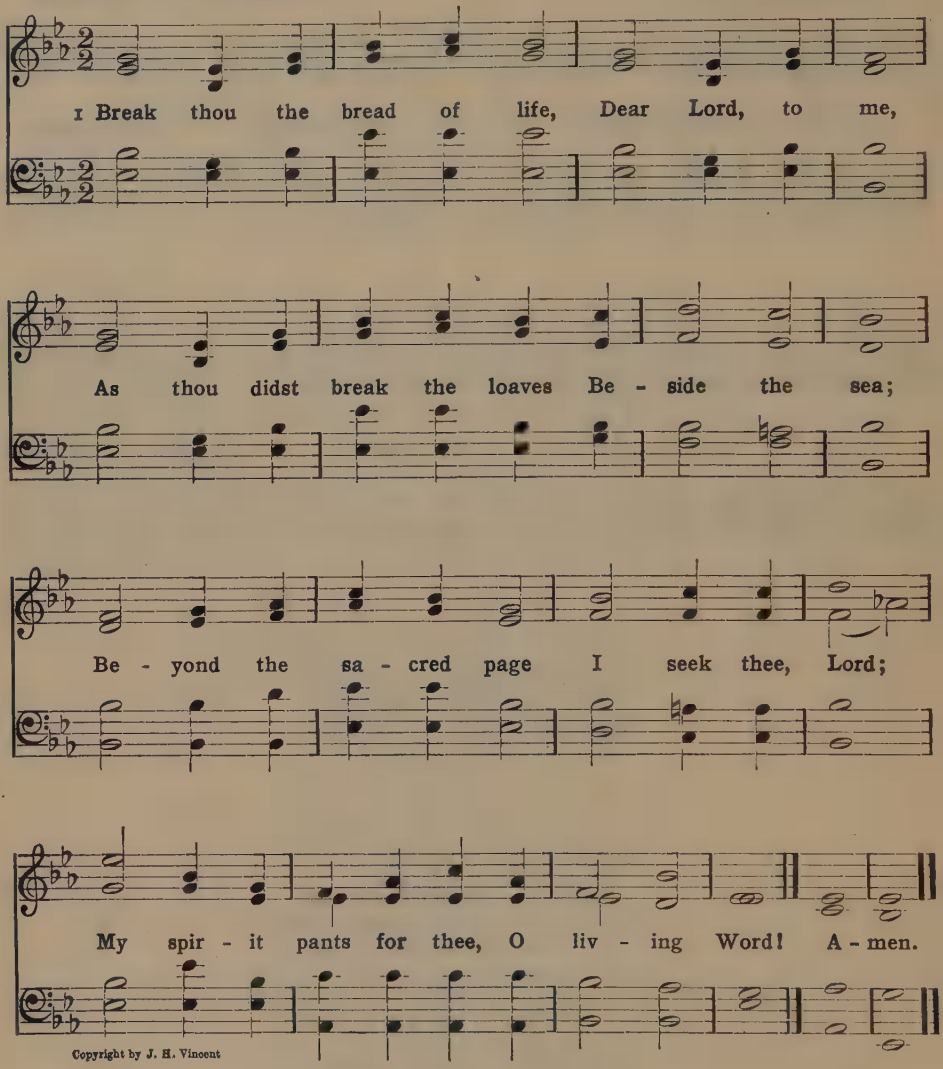
Here, amid cares and tears,
Bearing the seed we come;
There, with rejoicing hearts, we bring
Our harvest burdens home.

5

Give, mighty Lord Divine,
The fruits thyself dost love;
Soon shalt thou, from thy judgment-seat,
Crown thine own gifts above.

35 C. Coffin, 1736; Tr. J. R. Woodford, 1863

BREAD OF LIFE 6s. 4s. 8 l. W. J. Sherwin, 1877


1 Break thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me,
As thou didst break the loaves Be - side the sea;
Be - yond the sa - cred page I seek thee, Lord;
My spir - it pants for thee, O liv - ing Word! A - men.

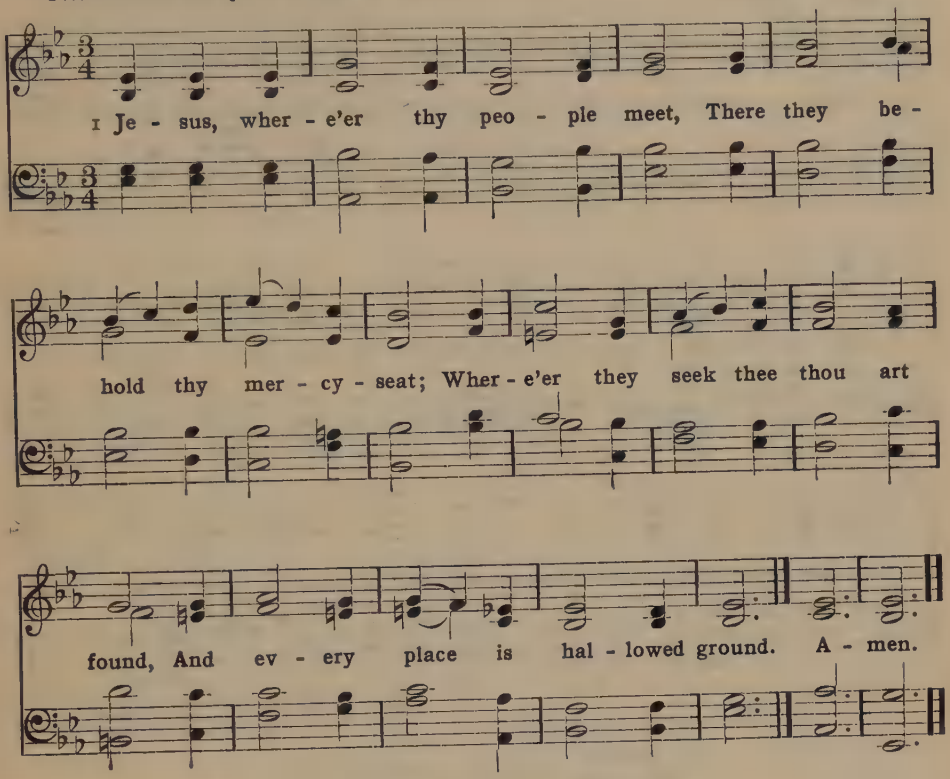
Copyright by J. H. Vincent

2 *Matt. xiv: 15-21*

Bless thou the truth, dear Lord,
To me— to me—
As thou didst bless the bread
By Galilee;
Then shall all bondage cease,
All fetters fall;
And I shall find my peace,
My All-in-All!

36 Mary A. Lathbury, 1882

NE DERELINQUAS ME L. M. C. H. Lloyd, 1849—


1 Je - sus, wher - e'er thy peo - ple meet, There they be -
hold thy mer - cy - seat; Wher - e'er they seek thee thou art
found, And ev - ery place is hal - lowed ground. A - men.

Matthew xviii: 20

2

For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

3

Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

4

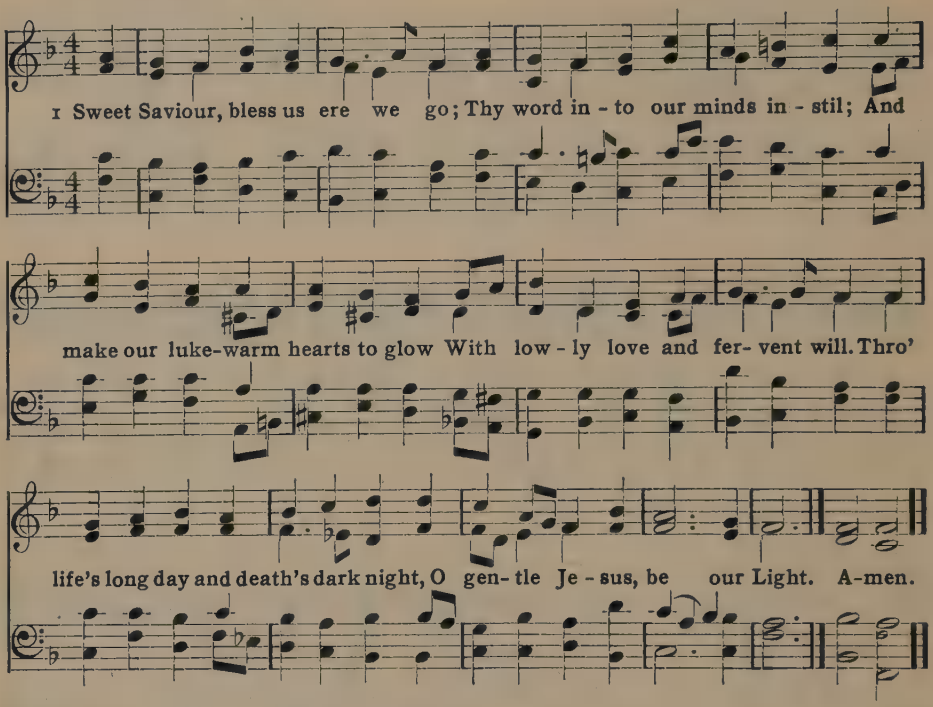
Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

5

Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear:
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own.

W. Cowper, 1769

ST. MATTHIAS 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. William H. Monk, 1861


1 Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go; Thy word in - to our minds in - stil; And
make our luke-warm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer- vent will. Thro'
life's long day and death's dark night, O gen- tle Je - sus, be our Light. A-men.

2
The day is done, its hours have run,
And thou hast taken count of all;
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

3
Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.

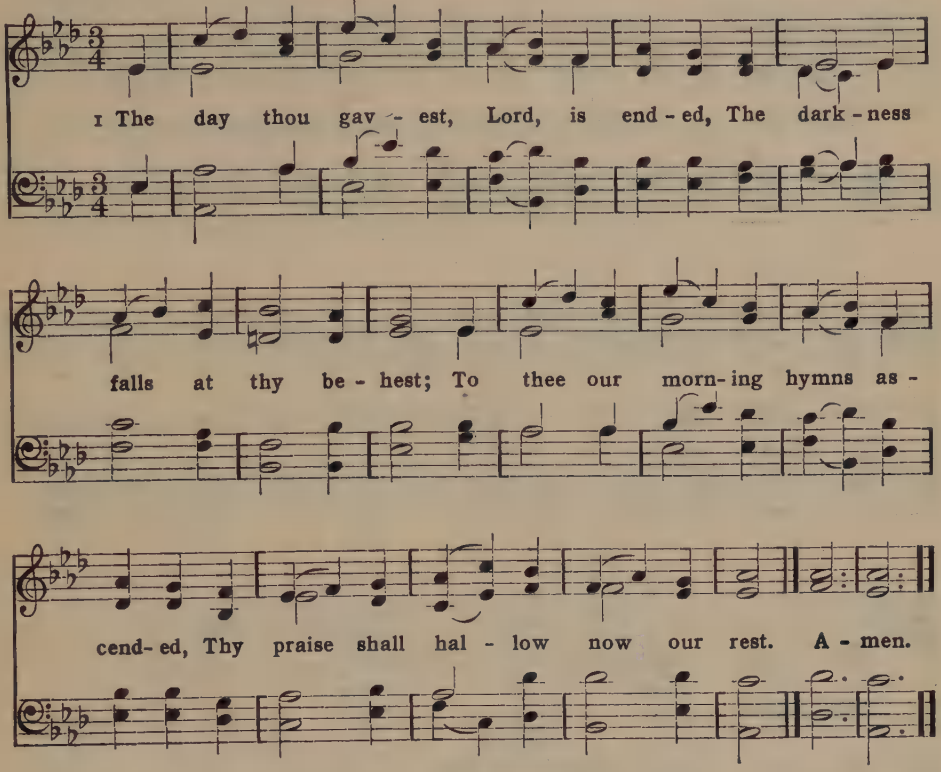
4
Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like thee.

5
Labor is sweet, for thou hast toiled,
And care is light, for thou hast cared;
Let not our works with self be soiled,
Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.

6
For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful,— unto thee we call;
O let thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus and our All.

38 F. W. Faber, 1849

ST. CLEMENT 9. 8. 9. 8. C. C. Scholefield, 1874


1 The day thou gav - est, Lord, is end - ed, The dark - ness
falls at thy be - hest; To thee our morn - ing hymns as -
cend - ed, Thy praise shall hal - low now our rest. A - men.

2

We thank thee that thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night,

3

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

4

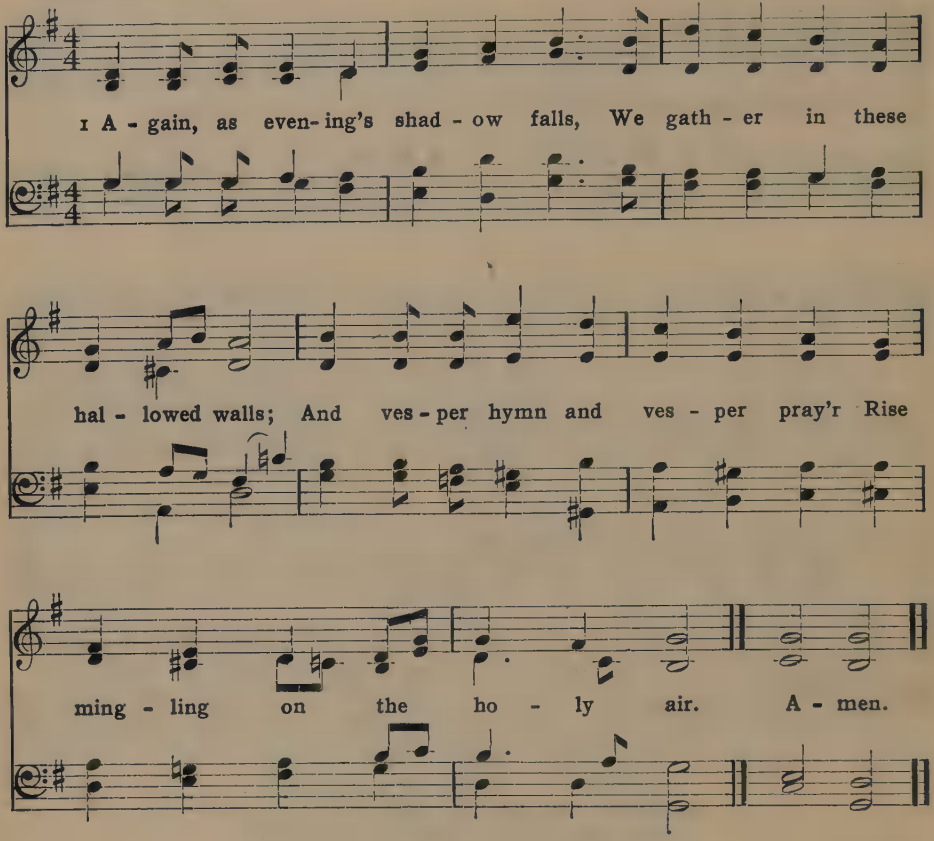
The sun that bids us rest, is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

5

So be it, Lord; thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away,
But stand, and rule, and grow forever
Till all thy creatures own thy sway.

 J. Ellerton, 1870

KEBLE L. M. J. B. Dykes, 1874


1 A - gain, as even- ing's shad - ow falls, We gath - er in these
hal - lowed walls; And ves - per hymn and ves - per pray'r Rise
ming - ling on the ho - ly air. A - men.

2

May struggling hearts, that seek release,
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

3

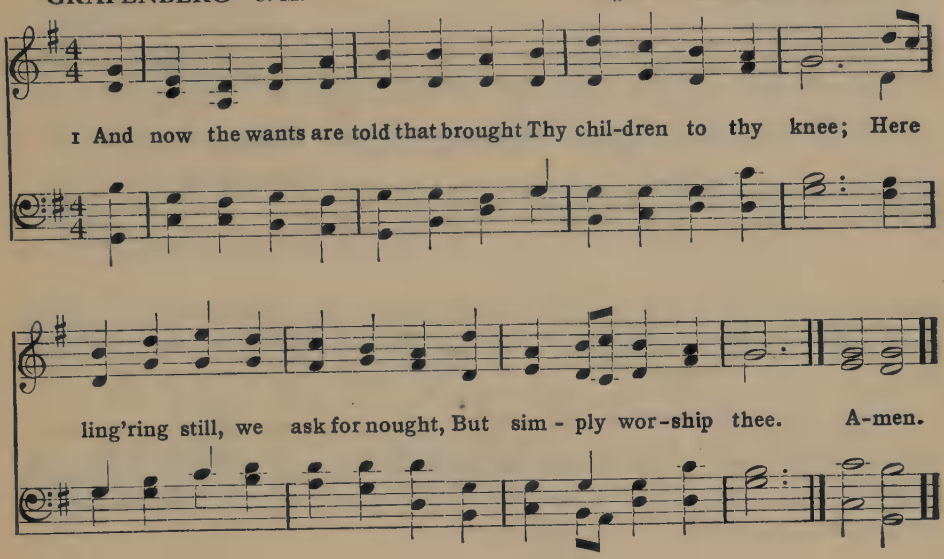
O God, our Light, to thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest thou:
Give deeper calm than night can bring,
Give sweeter songs than life can sing.

4

Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.

 S. Longfellow, 1859

GRÄFENBERG C. M. Crüger's "Praxis Pietatis Melica," 1653


1 And now the wants are told that brought Thy chil-dren to thy knee; Here
ling'ring still, we ask for nought, But sim - ply wor-ship thee. A-men.

2

The hope of heaven's eternal days
Absorbs not all the heart
That gives thee glory, love, and praise,
For being what thou art.

3

For thou art God, the One, the same,
O'er all things high and bright;
And round us, when we speak thy Name,
There spreads a heaven of light.

4

O wondrous peace, in thought to dwell
On excellence Divine;
To know that nought in man can tell
How fair thy beauties shine.

5

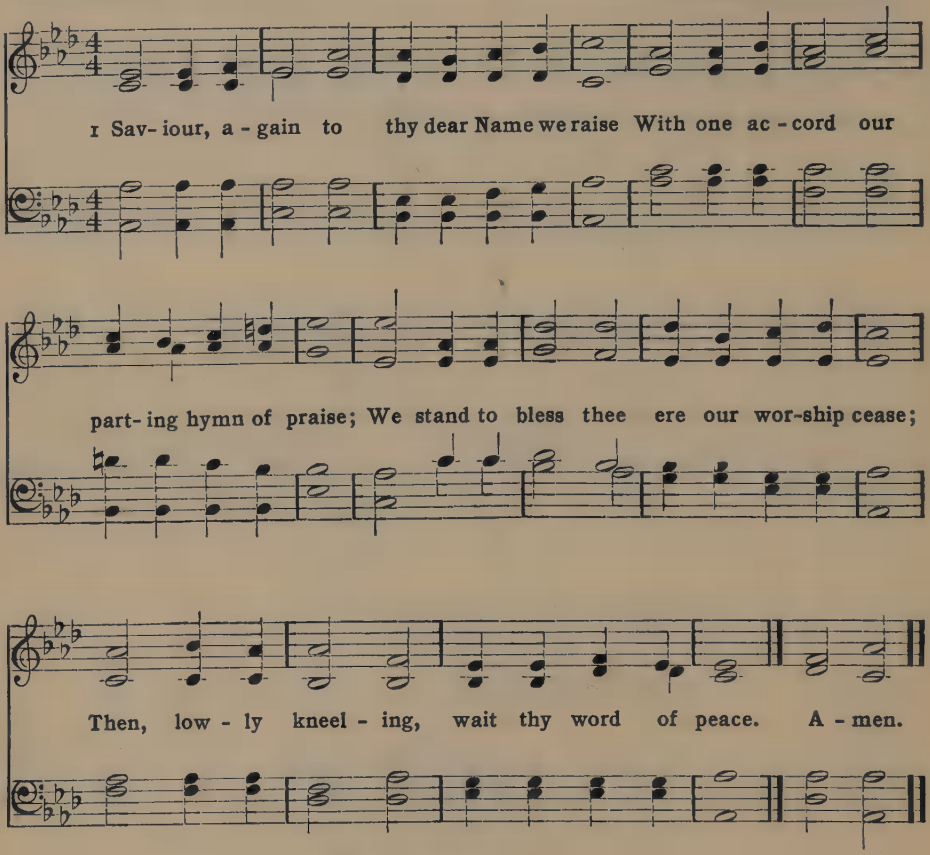
O thou, above all blessing blest,
O'er thanks exalted far,
Thy very greatness is a rest
To weaklings as we are;

6

For when we feel the praise of thee
A task beyond our powers,
We say, "A perfect God is He,
And He is fully ours."

William Bright, 1865

ELLERS 10. 10. 10. 10. Edward J. Hopkins, 1867


1 Sav- iour, a - gain to thy dear Name we raise With one ac - cord our
part- ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless thee ere our wor-ship cease;
Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait thy word of peace. A - men.

2

Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
With thee began, with thee shall end the day:
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy Name.

3

Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

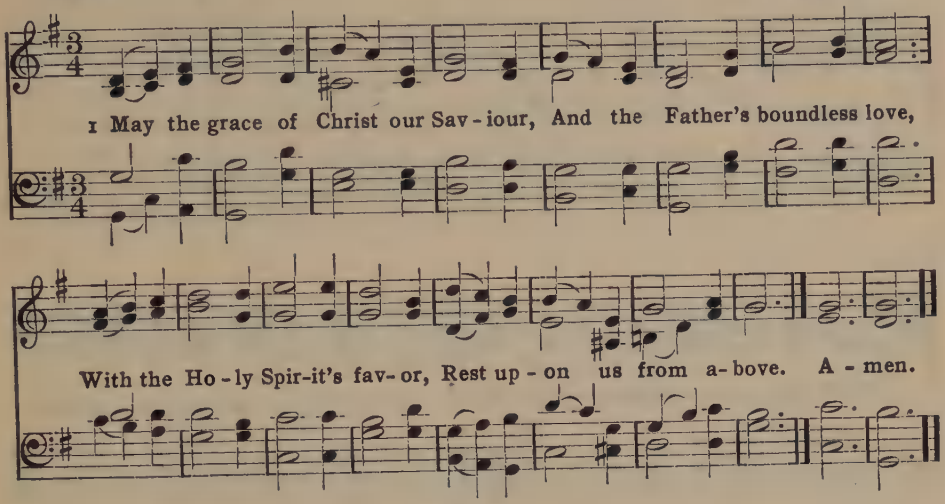
4

Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife,
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

42 J. Ellerton, 1868

REPOSE 8. 7. 8. 7.

C. J. Dickinson, 1861


1 May the grace of Christ our Sav - iour, And the Father's boundless love,
With the Ho - ly Spir-it's fav- or, Rest up - on us from a- bove. A - men.

2 Cor. xiii: 14

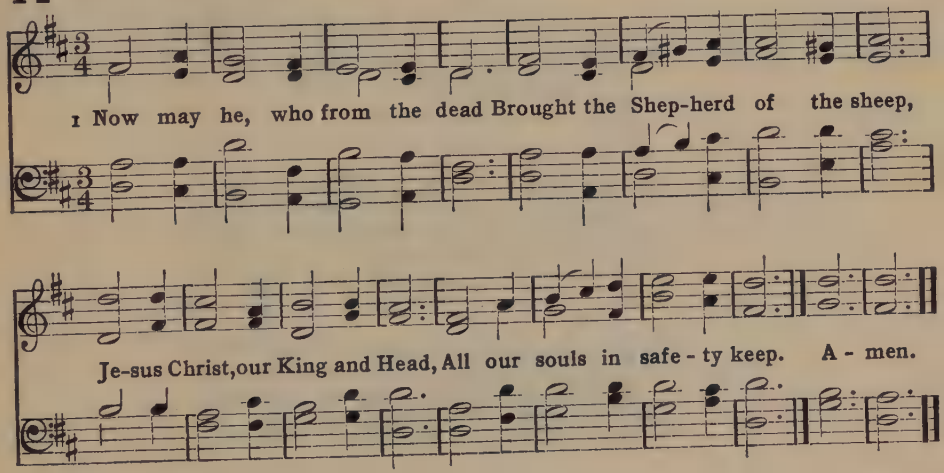
2

Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

John Newton, 1779

44 DEUS PACIS 7s. 4l.

G. Josephi, 1657, Har. J. Stainer


1 Now may he, who from the dead Brought the Shep-herd of the sheep,
Je-sus Christ, our King and Head, All our souls in safe - ty keep. A - men.

Heb. xiii: 20-21

2

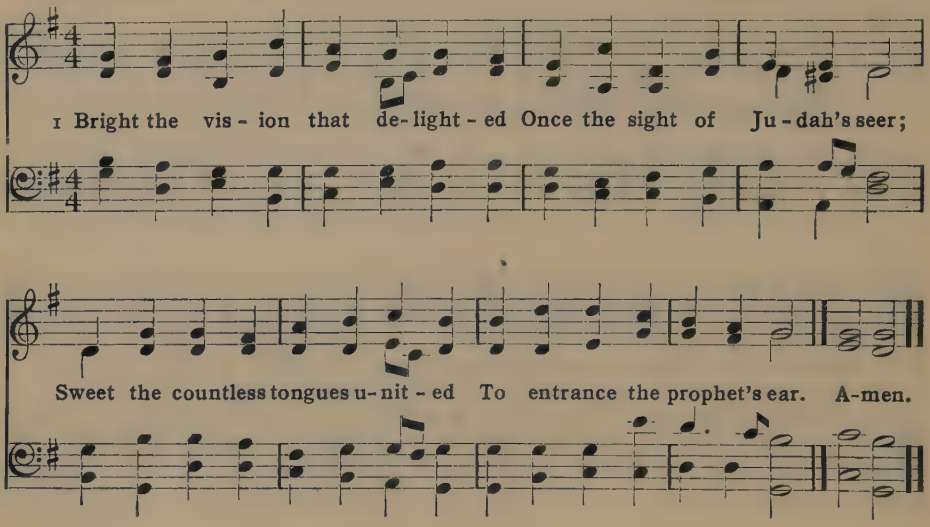
May he teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in his sight;
Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night.

3

To that dear Redeemer's praise,
Who the convenant sealed with blood,
Let our heart and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

John Newton, 1779

REDHEAD No. 46 8. 7. 8. 7. R. Redhead, 1820–1901


1 Bright the vis - ion that de-light - ed Once the sight of Ju - dah's seer;
Sweet the countless tongues u-nit - ed To entrance the prophet's ear. A-men.

Ezekiel i
Revelation iv

2

Round the Lord in glory seated,
Cherubim and Seraphim
Filled his temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn:

3

"Lord, thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord."

4

Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, Holy, Holy," singing,
"Lord of hosts, the Lord most high."

5

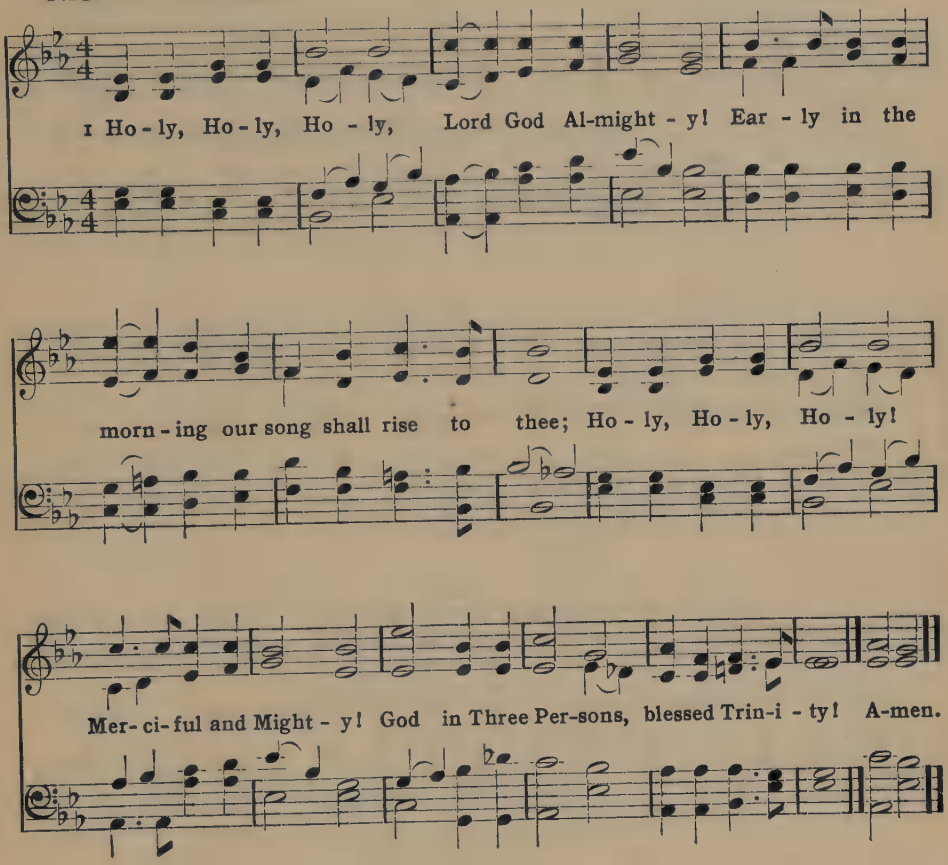
With his seraph train before him,
With his holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

6

"Lord, thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord."

 Richard Mant, 1837

NICÆA 11. 12. 12. 10. John B. Dykes, 1861


1 Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the
morn-ing our song shall rise to thee; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly!
Mer-ci-ful and Might-y! God in Three Per-sons, blessed Trin-i-ty! A-men.

Rev. iv: 8-11

2

Holy, Holy, Holy! All the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3

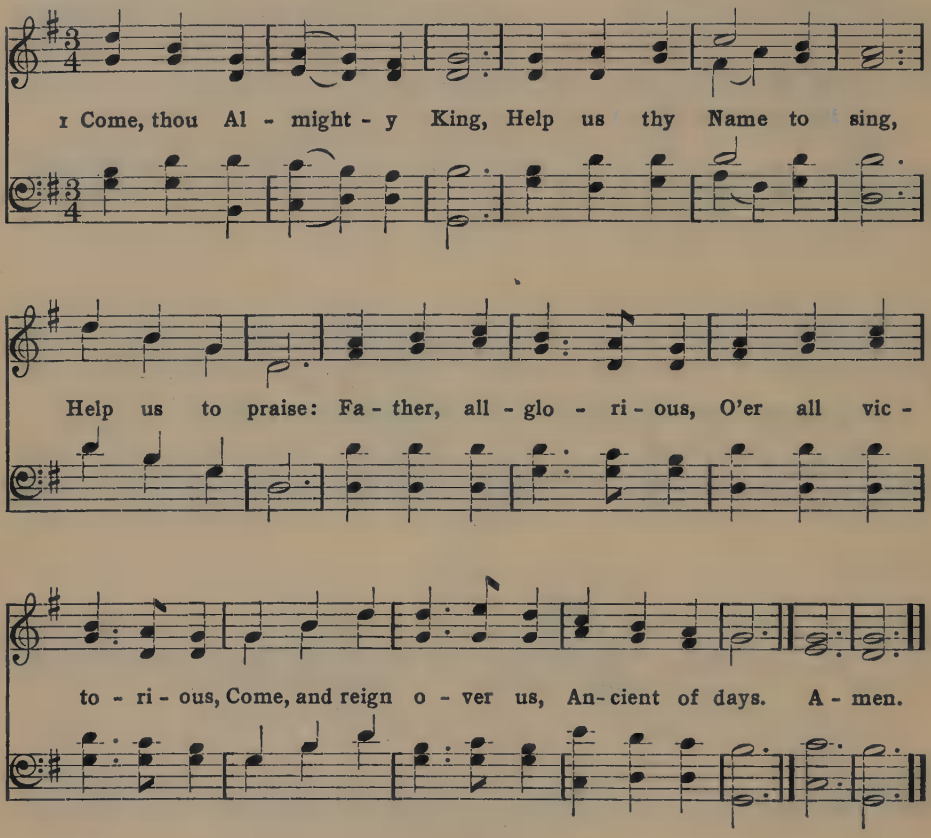
Holy, Holy, Holy! Though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,
Only thou art holy: there is none beside thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy Name, in earth and sky and sea:
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

45 Reginald Heber, 1783-1826

MOSCOW (Italian Hymn) 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4. Adapted fr. F. de Giardini, 1750


1 Come, thou Al - might - y King, Help us thy Name to sing,
Help us to praise: Fa - ther, all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days. A - men.

2

Come, thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend:
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

3

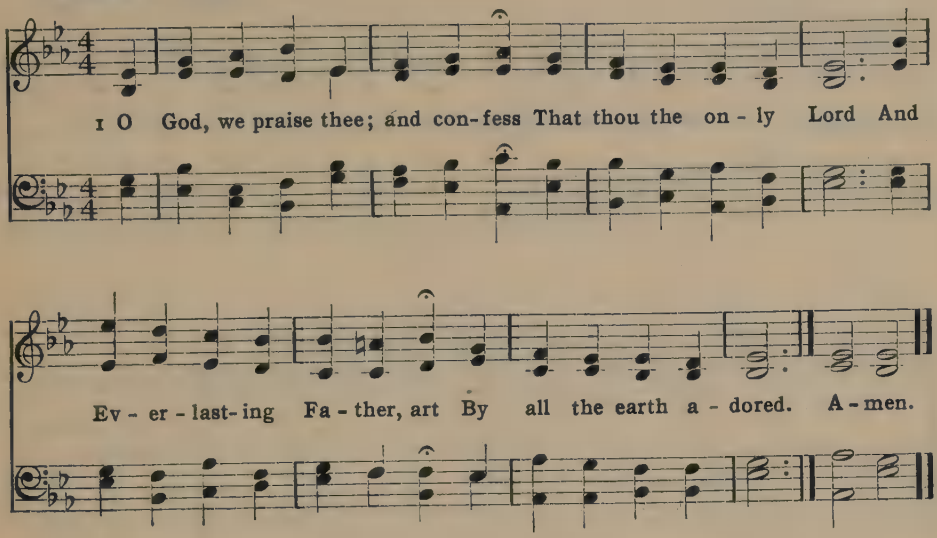
Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

4

To the great One in Three
Eternal praises be
Hence evermore.
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

 Anon. 1757

DUNDEE C. M. Scottish Psalter, 1615



2

To thee all angels cry aloud;
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry:—

3

O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic ray.

4

The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5

The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee,
That thou Eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty;

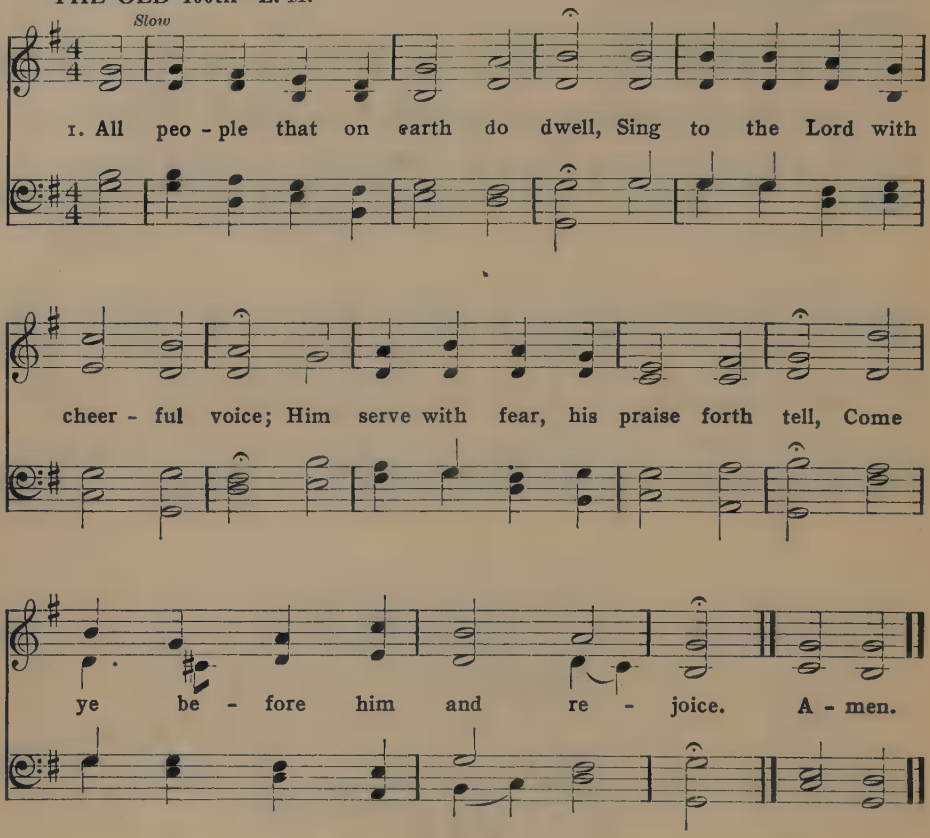
6

Thy honored, true, and only Son;
And Holy Ghost, the Spring
Of never-ceasing joy: O Christ,
Of glory thou art King.

47 Anon. (Latin, 5th cent.) Tr. Tate and Brady, 1700

THE OLD 100th L. M.

Earliest form, Genevan Psalter, 1551


Slow
1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with
cheer - ful voice; Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell, Come
ye be - fore him and re - joice. A - men.

2

The 100th Psalm

The Lord ye know is God indeed;
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his folk, he doth us feed;
And for his sheep he doth us take.

3

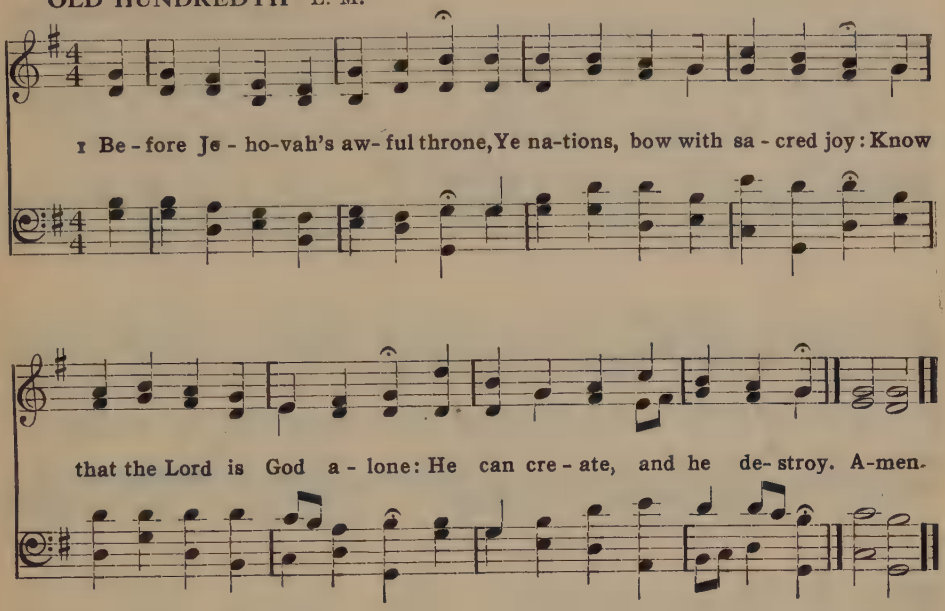
O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless his Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4

For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

Wm. Kethe, 1561

OLD HUNDREDTH L. M.


1 Be - fore Je - ho-vah's aw- ful throne, Ye na-tions, bow with sa - cred joy: Know
that the Lord is God a - lone: He can cre - ate, and he de- stroy. A-men.

The 100th Psalm

2

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3

We are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy Name?

4

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5

Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Watts and Wesley, 1719

51

Psalm cxvii

1

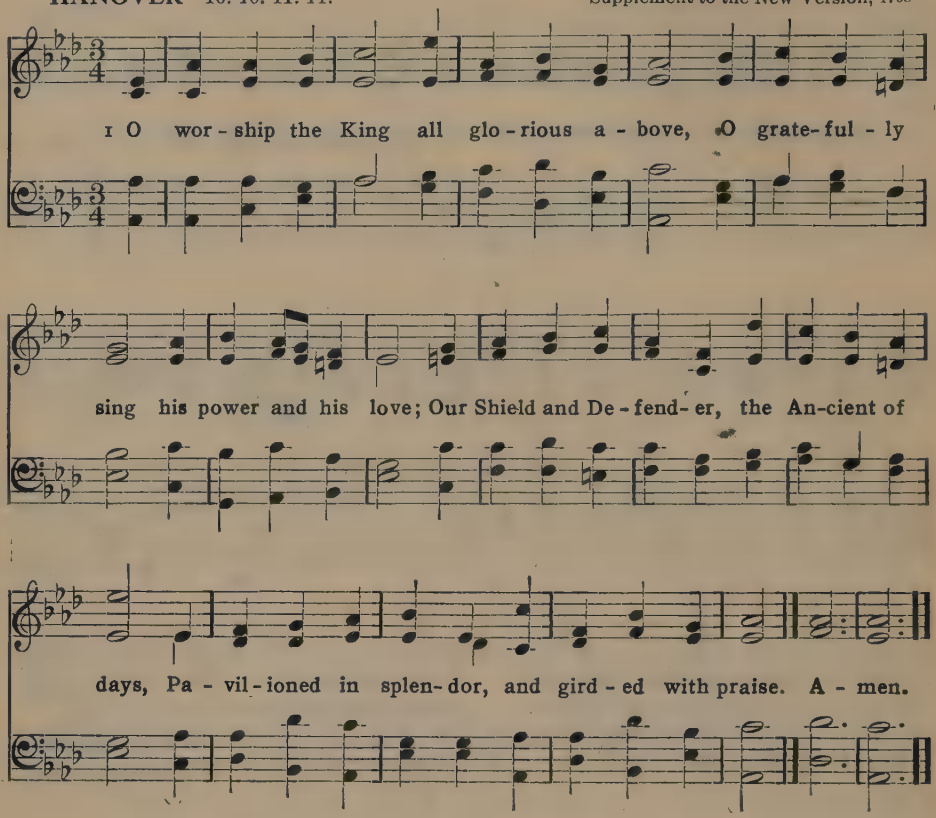
From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Isaac Watts, 1719

HANOVER 10. 10. 11. 11. Supplement to the New Version, 1708


1 O wor - ship the King all glo - rious a - bove, O grate - ful - ly
sing his power and his love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the An-cient of
days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise. A - men.

2

O tell of his might, O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

3

The earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, thy power hath founded of old,
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

4

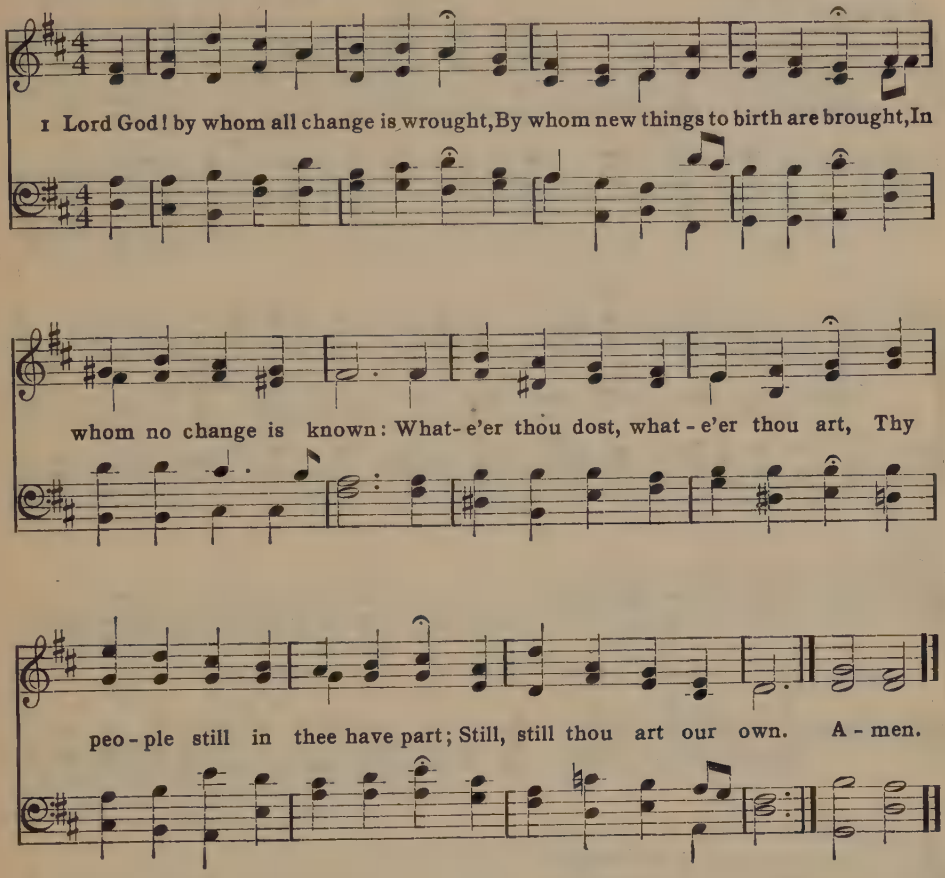
Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

5

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail:
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

Kethe's version of *Psalm civ*, recast by R. Grant, 1839

WATFORD 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6. E. F. Horner, 1901


1 Lord God! by whom all change is wrought, By whom new things to birth are brought, In
whom no change is known: What-e'er thou dost, what-e'er thou art, Thy
peo-ple still in thee have part; Still, still thou art our own. A-men.

2

Ancient of days! we dwell in thee:
Out of thine own eternity
Our peace and joy are wrought:
We rest in our eternal God,
And make secure and sweet abode
With thee who changest not.

3 *Ps. xc: 1-2*

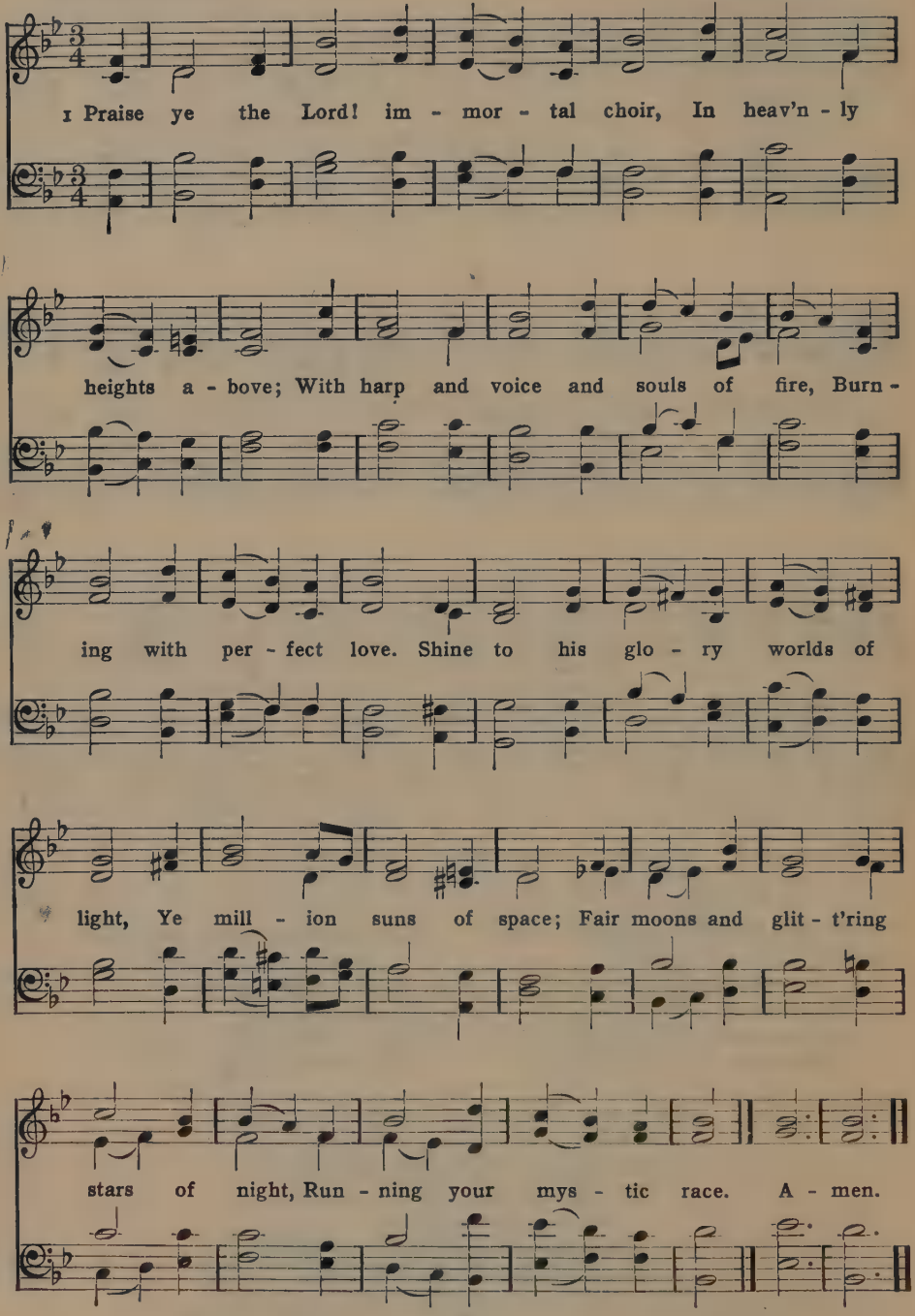
Each steadfast promise we possess:
Thine everlasting truth we bless,
Thine everlasting love:
Th' unfailing helper close we clasp,
The everlasting arms we grasp,
Nor from the refuge move.

4

To thee we rise, in thee we rest:
We stay at home, we go in quest,
Still thou art our abode:
The rapture swells, the wonder grows
As full on us new life still flows,
From our unchanging God.

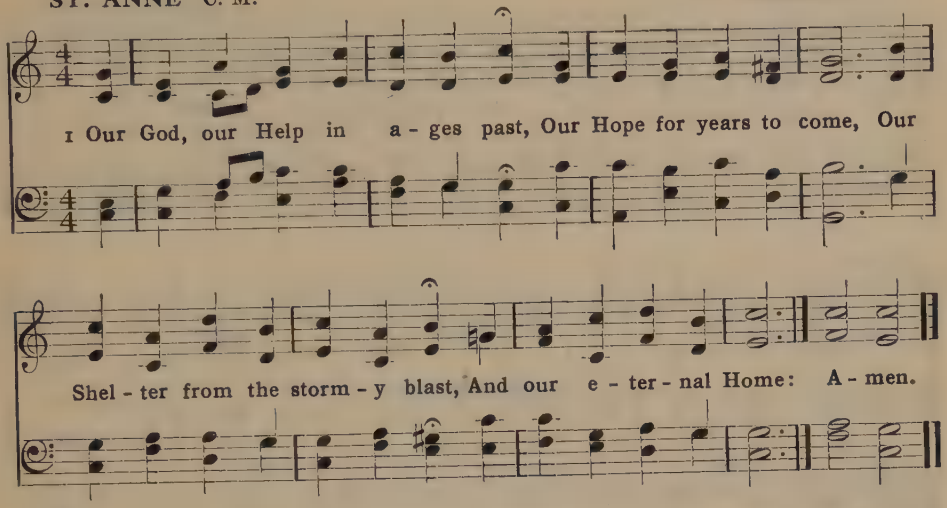
Thomas H. Gill, 1869

ST. MATTHEW C. M. D. William Croft, 1678-1727


1 Praise ye the Lord! im - mor - tal choir, In heav'n - ly
heights a - bove; With harp and voice and souls of fire, Burn -
ing with per - fect love. Shine to his glo - ry worlds of
light, Ye mill - ion suns of space; Fair moons and glit - t'ring
stars of night, Run - ning your mys - tic race. A - men.

55 Our Heavenly Father

ST. ANNE C. M. — William Croft, 1708



Psalm xc

2
Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3
Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4
A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5
Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6
Our God, our Help in ages past;
Our Hope for years to come;
Be thou our Guard while troubles last,
And our eternal Home.

Isaac Watts, 1719

Psalm cxlviii

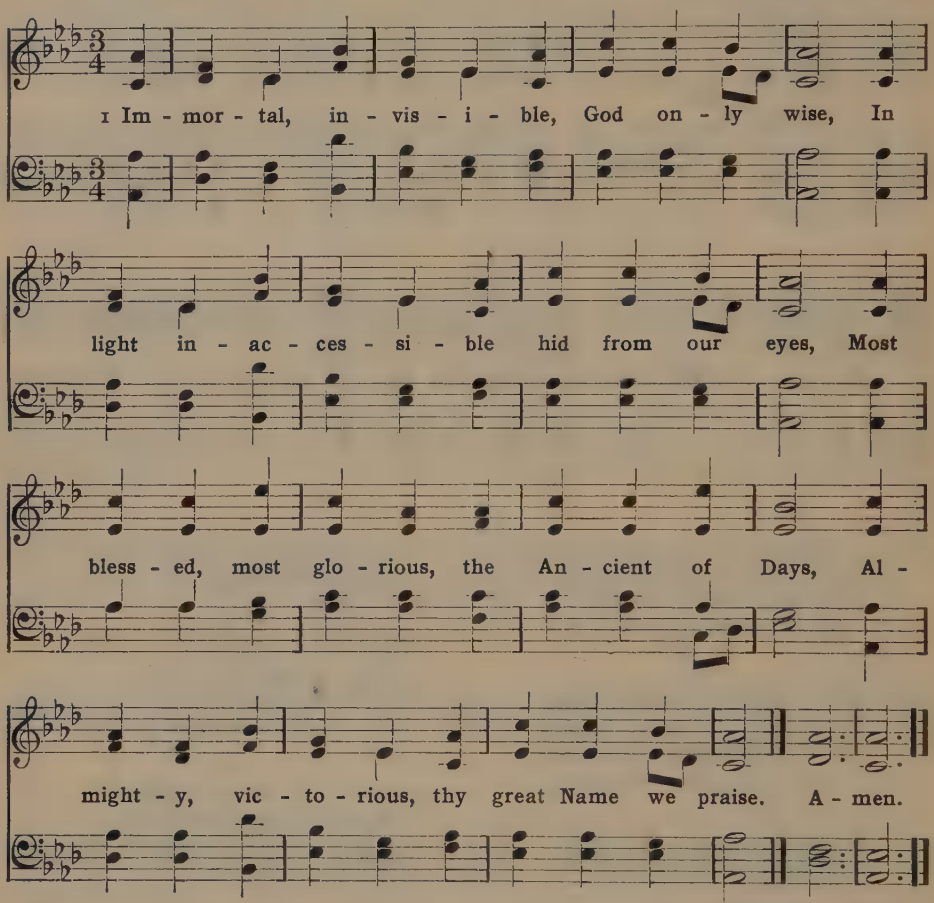
2
Lift to Jehovah, wintry main,
Your grand white hands in prayer,
Still summer seas, in dulcet strain
Murmur hosannas there;
Storm, lightning, thunder, hail and snow,
Wild winds that keep his word,
With mountains and all hills below,
Unite to bless the Lord.

3
His Name, ye forests wave along;
Whisper it every flower;
Birds, beasts, and insects swell the song
That tells his love and power;
And round the wide world let it roll
Whilst man shall lead it on.
Join every ransomed human soul,
In glorious unison.

4
Come, aged man! Come little child!
Youth, maiden, peasant, king;
To God in Jesus reconciled
Your loyal tribute bring.
The All Creating Deity
Maker of earth and heaven,
The great redeeming majesty
To him, the praise be given.

George Rawson, 1853

ST. DENIO 11s. 4 l. Welsh Hymn Melody


1 Im - mor - tal, in - vis - i - ble, God on - ly wise, In
light in - ac - ces - si - ble hid from our eyes, Most
bless - ed, most glo - rious, the An - cient of Days, Al -
might - y, vic - to - rious, thy great Name we praise. A - men.

The King, eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God.—1 Tim. 1: 17

2

Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light,
Nor wanting, nor wasting, thou rulest in might;
Thy justice like mountains high soaring above
Thy clouds, which are fountains of goodness and love.

3

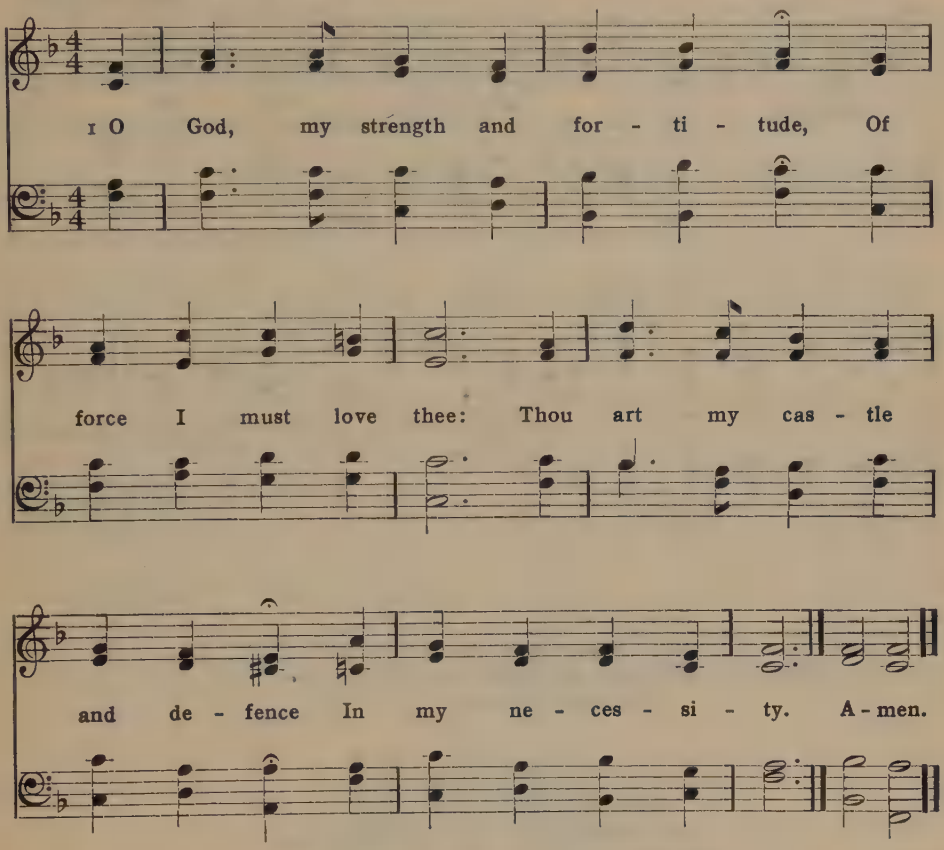
To all life thou givest— to both great and small;
In all life thou livest, the true life of all;
We blossom and flourish as leaves on the tree,
And wither and perish— but nought changeth thee.

4

Great Father of Glory, pure Father of Light,
Thine angels adore thee, all veiling their sight;
All laud we would render: O help us to see
'Tis only the splendor of light hideth thee.

W. Chalmers Smith, 1876

WINCHESTER OLD C. M. "Este's Psalter," 1592



From Psalm xviii Old Version

2

I, when beset with pain and grief,
Did pray to God for grace;
And he forthwith did hear my plaint,
Out of his holy place.

3

The Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens high,
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

4

On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of all the winds
Came flying all abroad.

5

And from above the Lord sent down
To fetch me from below,
And pluckt me out of waters great
That would me overflow.

6

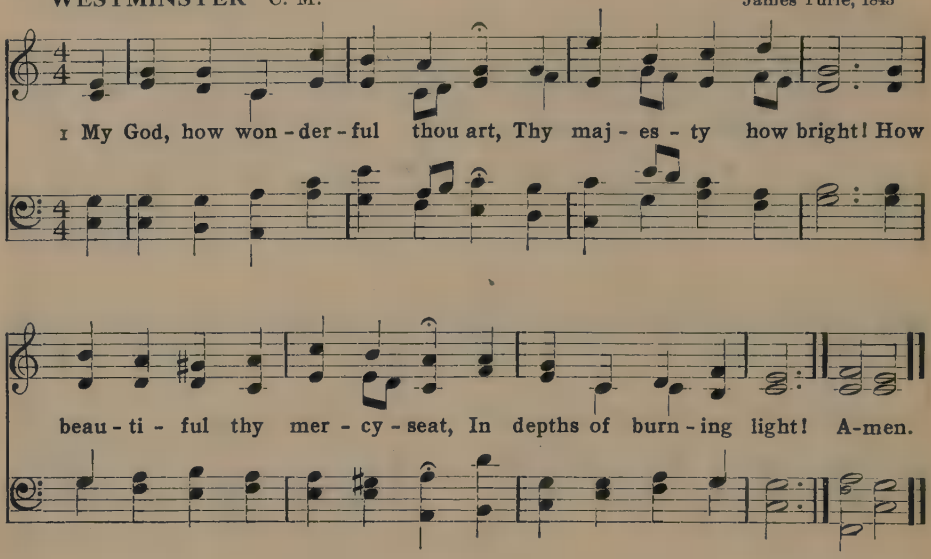
For thou dost save the simple folk
In trouble when they lie,
And dost bring down the countenance
Of him that looketh high.

7

Unspotted are the ways of God,
His word is purely tried;
He is a sure defense to such
As in his faith abide.

Thomas Sternhold, 1549

WESTMINSTER C. M. James Turle, 1843



The Eternal Father

2

How dread are thine eternal years,
O Everlasting Lord,
By prostrate spirits, day and night,
Incessantly adored!

3

O how I fear thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears;
And worship thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

4

Yet I may love thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as thou art;
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

5

No earthly father loves like thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as thou hast done
With me, thy sinful child.

6

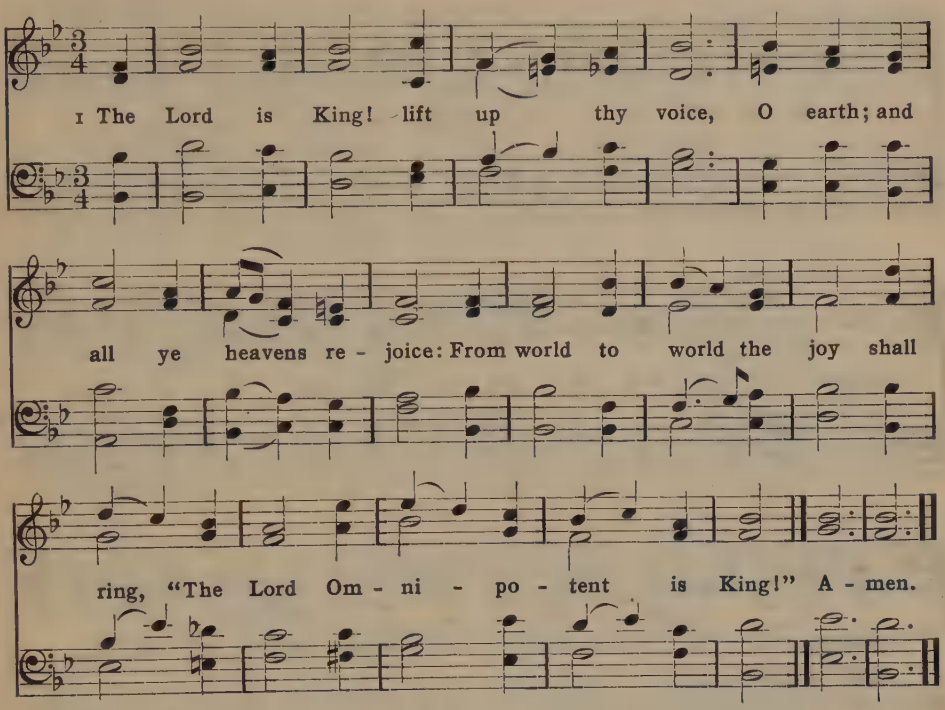
Father of Jesus, love's Reward!
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before thy throne to lie,
And gaze and gaze on thee.

56 F. W. Faber, 1848

Our Heavenly Father

GERMANY L. M.

Wm. Gardiner's "Sacred Melodies," 1815
Ascribed to Beethoven


1 The Lord is King! lift up thy voice, O earth; and
all ye heavens re - joice: From world to world the joy shall
ring, "The Lord Om - ni - po - tent is King!" A - men.

2

The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist his will, distrust his care,
Or murmur at his wise decrees,
Or doubt his royal promises?

3

The Lord is King! Child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just;
Holy and true are all his ways:
Let every creature speak his praise.

4

O when his wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, his love forsake,
Then may his children cease to sing,
"The Lord Omnipotent is King!"

5

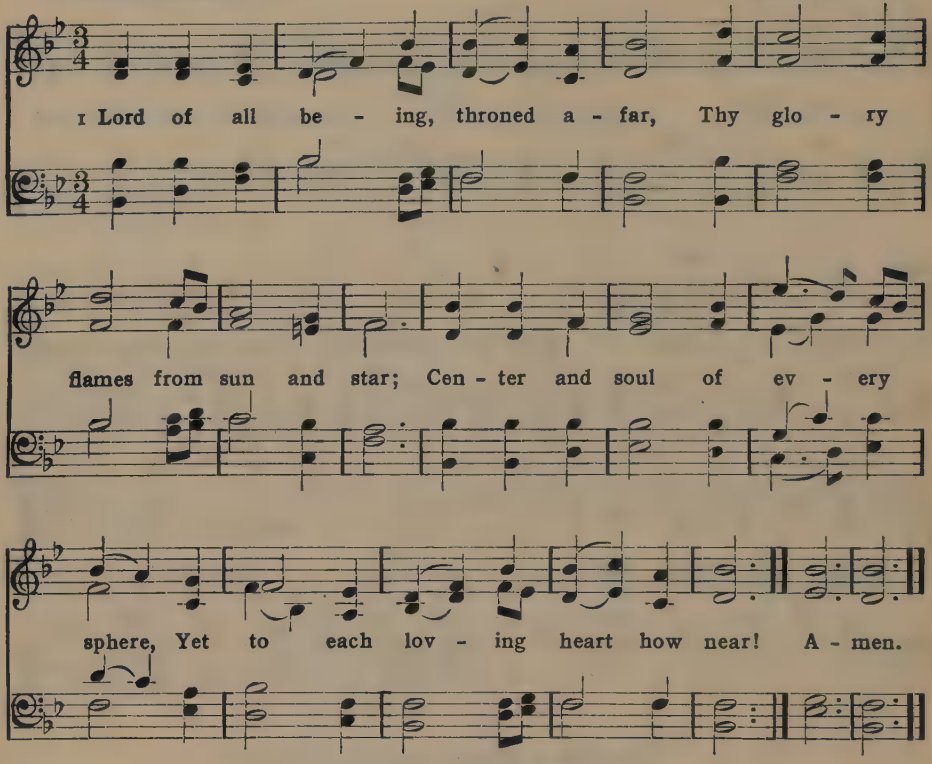
Alike pervaded by his eye,
All parts of his dominion lie;
This world of ours, and worlds unseen,
And thin the boundary between.

6

One Lord, one empire, all secures;
He reigns, and life and death are yours:
Through earth and heaven one song shall ring,
"The Lord Omnipotent is King!"

J. Conder, 1824

WARRINGTON L. M. R. Harrison, 1784


1 Lord of all be - ing, throned a - far, Thy glo - ry
flames from sun and star; Cen - ter and soul of ev - ery
sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near! A - men.

2
Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

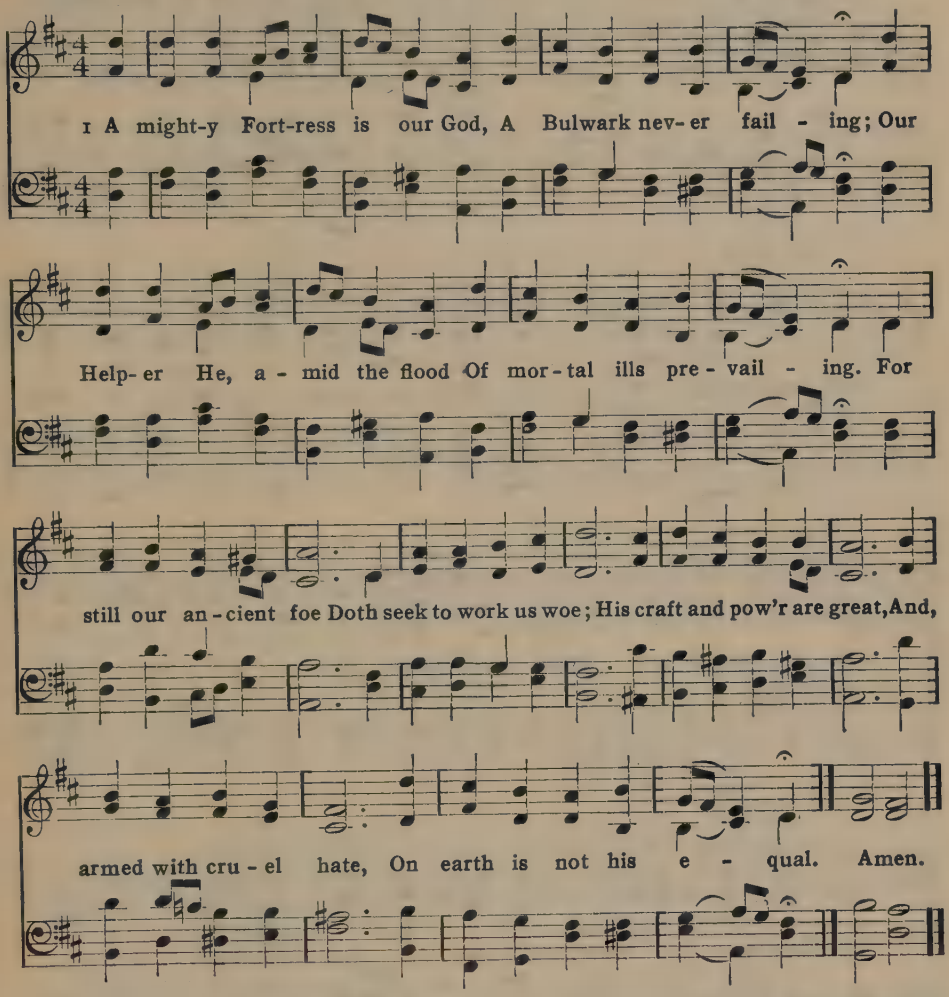
3
Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch, thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.

4
Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love.
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

5
Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee;
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

58 O. W. Holmes, 1848

EIN' FESTE BURG 8. 7. 8. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6. 7. Martin Luther, 1529


1 A might-y Fort-ress is our God, A Bulwark nev-er fail - ing; Our
Help-er He, a-mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail - ing. For
still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are great, And,
armed with cru-el hate, On earth is not his e - qual. Amen.

Psalm xlvi

2

Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing:
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is he;
Lord Sabaoth his Name,
From age to age the same,
And he must win the battle.

3

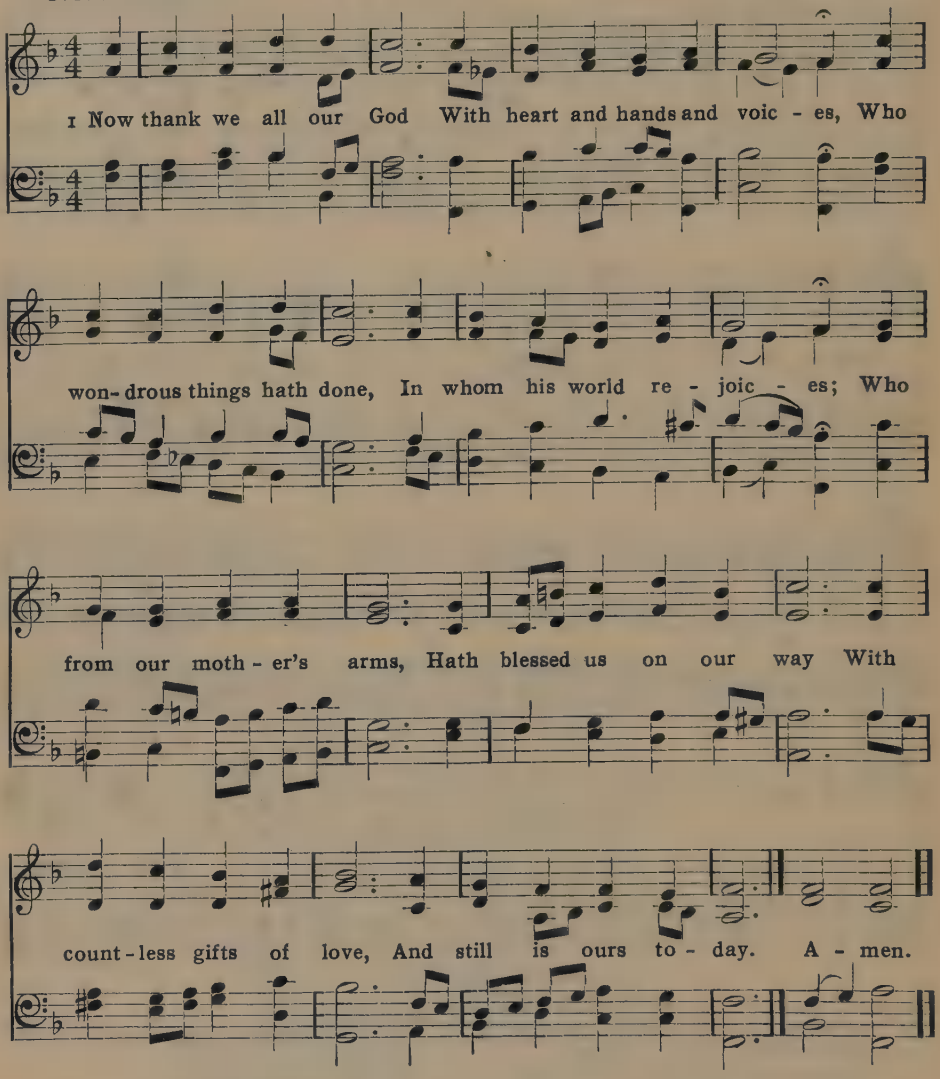
And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us;
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us:
The prince of darkness grim,—
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him.

4

That word above all earthly powers,
No thanks to them, abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through him who with us sideth:
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill:
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is for ever.

Martin Luther, 1529: tr. F. H. Hedge, 1852

NUN DANKET 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6. J. Crüger, 1649


1 Now thank we all our God With heart and hands and voic - es, Who
won-drous things hath done, In whom his world re - joic - es; Who
from our moth - er's arms, Hath blessed us on our way With
count-less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day. A - men.

2

O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us;
And keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

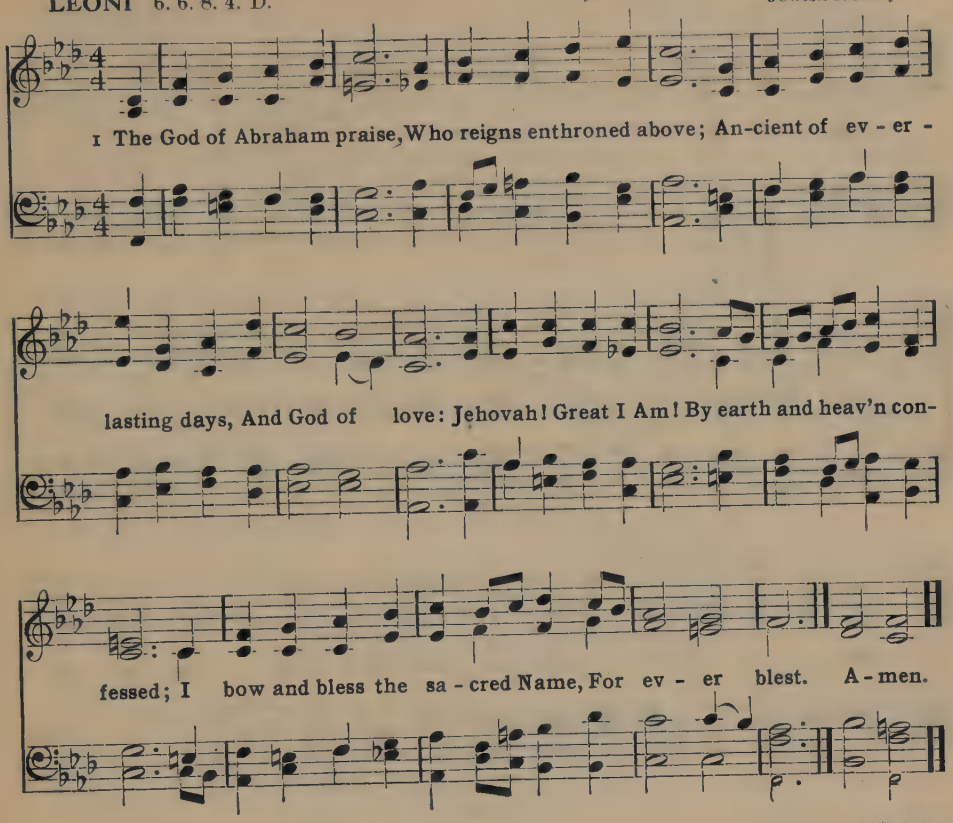
3

All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The One eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

M. Rinkart, 1586–1649;
Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858

LEONI 6. 6. 8. 4. D.

Jewish Melody


1 The God of Abraham praise, Who reigns enthroned above; An-cient of ev - er -
lasting days, And God of love: Jehovah! Great I Am! By earth and heav'n con-
fessed; I bow and bless the sa - cred Name, For ev - er blest. A - men.

A Christian Paraphrase of the Hebrew Yigdal or Doxology

2

The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And him my only portion make,
My Shield and Tower.

3

He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend;
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

4

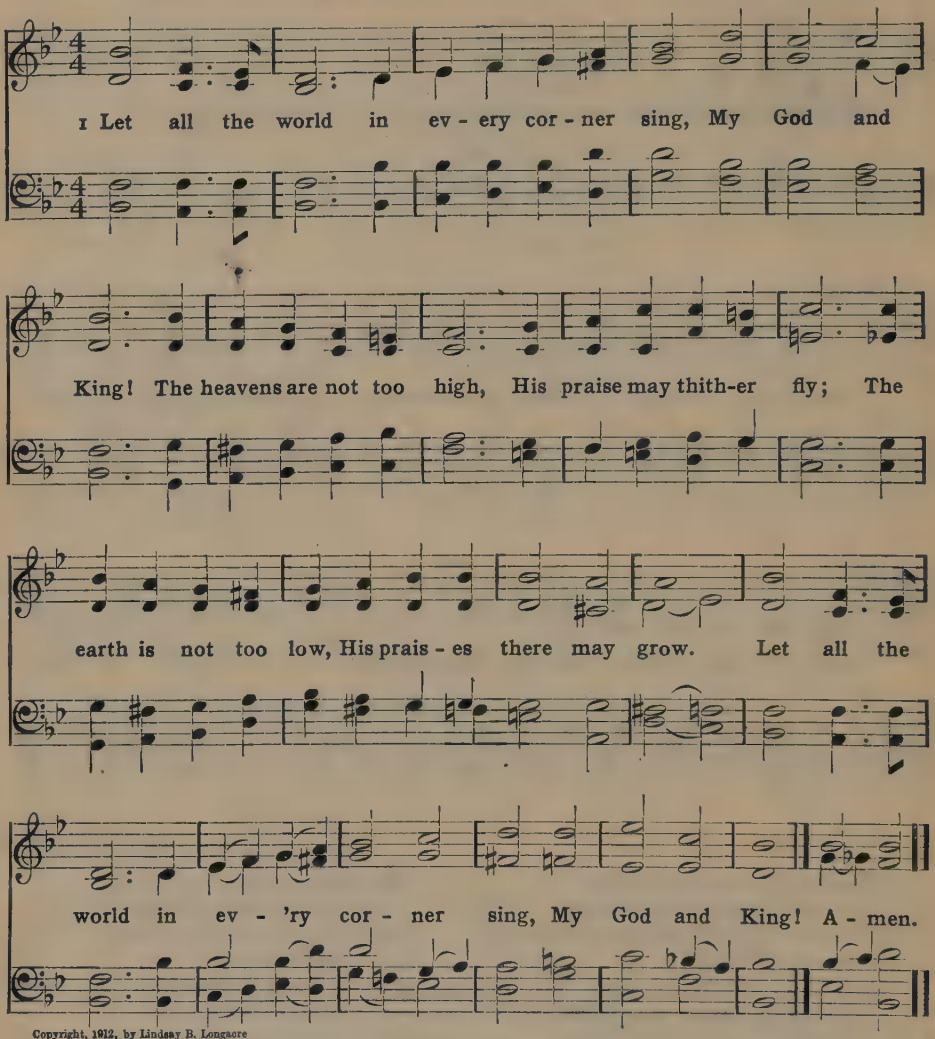
The God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing;
And, "Holy Holy, Holy," cry,
"Almighty King!
Who was, and is, the same,
And evermore shall be;
Jehovah, Father, Great I AM!
We worship thee."

5

The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"
They ever cry;
Hail, Abraham's God and mine!
(I join the heavenly lays;)
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

T. Olivers, 1770

RIVERDALE 10. 4. 6. 6. 6. 6. 10. 4. Lindsay B. Longacre

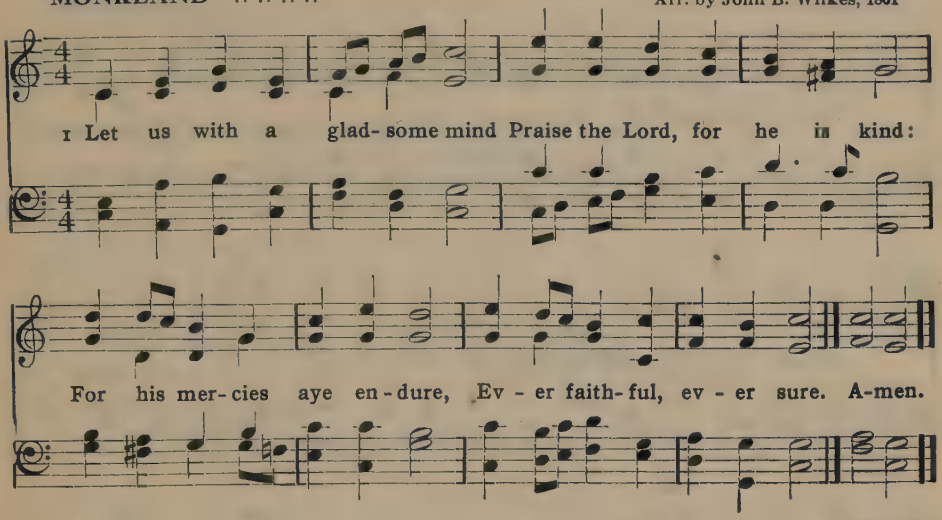

1 Let all the world in ev - ery cor - ner sing, My God and
King! The heavens are not too high, His praise may thith-er fly; The
earth is not too low, His prais - es there may grow. Let all the
world in ev - 'ry cor - ner sing, My God and King! A - men.

Copyright, 1912, by Lindsay B. Longacre

2

Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King!
The Church with psalms must shout,
No door can keep them out;
But above all, the heart
Must bear the longest part.
Let all the world in every corner sing.
My God and King!

62 George Herbert, 1593-1632

MONKLAND 7. 7. 7. 7. Arr. by John B. Wilkes, 1861

Psalm cxxxvi

2
Let us blaze his Name abroad,
For of gods he is the God:
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3
He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4
All things living he doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need:
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

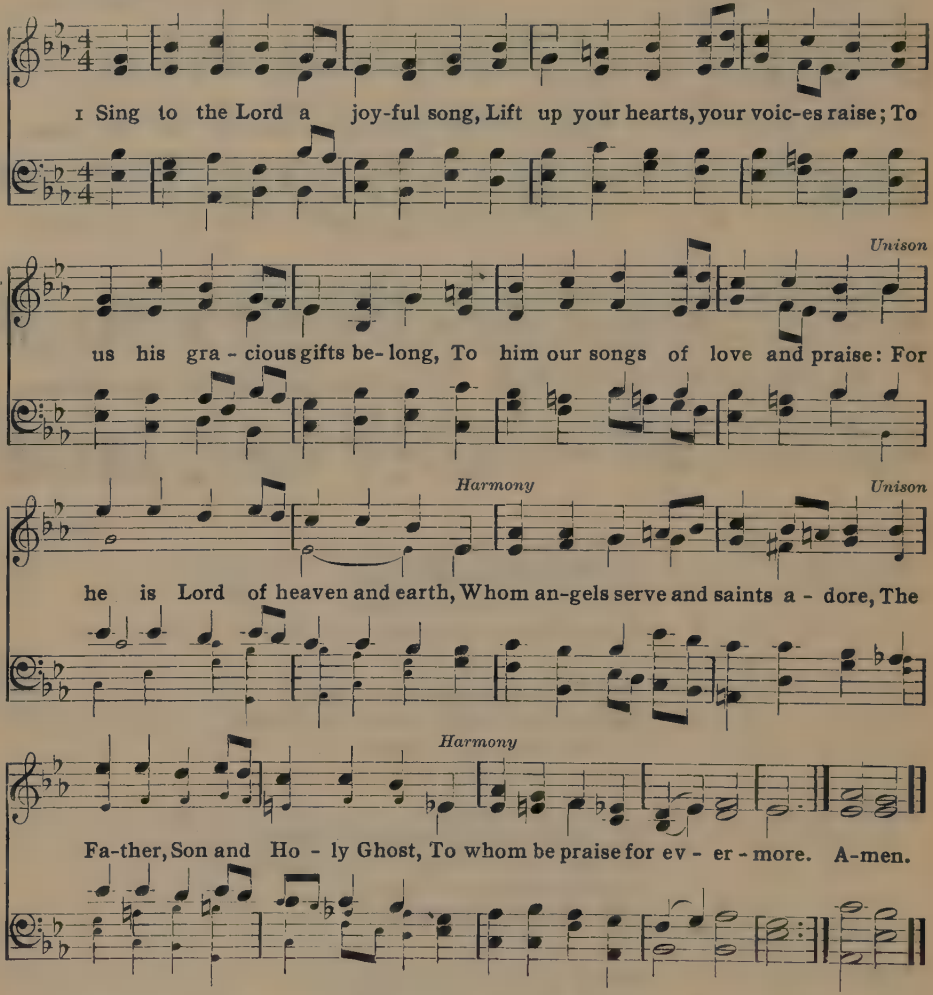
5
He his chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6
He hath with a piteous eye
Looked upon our misery:
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

7
Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth:
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

63 John Milton, 1624, and others

CANTATE DOMINO L. M. D. Joseph Barnby, 1872


1 Sing to the Lord a joy-ful song, Lift up your hearts, your voic-es raise; To
Unison
us his gra - cious gifts be-long, To him our songs of love and praise: For
Harmony
Unison
he is Lord of heaven and earth, Whom an-gels serve and saints a - dore, The
Harmony
Fa-ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost, To whom be praise for ev - er - more. A-men.

2

For life and love, for rest and food,
For daily help and nightly care,
Sing to the Lord, for he is good,
And praise his name for it is fair:
For he is Lord of heaven and earth,
Whom angels serve and saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom be praise for evermore.

3

For strength to those who on him wait,
His truth to prove, his will to do,
Praise ye our God, for he is great,
Trust in his name, for it is true:

4

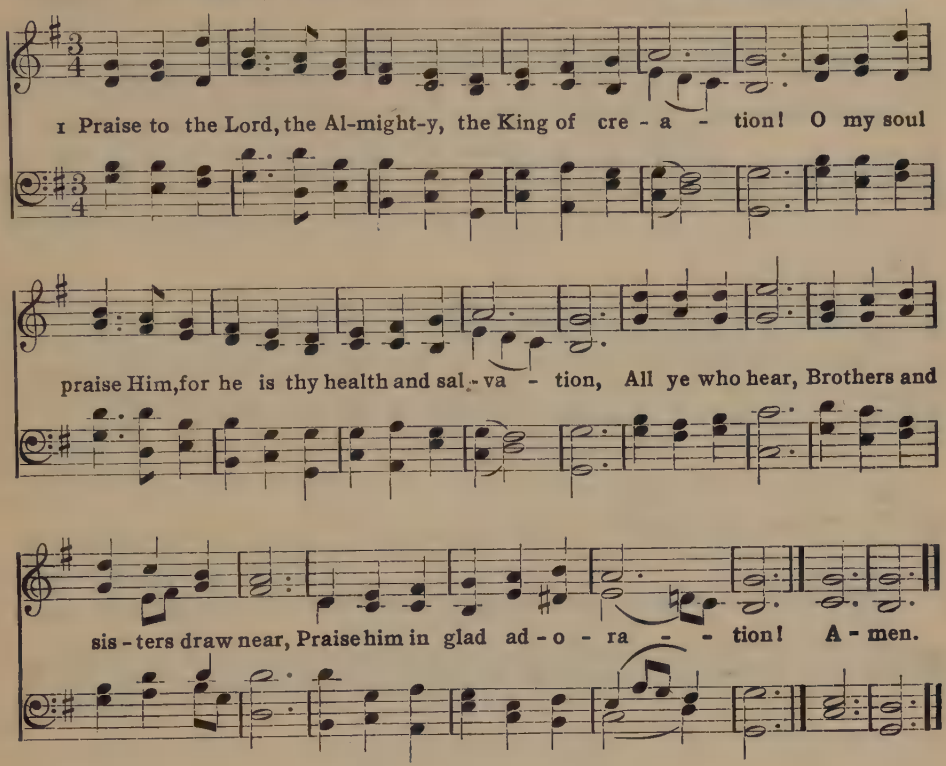
For joys untold that from above
Cheer those who love his blest employ,
Sing to our God, for he is love,
Exalt his name, for it is joy:

5

For life below with all its bliss,
And for that life, more pure and high,
That nobler life which after this
Shall ever shine, and never die:
Sing to the Lord of heaven and earth,
Whom angels serve and saints adore,
The Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
To whom be praise for evermore.

John S. B. Monsell, 1863

HAST DU DENN, JESU 14. 14. 4. 7. 8. "Praxis Pietatis Melica," 1668


1 Praise to the Lord, the Al-might-y, the King of cre - a - tion! O my soul
praise Him, for he is thy health and sal - va - tion, All ye who hear, Brothers and
sis - ters draw near, Praise him in glad ad - o - ra - tion! A - men.

2

Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so wondrously reigneth,
Shelters thee under his wings, yea, so gently sustaineth:
Hast thou not seen
How thy entreaties have been
Granted in what he ordaineth?

3

Praise to the Lord, who doth prosper thy work, and defend thee;
Surely his goodness and mercy here daily attend thee:
Ponder anew
What the Almighty can do,
If with his love he befriend thee.

4

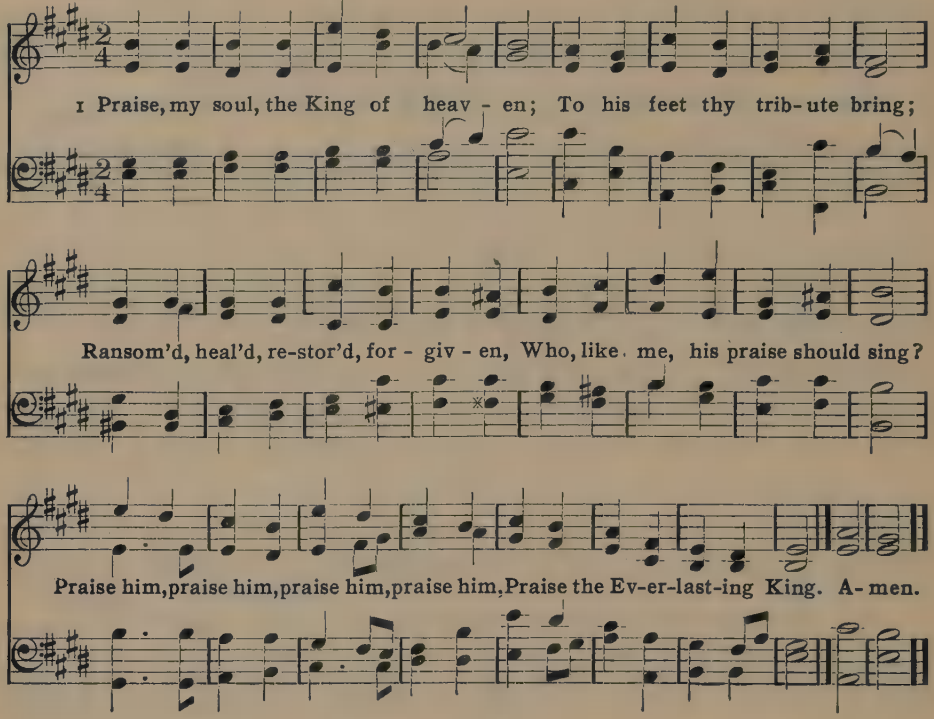
Praise to the Lord, who, when tempests their warfare are waging,
Who, when the elements madly around thee are raging,
Biddeth them cease,
Turneth their fury to peace,
Whirlwinds and waters assuaging.

5

Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me adore him!
All that hath life and breath come now with praises before him!
Let the amen
Sound from his people again:
Gladly for aye we adore him.

J. Neander, 1650-80: tr. Catherine Winkworth and others

BENEDIC ANIMÀ 8s. 7s. 6 l. J. Goss, 1867


1 Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en; To his feet thy trib-ute bring;
Ransom'd, heal'd, re-stor'd, for - giv - en, Who, like me, his praise should sing?
Praise him, praise him, praise him, praise him, Praise the Ev-er-last-ing King. A-men.

2 *Psalm ciii*

Praise him for his grace and favor
To our fathers in distress;
Praise him still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless.
Praise him! Praise him!
Glorious in his faithfulness.

3

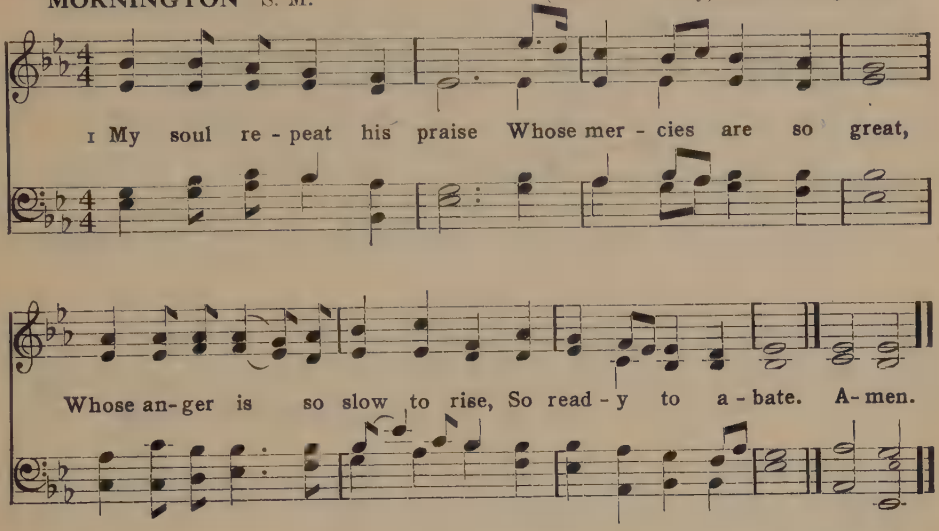
Father-like, he tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame he knows;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Praise him! Praise him!
Widely as his mercy flows.

4

Angels help us to adore him;
Ye behold him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before him;
Dwellers all in time and space.
Praise him! Praise him!
Praise with us the God of grace.

66 H. F. Lyte, 1834

MORNINGTON S. M. (Garrett Wellesley) Lord Mornington, 1760



Psalm ciii

2

High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3

His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

4

The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his Name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

5

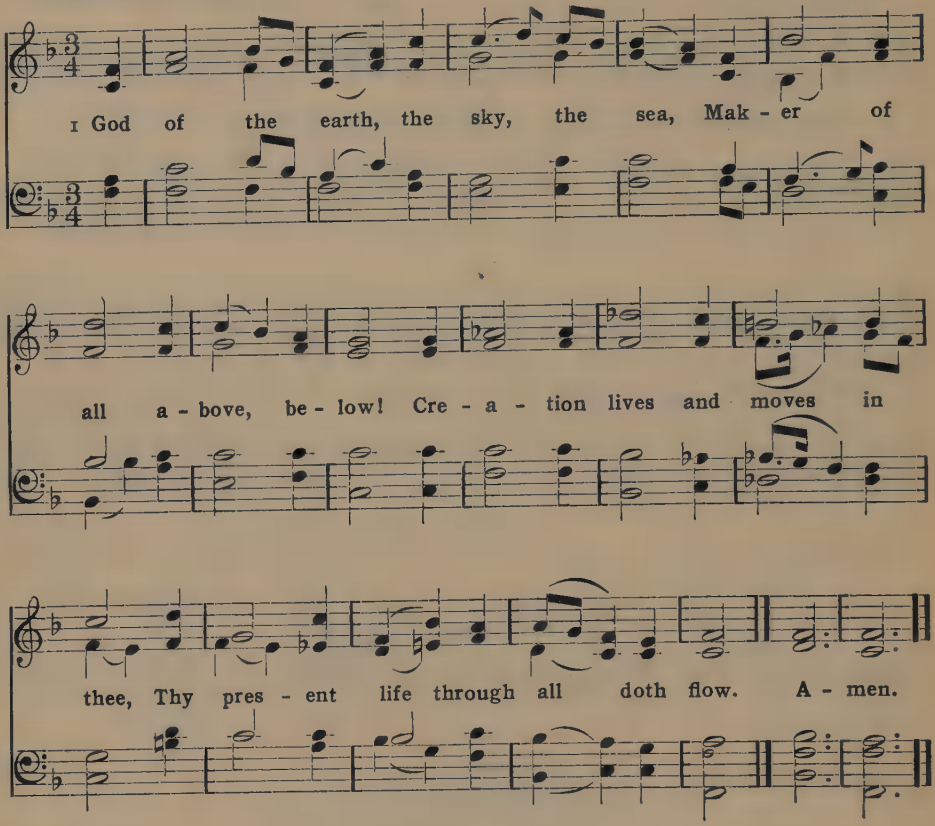
Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

6

But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

 Isaac Watts, 1719

BROMLEY L. M. Jeremiah Clark, 1669-1707


1 God of the earth, the sky, the sea, Mak - er of
all a - bove, be - low! Cre - a - tion lives and moves in
thee, Thy pres - ent life through all doth flow. A - men.

2

Thy love is in the sunshine's glow,
Thy life is in the quickening air;
When lightnings flash and storm-winds blow,
There is thy power, thy law is there.

3

We feel thy calm at evening's hour,
Thy grandeur in the march of night;
And, when the morning breaks in power,
We hear thy word, "Let there be light!"

4

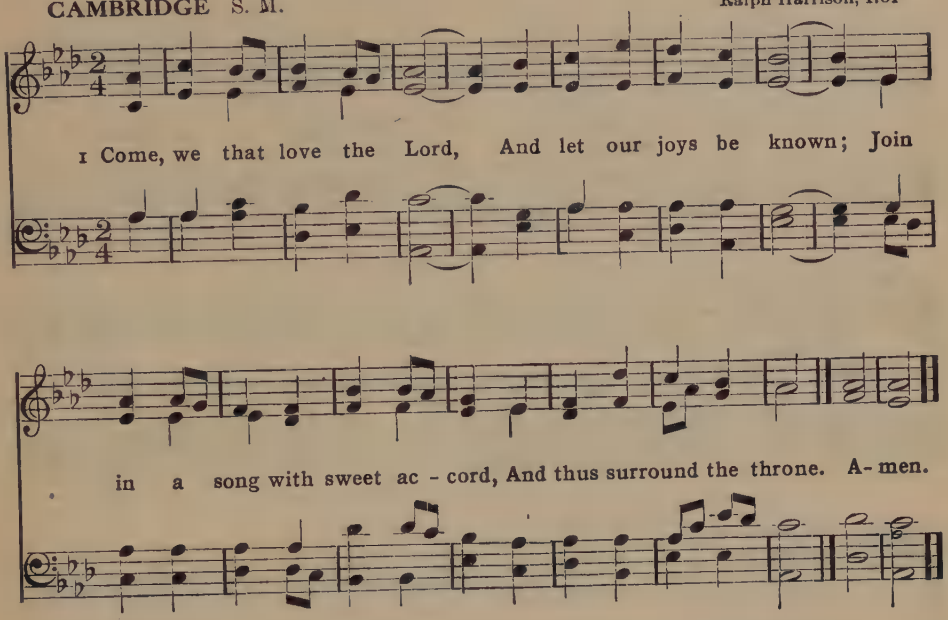
But higher far, and far more clear,
Thee in man's spirit we behold;
Thine image and thyself are there,—
Th' Indwelling God, proclaimed of old.

68 S. Longfellow, 1864

Our heavenly Father

CAMBRIDGE S. M.

Ralph Harrison, 1784



2

Let those refuse to sing
  That never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
  May speak their joys abroad.

3

The men of grace have found
  Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
  From faith and hope may grow.

4

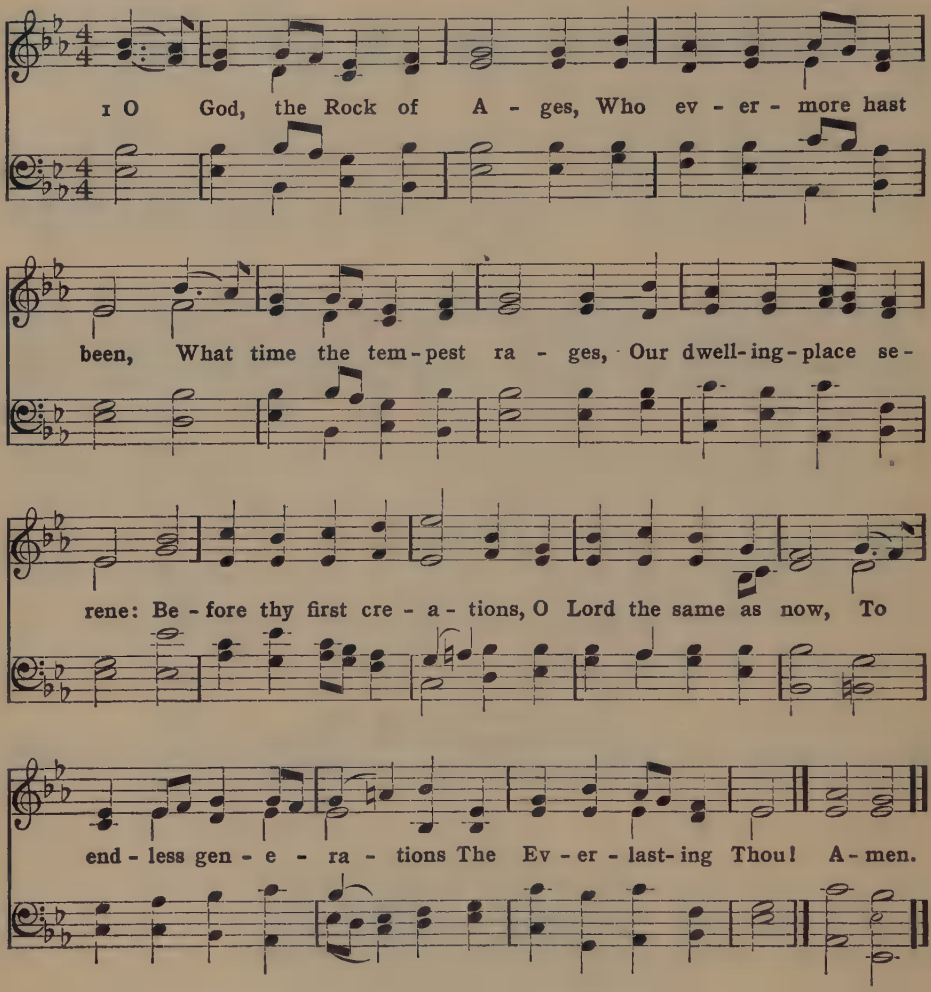
The hill of Zion yields
  A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
  Or walk the golden streets.

5

Then let our songs abound,
  And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Emmanuel's ground
  To fairer worlds on high.

Isaac Watts, 1709

MEIRIONYDD 7. 6. 8 l. Welsh Hymn Melody


1 O God, the Rock of A - ges, Who ev - er - more hast
been, What time the tem - pest ra - ges, Our dwell - ing - place se -
rene: Be - fore thy first cre - a - tions, O Lord the same as now, To
end - less gen - e - ra - tions The Ev - er - last - ing Thou! A - men.

Psalm xc

2

Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die;
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old,

3

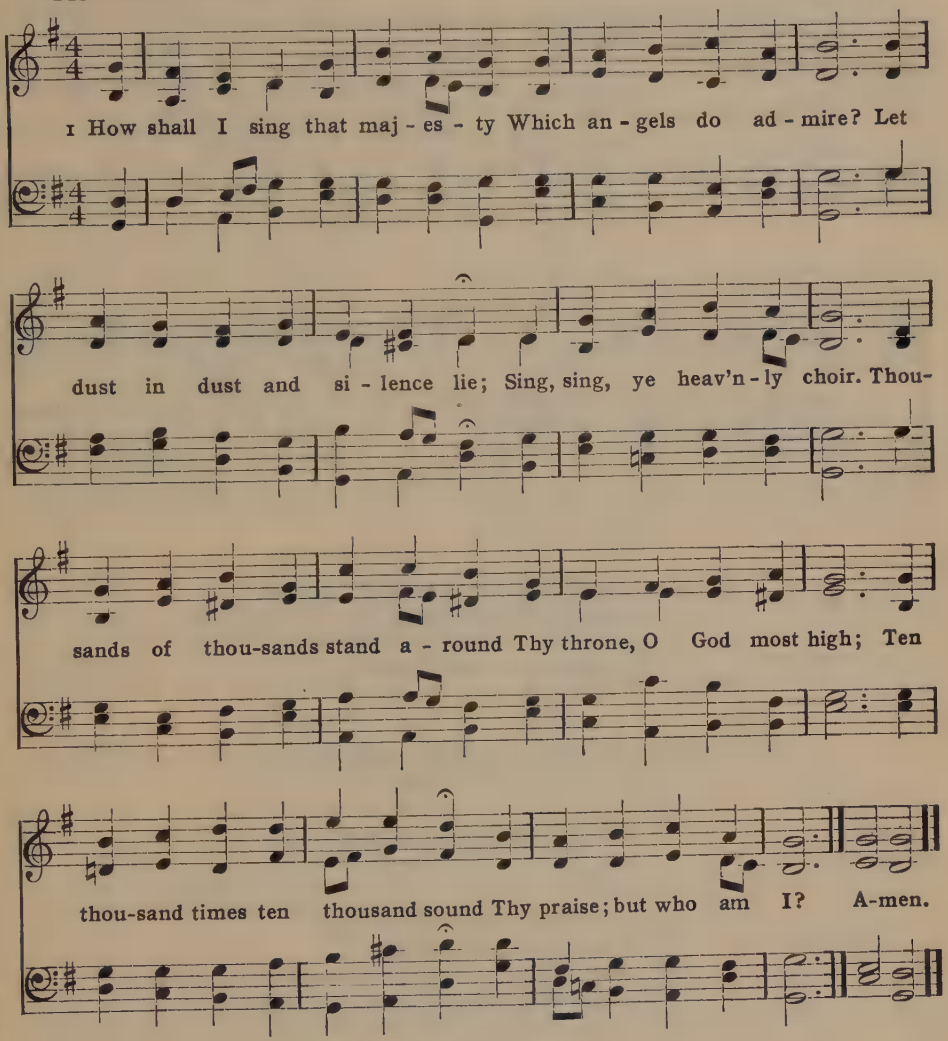
O thou, who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail;
On us thy mercy lighten,
On us thy goodness rest,
And let thy Spirit brighten
The hearts thyself hast blessed.

4

Lord, crown our faith's endeavor
With beauty and with grace,
Till, clothed in light for ever,
We see thee face to face;
A joy no language measures;
A fountain brimming o'er;
An endless flow of pleasures;
An ocean without shore.

E. H. Bickersteth, 1860

THE OLD 137th C. M. D. John Daye, 1562


1 How shall I sing that maj - es - ty Which an - gels do ad - mire? Let
dust in dust and si - lence lie; Sing, sing, ye heav'n - ly choir. Thou-
sands of thou-sands stand a - round Thy throne, O God most high; Ten
thou-sand times ten thousand sound Thy praise; but who am I? A-men.

2

Thy brightness unto them appears,
Whilst I thy footsteps trace;
A sound of God comes to my ears,
But they behold thy face.
They sing because thou art their Sun;
Lord, send a beam on me;
For where heaven is but once begun
There Alleluias be.

3

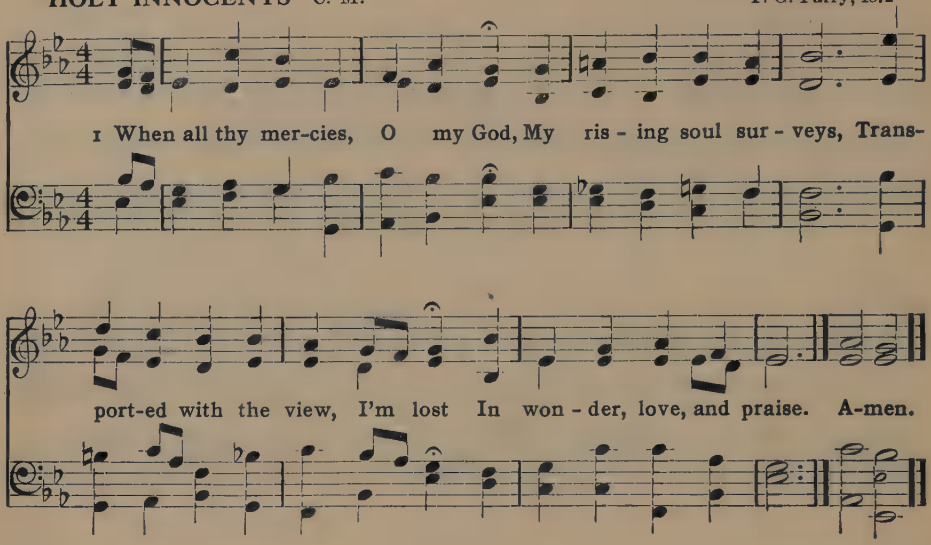
Enlighten with faith's light my heart,
Inflame it with love's fire;
Then shall I sing and bear a part
With that celestial choir.
I shall, I fear, be dark and cold,
With all my fire and light;
Yet when thou dost accept their gold,
Lord, treasure up my mite.

4

How great a being, Lord, is thine,
Which doth all beings keep!
Thy knowledge is the only line
To sound so vast a deep.
Thou art a sea without a shore,
A sun without a sphere;
Thy time is now and evermore,
Thy place is everywhere.

John Mason, c. 1645-94

HOLY INNOCENTS C. M. T. G. Parry, 1872



2

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart?
But thou canst read it there.

3

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

4

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

5

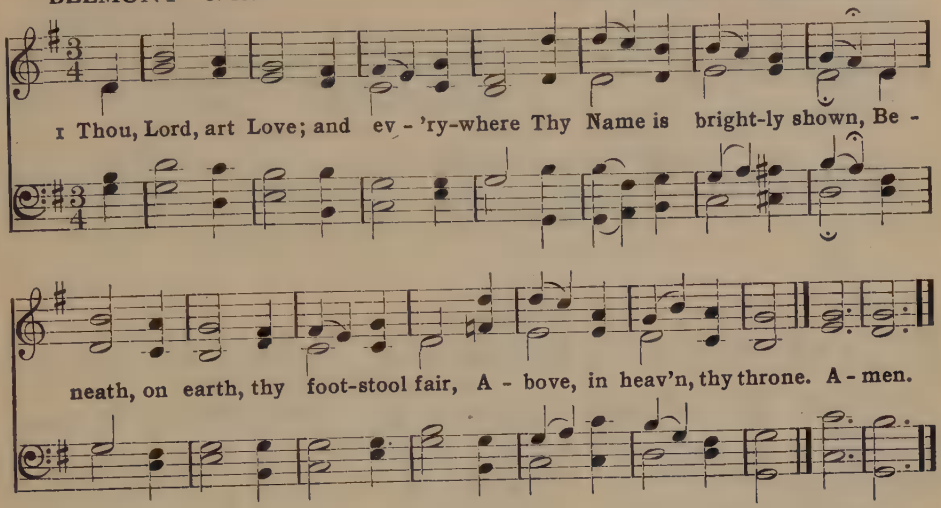
When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

6

Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But O eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

Joseph Addison, 1712

BELMONT C. M. William Gardiner's "Sacred Melodies," 1812


1 Thou, Lord, art Love; and ev - 'ry-where Thy Name is bright-ly shown, Be -
neath, on earth, thy foot-stool fair, A - bove, in heav'n, thy throne. A - men.

God is love.—1 John iv: 16

2

Thy word is love; in lines of gold
There mercy prints its trace;
In nature we thy steps behold,
The gospel shows thy face.

3

Thy ways are love; though they transcend
Our feeble range of sight,
They wind, through darkness, to their end
In everlasting light.

4

Thy thoughts are love; and Jesus is
The living voice they find:
His love lights up the vast abyss
Of the eternal Mind.

5

Thy chastisements are love; more deep
They stamp the seal divine,
And by a sweet compulsion keep
Our spirits nearer thine.

6

Thy heaven is the abode of Love:
O blessèd Lord, that we
May there, when time's deep shades remove,
Be gathered home to thee:

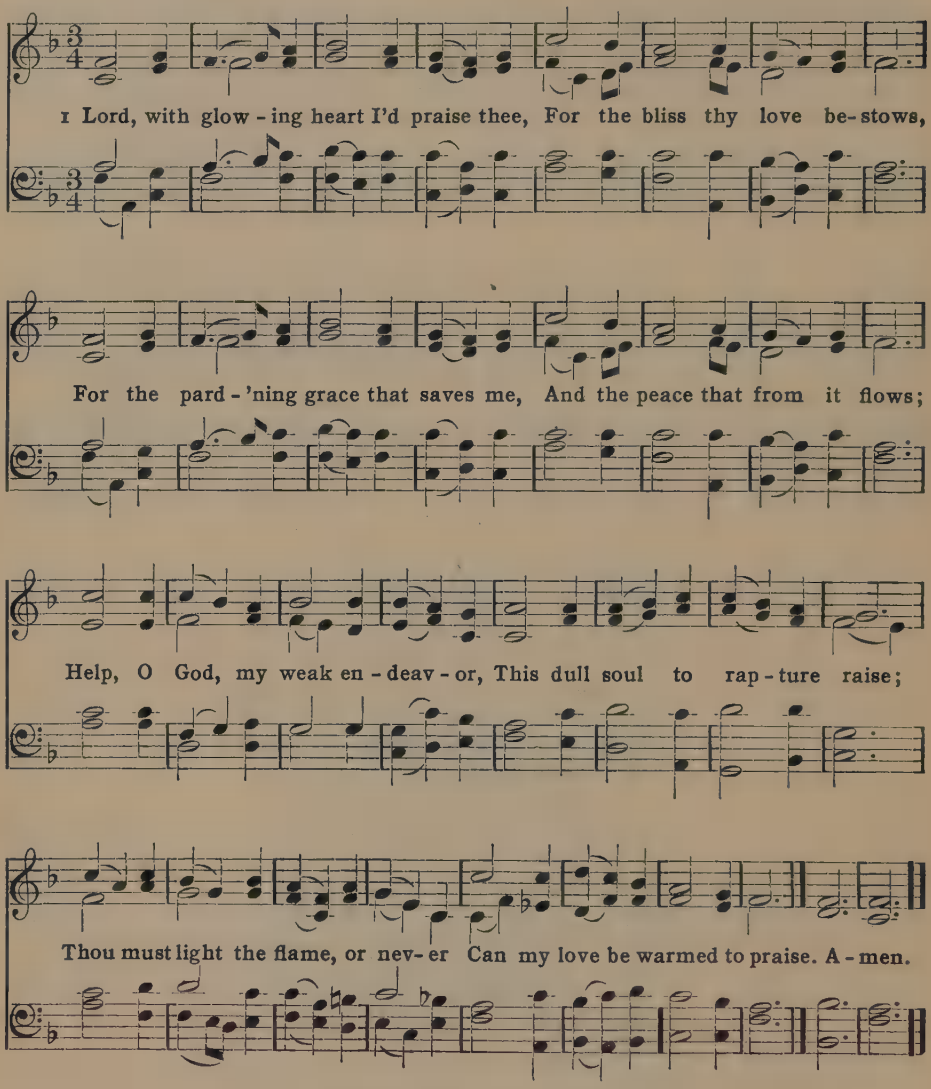
7

There with thy resting saints to fall
Adoring round thy throne;
Where all shall love thee, Lord, and all
Shall in thy love be one.

James D. Burns, 1858

Our Heavenly Father

HYFRYDOL 8s. 7s. 8l. Melody by R. H. Prichard, 1811-87


1 Lord, with glow - ing heart I'd praise thee, For the bliss thy love be - stows,
For the pard - 'ning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows;
Help, O God, my weak en - deav - or, This dull soul to rap - ture raise;
Thou must light the flame, or nev - er Can my love be warmed to praise. A - men.

2

Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away:
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

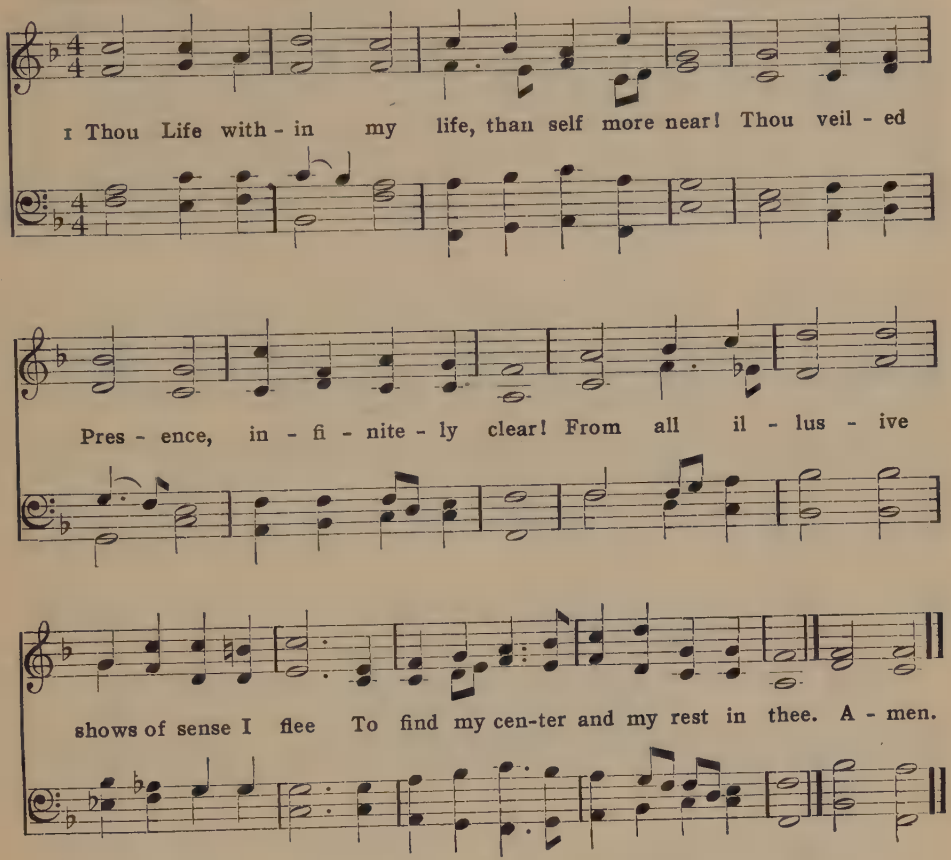
3

Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise.

Francis S. Key, 1823

Our heavenly Father

SONG 22 10s. 4 l. Orlando Gibbons, 1583–1625


1 Thou Life with - in my life, than self more near! Thou veil - ed
Pres - ence, in - fi - nite - ly clear! From all il - lus - ive
shows of sense I flee To find my cen-ter and my rest in thee. A - men.

2

Below all depths thy saving mercy lies,
Through thickest gloom I see thy light arise;
Above the highest heaven thou art not found
More surely than within this earthly round.

3

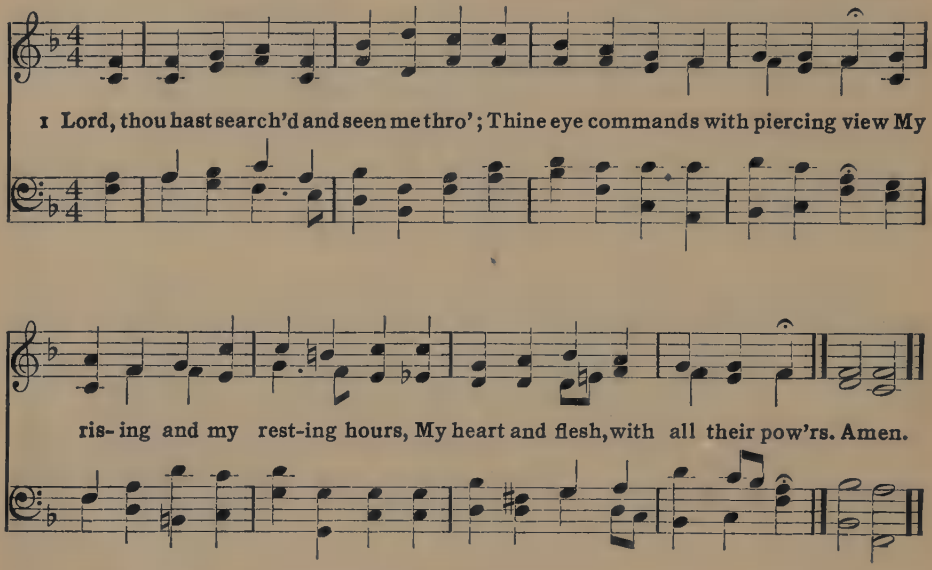
Take part with me against these doubts that rise,
And seek to throne thee far in distant skies!
Take part with me against this self that dares
Assume the burden of these sins and cares!

4

How can I call thee who art always here;
How shall I praise thee who art still most dear;
What may I give thee save what thou hast given;
And whom but thee have I in earth or heaven!

Eliza Scudder, 1871

ROCHESTER L. M. Day's Psalter, 1562 Har. by E. J. Hopkins


1 Lord, thou hast search'd and seen me thro'; Thine eye commands with piercing view My
ris- ing and my rest-ing hours, My heart and flesh, with all their pow'rs. Amen.

2 *Psalm cxxxix*

My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3

Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4

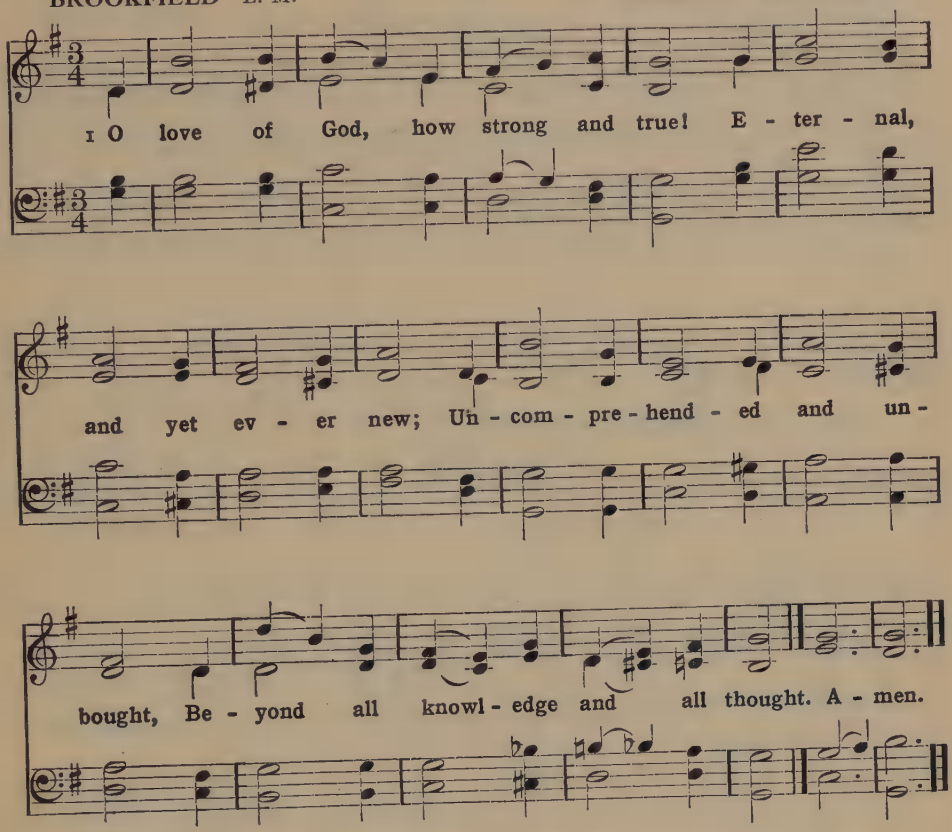
Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent, what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5

O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest:
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

76 Isaac Watts, 1719

BROOKFIELD L. M. Thomas B. Southgate, 1814-1868


1 O love of God, how strong and true! E - ter - nal,
and yet ev - er new; Un - com - pre - hend - ed and un -
bought, Be - yond all knowl - edge and all thought. A - men.

2

O love of God, how deep and great!
Far deeper than man's deepest hate;
Self-fed, self-kindled like the light,
Changeless, eternal, infinite.

3

O heavenly love, how precious still,
In days of weariness and ill,
In nights of pain and helplessness,
To heal, to comfort, and to bless!

4

O wide-embracing, wondrous love!
We read thee in the sky above,
We read thee in the earth below,
In seas that swell, and streams that flow.

5

We read thee best in him who came
To bear for us the cross of shame;
Sent by the Father from on high,
Our life to live, our death to die.

6

We read thy power to bless and save,
E'en in the darkness of the grave;
Still more in resurrection light,
We read the fulness of thy might.

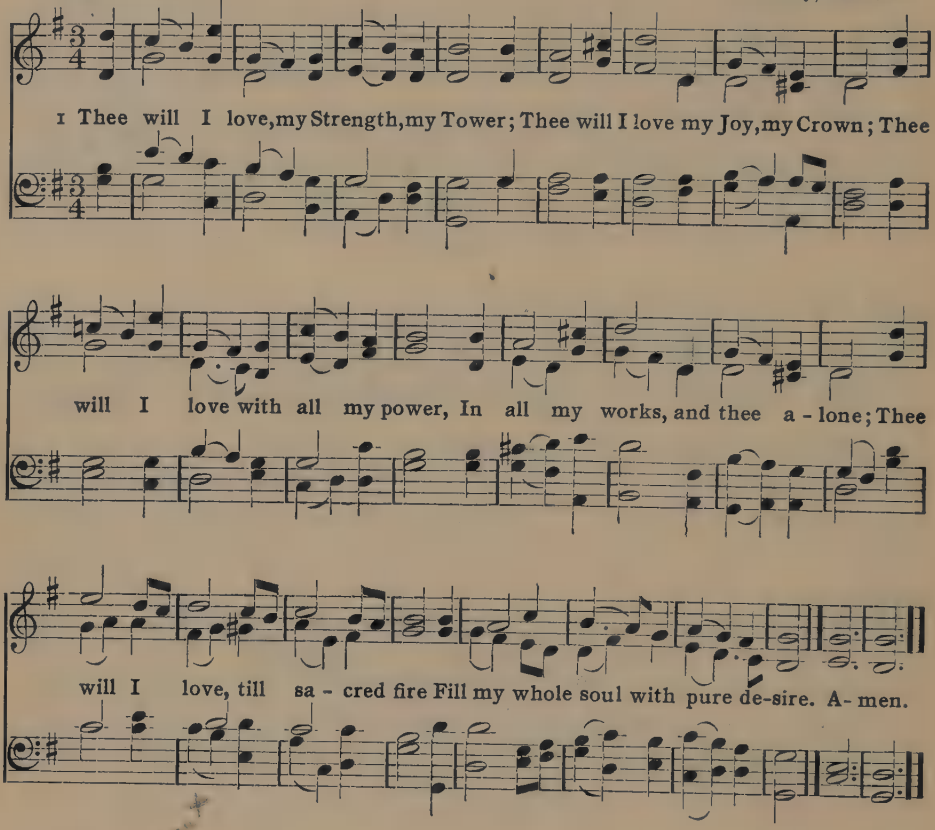
7

O love of God, our shield and stay
Through all the perils of our way!
Eternal love, in thee we rest,
For ever safe, for ever blest.

77 Horatius Bonar, 1861

SURREY 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

H. Carey, 1690-1743


1 Thee will I love, my Strength, my Tower; Thee will I love my Joy, my Crown; Thee
will I love with all my power, In all my works, and thee a - lone; Thee
will I love, till sa - cred fire Fill my whole soul with pure de-sire. A- men.

2

In darkness willingly I strayed;
I sought thee, yet from thee I roved;
For wide my wandering thoughts were spread;
Thy creatures more than thee I loved;
And now, if more at length I see,
'Tis through thy light, and comes from thee.

3

Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet, with steady pace
Still to press forward in thy way;
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Fill, satiate with thy heavenly light.

4

Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown;
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown
Or smile, thy sceptre or thy rod.
What though my flesh and heart decay?
Thee shall I love in endless day.

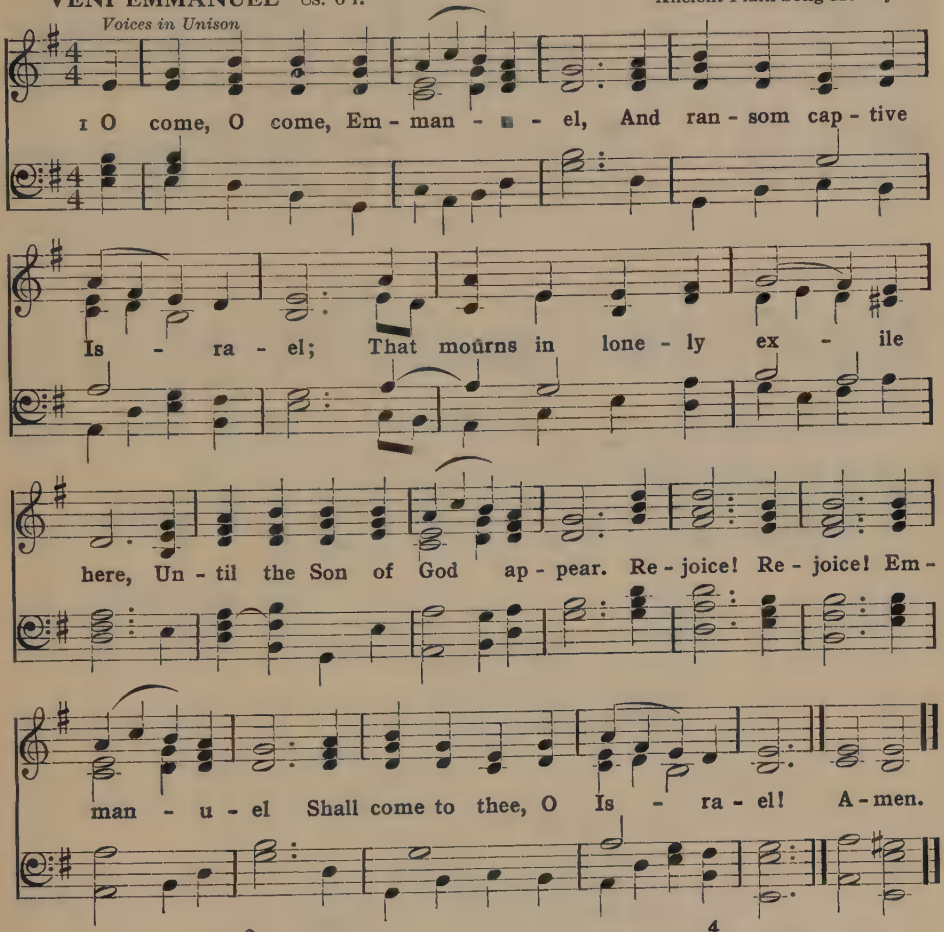
7⁸

J. Scheffler, 1657: Tr. J. Wesley, 1739

This Advent

VENI EMMANUEL 8s. 6 l. Ancient Plain Song Melody

Voices in Unison


1 O come, O come, Em - man - - el, And ran - som cap - tive
Is - ra - el; That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile
here, Un - til the Son of God ap - pear. Re - joice! Re - joice! Em -
man - u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el! A - men.

2
O come, thou Rod-of-Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

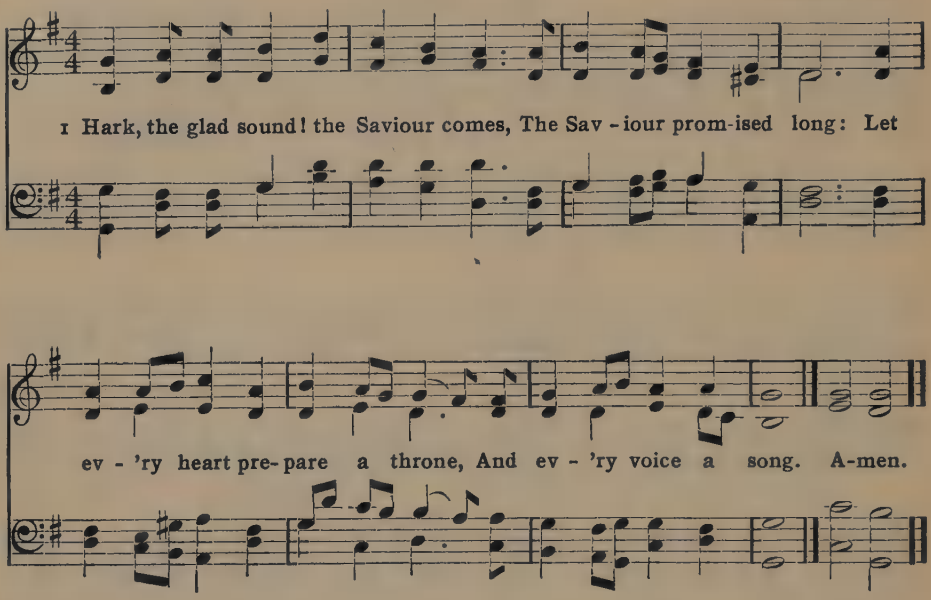
3
O come, thou Day-spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by thine advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

4
O come, thou Key-of-David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

5
O come, O come, thou Lord of Might!
Who to thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law,
In cloud, and majesty and awe.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

Latin, 12th Cent. Tr. J. M. Neale, 1851
H. A. & M., 1861

DEDHAM C. M. W. Gardiner, 1830


1 Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes, The Sav - iour prom-ised long: Let
ev - 'ry heart pre-pare a throne, And ev - 'ry voice a song. A-men.

Christ's Message, from Luke iv: 18–19

2

On him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3

He comes, the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

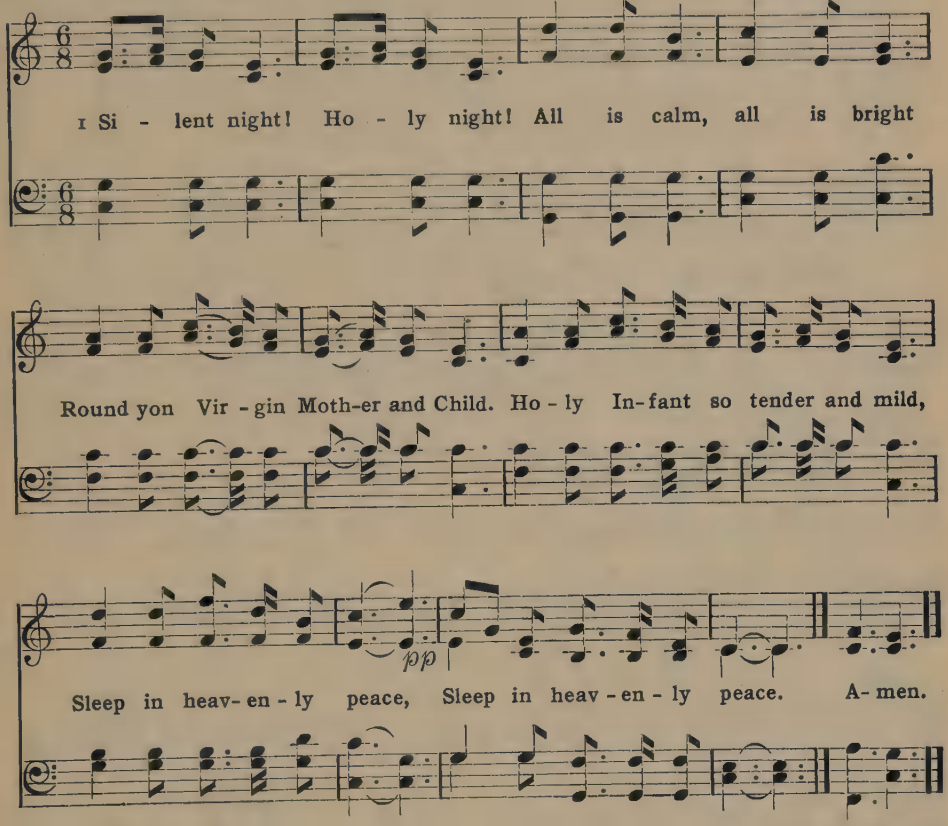
5

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy belovèd Name.

 Philip Doddridge, 1702-1751

His Nativity

HOLY NIGHT 6. 6. 8. 8. 6. 6. Franz Gruber, 1818


1 Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright
Round yon Vir - gin Moth-er and Child. Ho - ly In-fant so tender and mild,
pp
Sleep in heav- en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace. A- men.

Stille Nacht! Heilige Nacht!

2

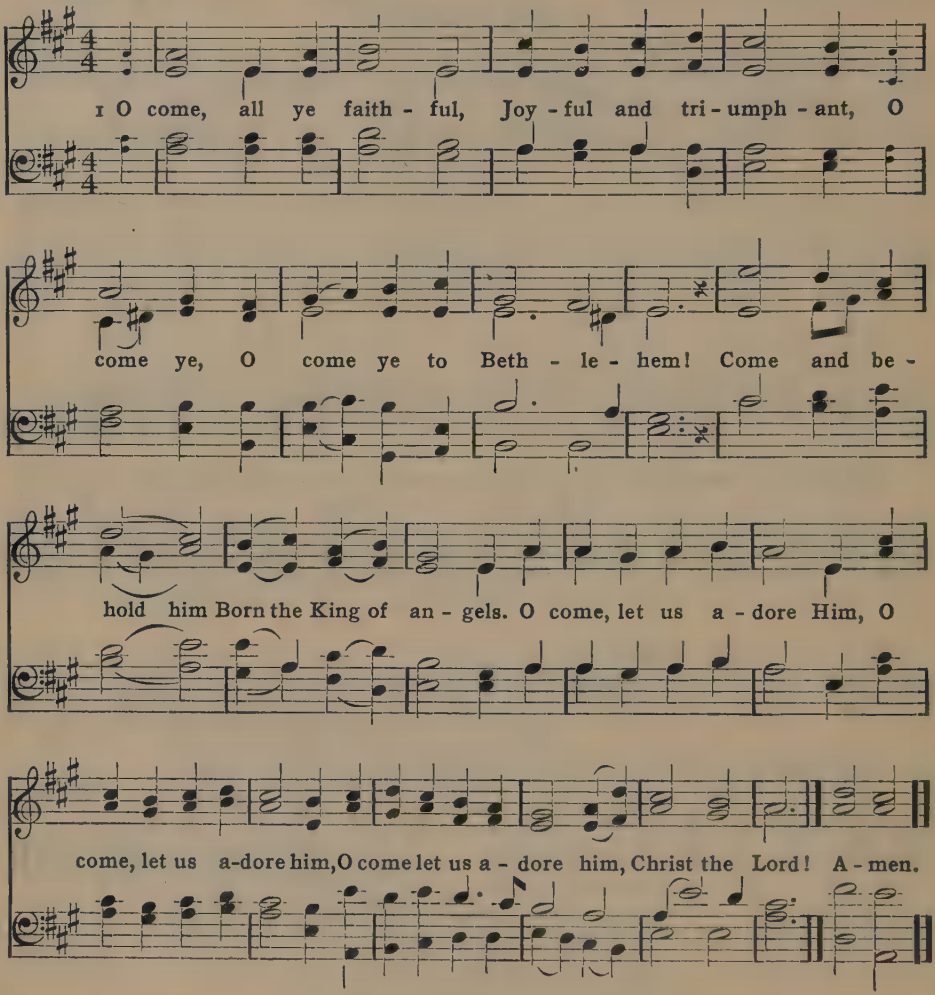
Silent night! Holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight,
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia;
Christ, the Saviour, is born!
Christ, the Saviour, is born!

3

Silent night! Holy night!
Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant beams from thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth.

81 Joseph Mohr, 1818, tr. unknown

ADESTE FIDELES Irregular — Unknown; probably 18th century


1 O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri - umph - ant, O
come ye, O come ye to Beth - le - hem! Come and be -
hold him Born the King of an - gels. O come, let us a - dore Him, O
come, let us a-dore him, O come let us a - dore him, Christ the Lord! A - men.

2

See how the Shepherds,
Summoned to his cradle,
Leaving their flocks draw nigh with lowly fear;
We too will thither
Bend our joyful footsteps:
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord!

3

Child, for us sinners
Poor and in the manger,
Fain we embrace thee, with awe and love;
Who would not love thee,
Loving us so dearly?

4

Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above;
Glory to God
In the Highest:

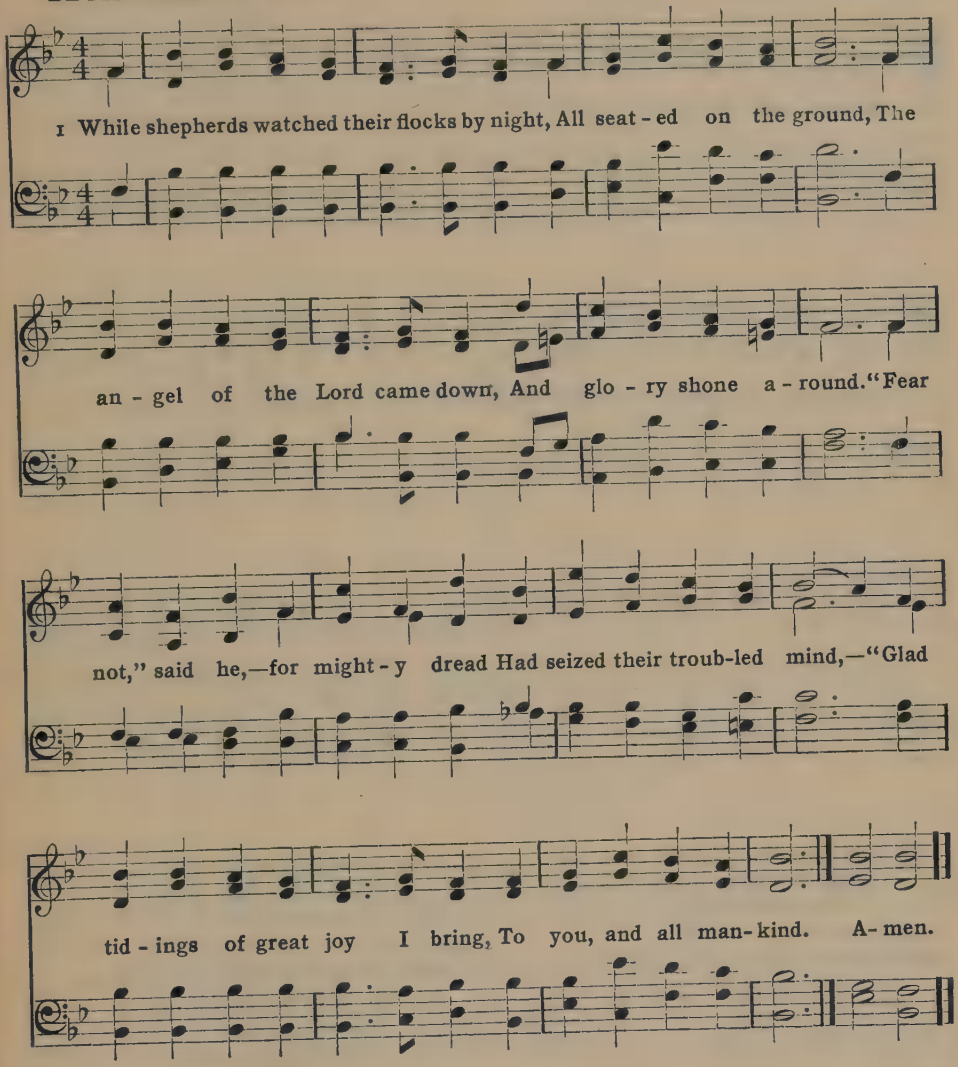
5

Yea, Lord, we greet thee,
Born this happy morning,
Jesus, forever be thy name adored;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing:

(Latin, 18th cent.) Tr. F. Oakeley, W. T. Brooke, and others

BETHLEHEM C. M. D.

Old Carol


1 While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground, The
an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round. "Fear
not," said he,—for might - y dread Had seized their troub-led mind,—"Glad
tid - ings of great joy I bring, To you, and all man-kind. A-men.

Luke ii: 8-14

2

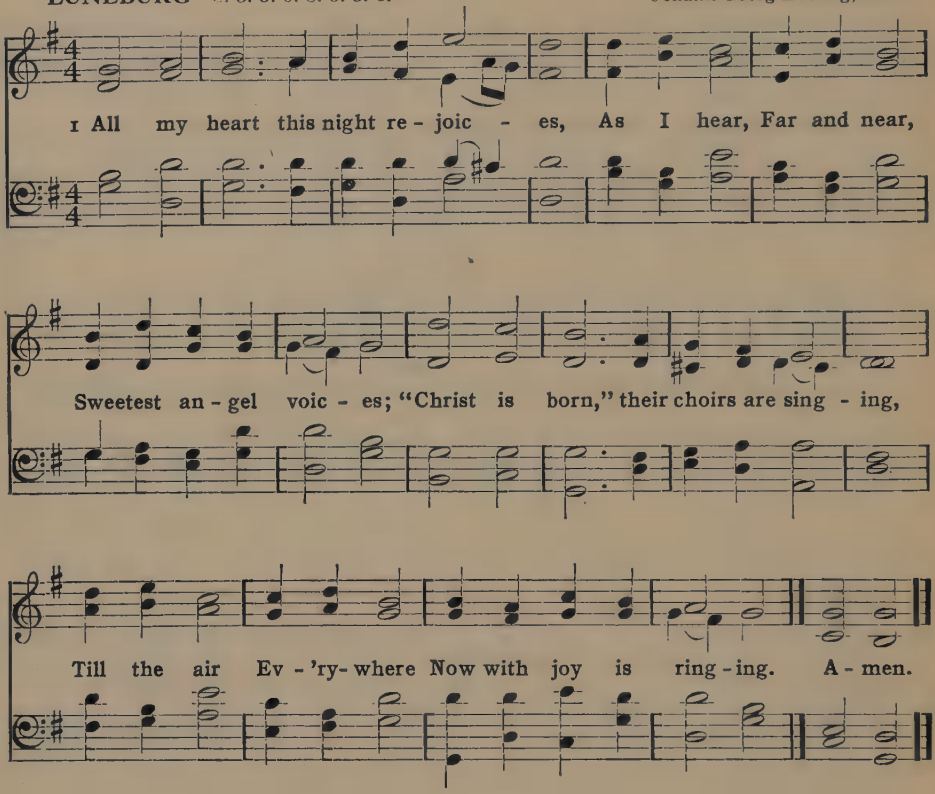
"To you, in David's town this day
Is born, of David's line,
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:
The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

3

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:
"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace:
Good-will henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease."

Nahum Tate, 1702

LÜNEBURG 8. 3. 3. 6. 8. 3. 3. 6. Johann Georg Ebeling, 1666


1 All my heart this night re - joic - es, As I hear, Far and near,
Sweetest an - gel voic - es; "Christ is born," their choirs are sing - ing,
Till the air Ev - 'ry- where Now with joy is ring - ing. A - men.

2

For it dawns, the promised morrow
Of his birth,
Who the earth
Rescues from her sorrow.
God to wear our form descendeth;
Of his grace
To our race
Here his Son he lendeth.

3

Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet,
Doth entreat:
"Flee from woe and danger;
Brethren, come, from all doth grieve you
You are freed;
All you need
I will surely give you."

4

Come, then, let us hasten yonder:
Here let all,
Great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder;
Love him who with love is yearning;
Hail the Star
That from far
Bright with hope is burning.

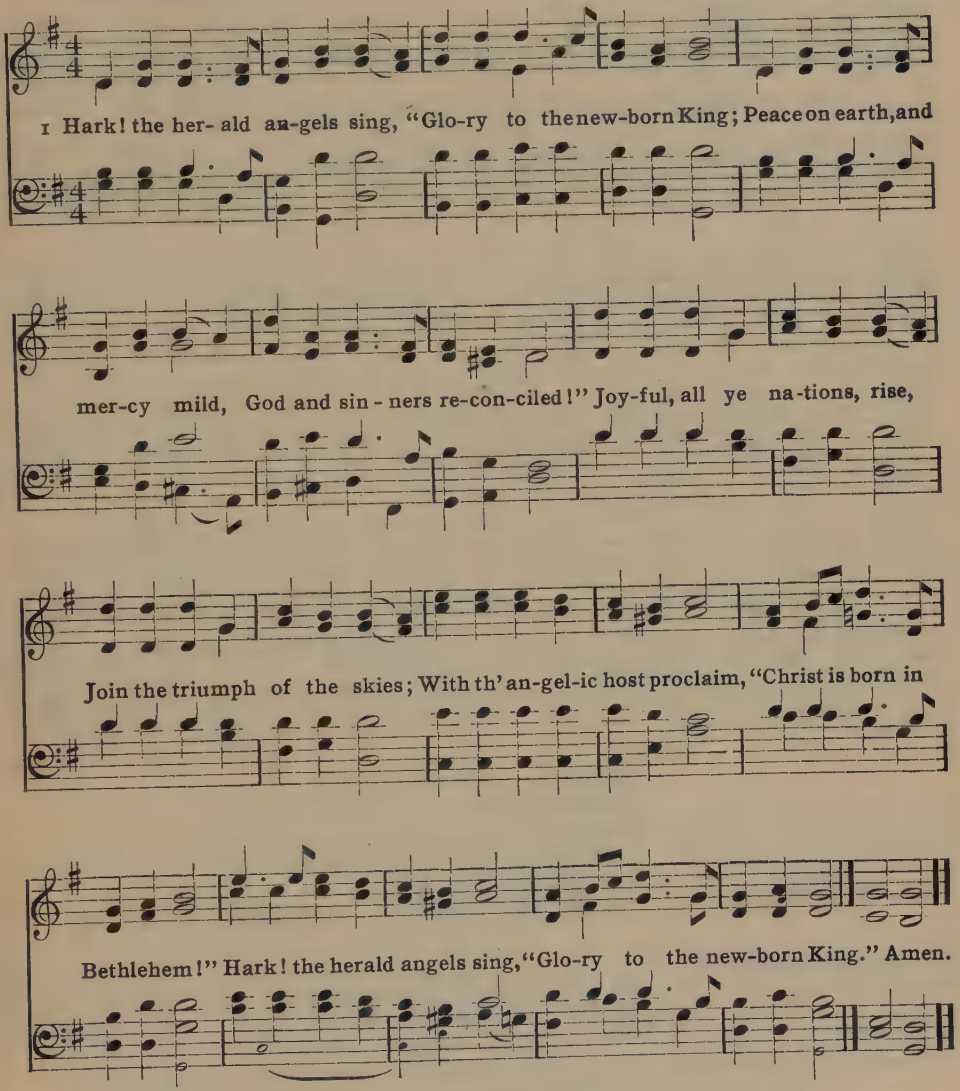
5

Blessed Saviour, let me find Thee;
Keep thou me
Close to Thee,
Cast me not behind thee:
Life of life, my heart thou stillest,
Calm I rest
On thy breast,
All this void thou fillest.

Paul Gerhardt, 1656:
Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858

MENDELSSOHN 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

Arr. from Mendelssohn, 1840
by William H. Cummings, 1855


1 Hark! the her- ald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and
mer-cy mild, God and sin - ners re-con-ciled!" Joy-ful, all ye na-tions, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies; With th' an-gel-ic host proclaim, "Christ is born in
Bethlehem!" Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King." Amen.

2

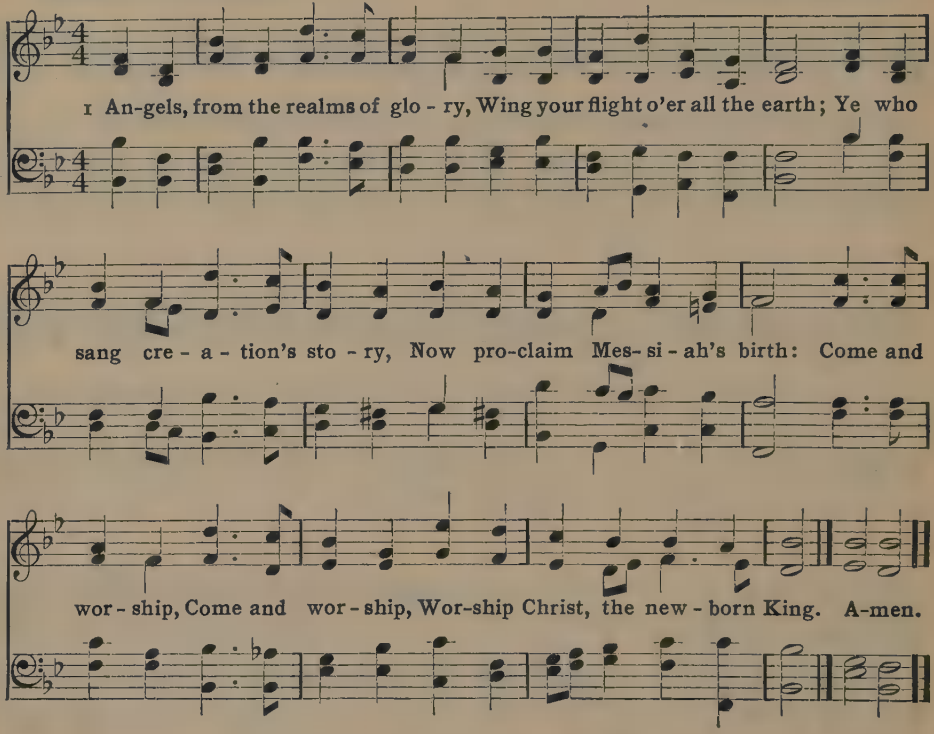
Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the Everlasting Lord!
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb:
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail th' Incarnate Deity,
Pleased as man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King."

3

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King."

Charles Wesley, 1739, and others

REGENT SQUARE 8. 7. 61. Henry Smart, 1866


1 An-gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth; Ye who
sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro-claim Mes- si - ah's birth: Come and
wor - ship, Come and wor - ship, Wor-ship Christ, the new - born King. A-men.

2

Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3

Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar:
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen his natal star:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

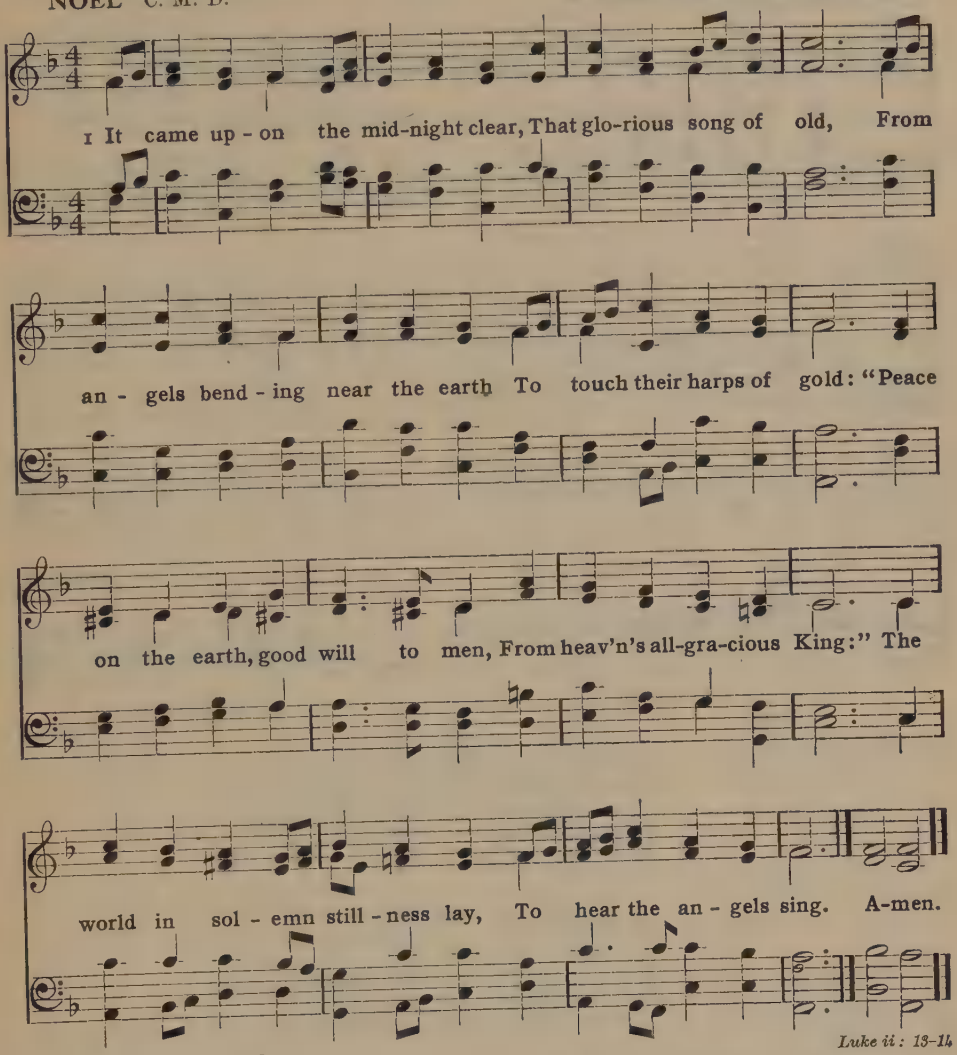
4

Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

86 James Montgomery, 1816

NOEL C. M. D.

Traditional Air, arr. by A. Sullivan, 1871


1 It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo-rious song of old, From
an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold: "Peace
on the earth, good will to men, From heav'n's all-gra-cious King:" The
world in sol - emn still - ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing. A-men.

Luke ii: 13–14

2

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel-sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

3

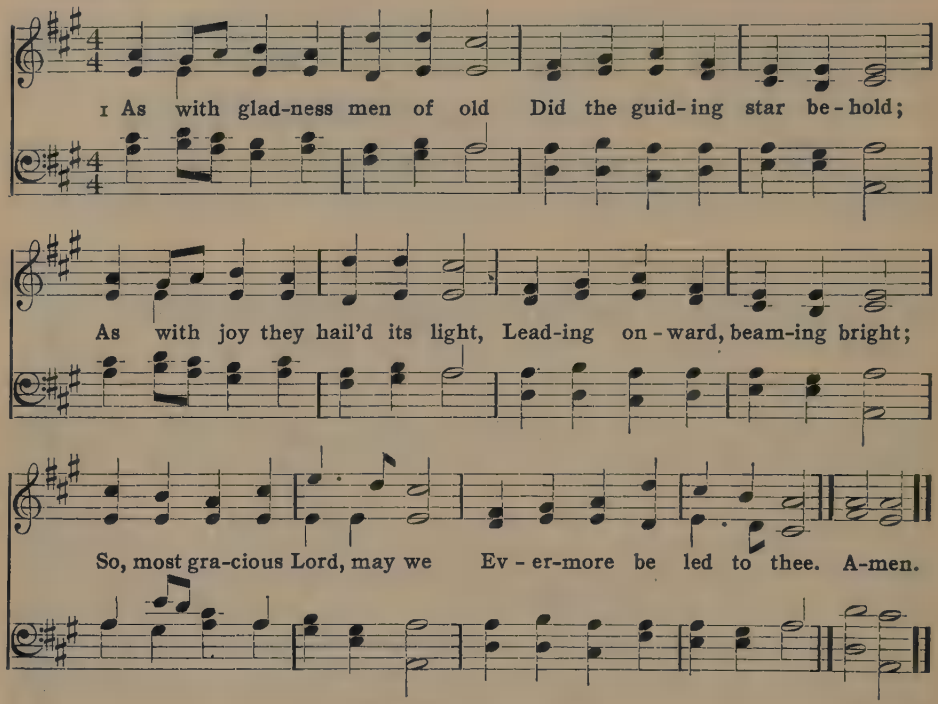
And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,—
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

4

For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

E. H. Sears, 1850

DIX 7s. 6 l. Arr. from Conrad Kocher, 1838


1 As with glad-ness men of old Did the guid-ing star be-hold;
As with joy they hail'd its light, Lead-ing on-ward, beam-ing bright;
So, most gra-cious Lord, may we Ev-er-more be led to thee. A-men.

Matthew ii

2
As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore,
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek thy mercy-seat.

3
As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to thee, our heavenly King.

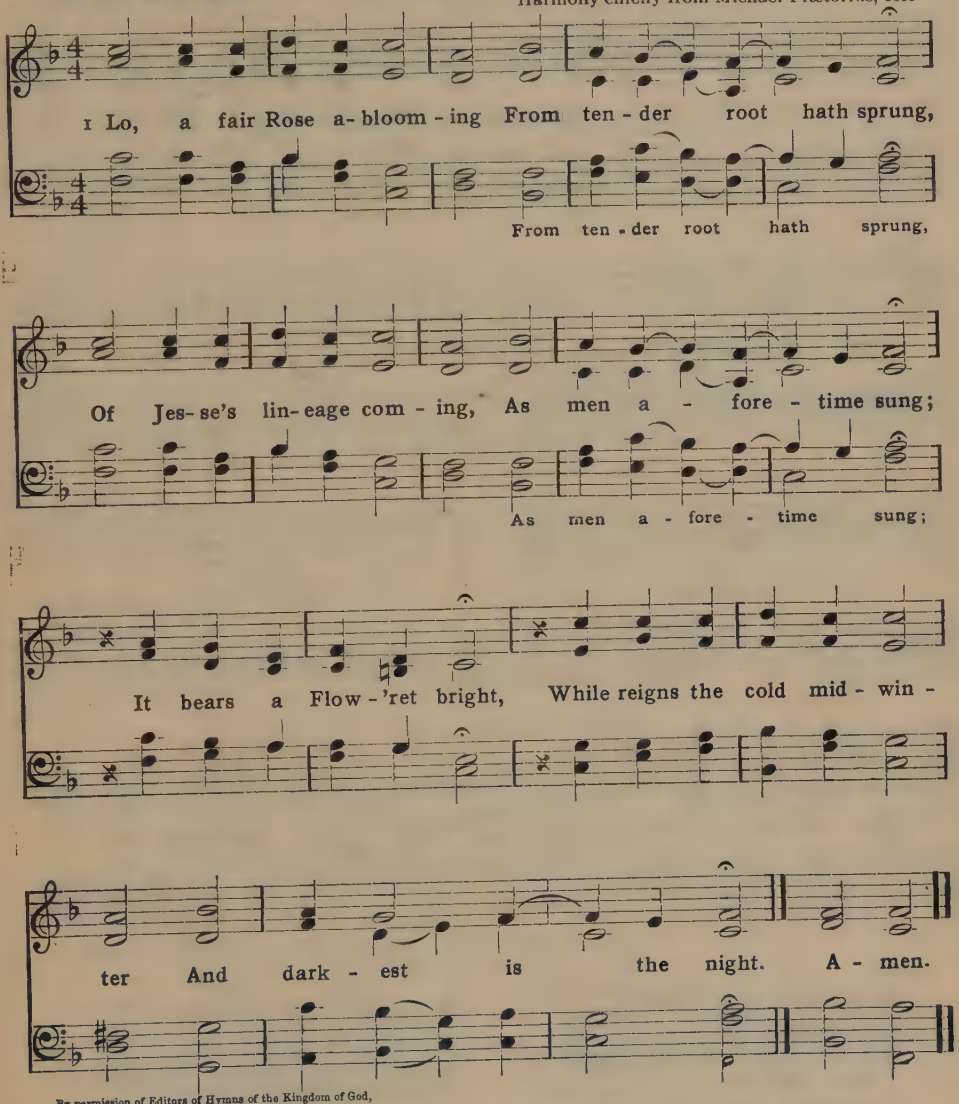
4
Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

5
In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

88 William C. Dix, 1861

ES IST EIN' ROS' ENTSPRUNGEN

7. 6. 7. 6. 6. 7. 6. Ancient German Melody,
Harmony chiefly from Michael Frætorius, 1609


1 Lo, a fair Rose a-bloom-ing From ten-der root hath sprung,
From ten-der root hath sprung,
Of Jes-se's lin-eage com-ing, As men a-fore-time sung;
As men a-fore-time sung;
It bears a Flow-'ret bright, While reigns the cold mid-win-
ter And dark-est is the night. A-men.

By permission of Editors of Hymns of the Kingdom of God,

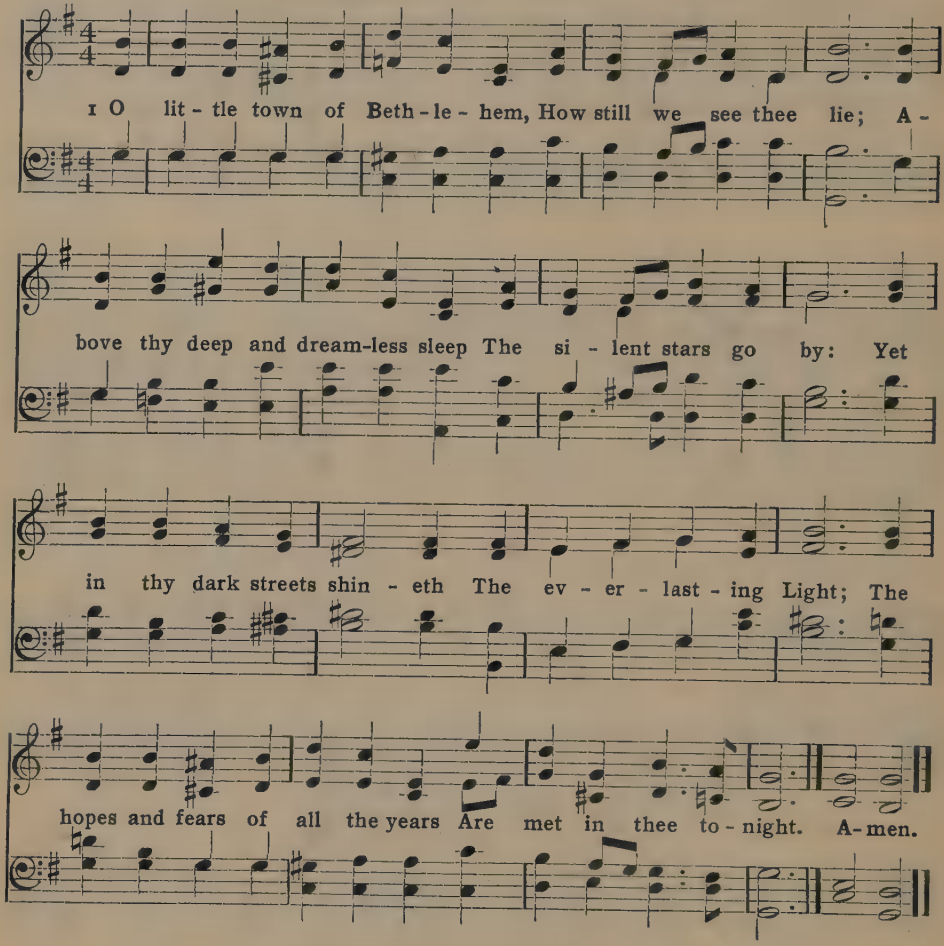
2

The little Rose I'm singing,
Whereof Isaiah spoke,
Mary to us is bringing,
A maid of humble folk;
By God's eternal might
For us a Child she beareth,
While darkest is the night.

3

The Floweret so lowly,
Whose fragrance none can tell,
With brightness strange and holy
Doth all our dark dispel:
True Man, true God is He;
From every ill he saveth;
God grant we saved may be!

(German, 15th cent.,) tr. 1909,
H. S. Coffin and A. W. Vernon

ST. LOUIS 8. 6. 8. 6. 7. 6. 8. 6. First Tune Lewis H. Redner, 1868

1 O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie; A -
bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by: Yet
in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light; The
hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night. A - men.

2

For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth;
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

3

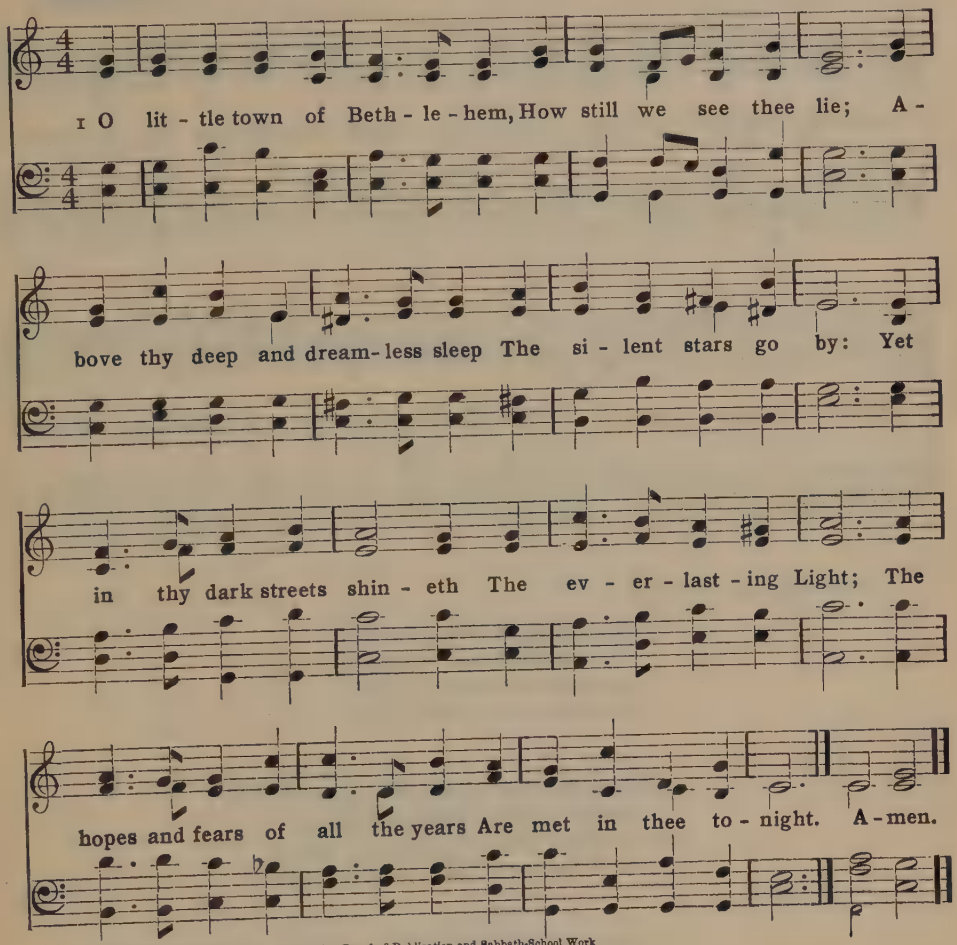
How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heaven.
No ear may hear his coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

4

O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel.

Phillips Brooks, 1868

EPHRATAH 8. 6. 8. 6. 7. 6. 8. 6. Second Tune — Uzziah C. Burnap, 1895


1 O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie; A -
bove thy deep and dream - less sleep The si - lent stars go by: Yet
in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light; The
hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night. A - men.

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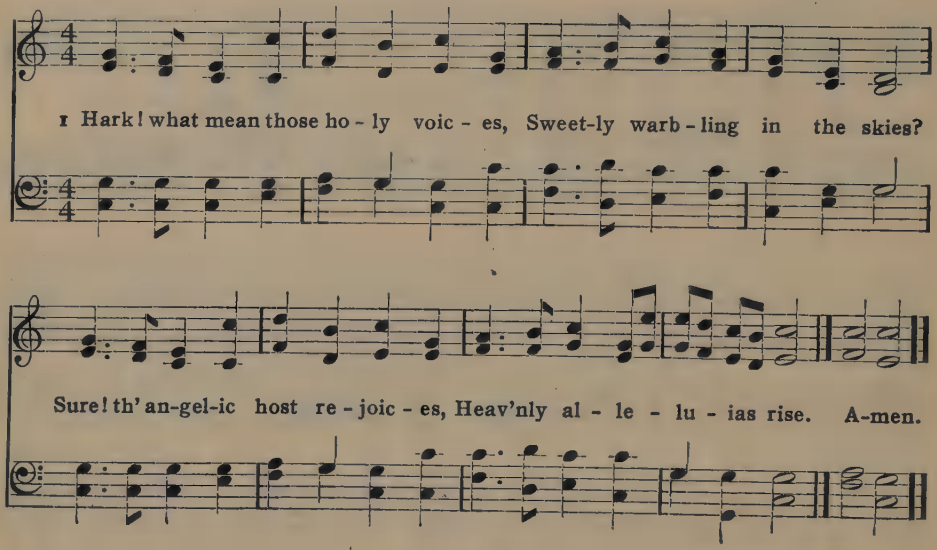
Our Lord Emmanuel.

Phillips Brooks, 1868

SIBERIA 8. 7. 8. 7. Anon. German


1 Hark! what mean those ho - ly voic - es, Sweet-ly warb - ling in the skies?
Sure! th' an-gel-ic host re - joic - es, Heav'nly al - le - lu - ias rise. A-men.

Luke ii : 13–14

2
Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
"Glory in the highest, glory;
Glory be to God Most High!

3
"Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found,
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven;
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4
"Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his glory sing:
Glad receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

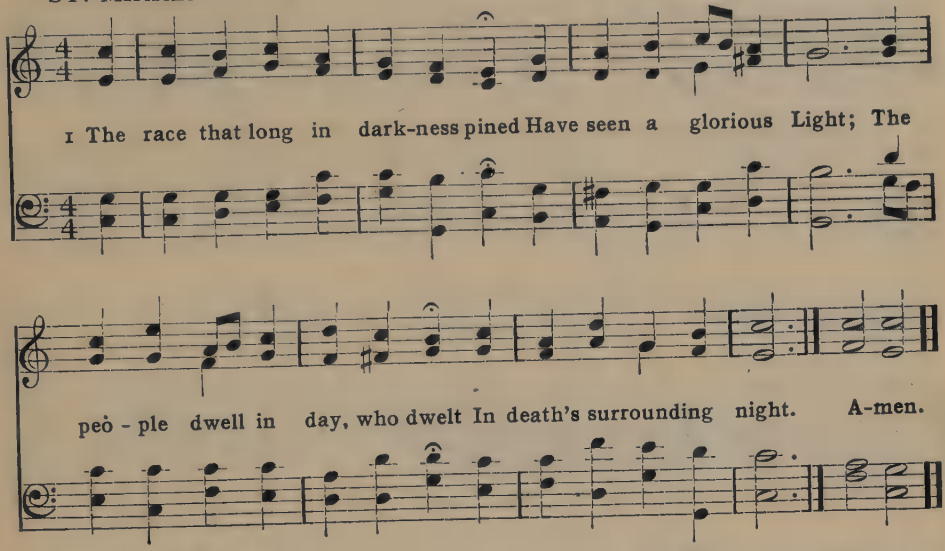
5
"Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn his Name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven you sing before Him,
Glory be to God Most High!"

6
Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth,
Spread the brightness of his glory,
Till it cover all the earth.

92 J. Cawood, 1819

ST. MIRREN'S C. M.

R. A. Smith, 1780-1829


1 The race that long in dark-ness pined Have seen a glorious Light; The
peo - ple dwell in day, who dwelt In death's surrounding night. A-men.

From the Scottish Paraphrase of Isaiah ix: 2-7

2

To hail thy rise, thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come,
Joyous as when the reapers bear
The harvest-treasures home.

3

For thou our burden hast removed,
And quelled th' oppressor's sway,
Quick as the slaughtered squadrons fell
In Midian's evil day.

4

To us a Child of Hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

5

His Name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

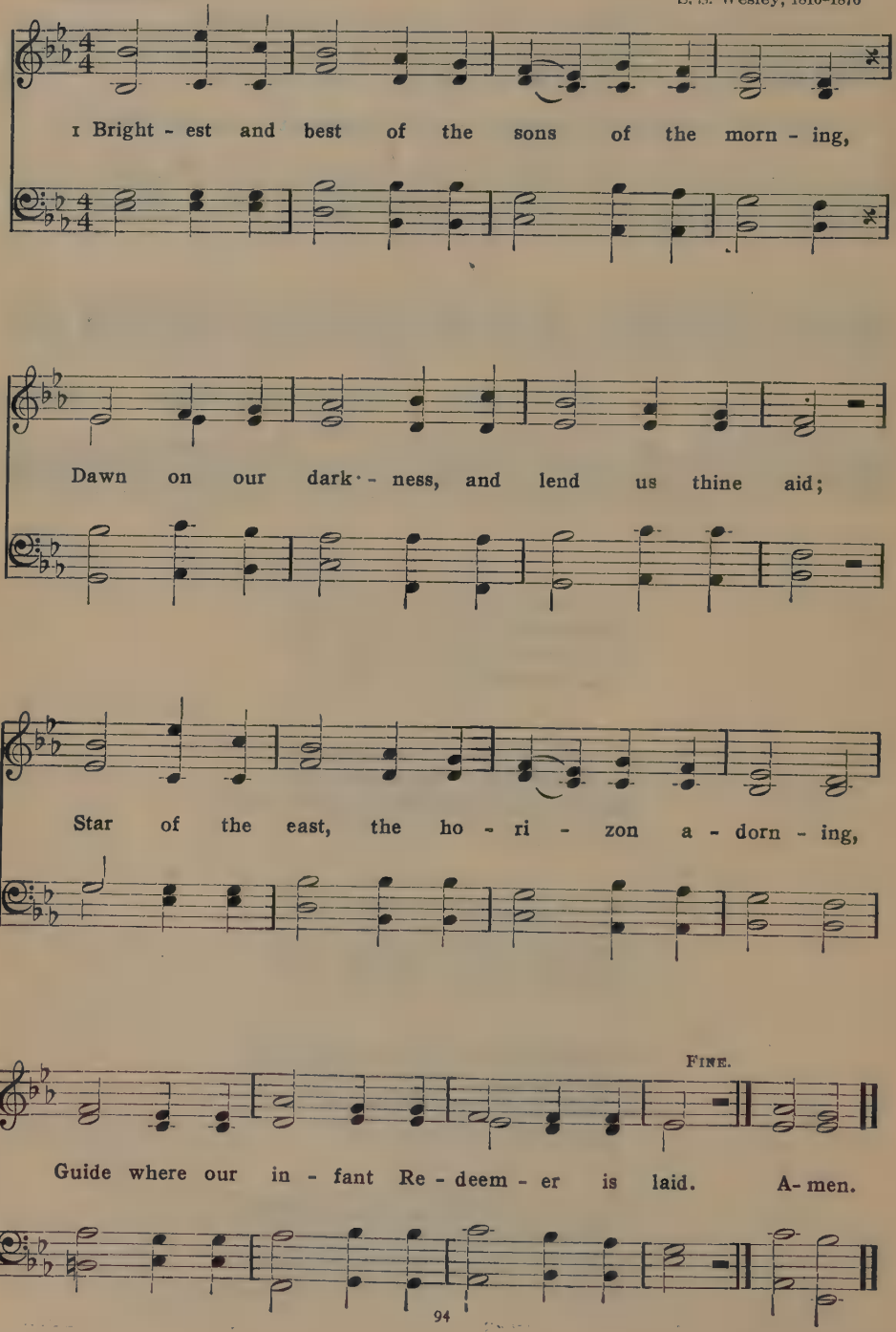
6

His power increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know:
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

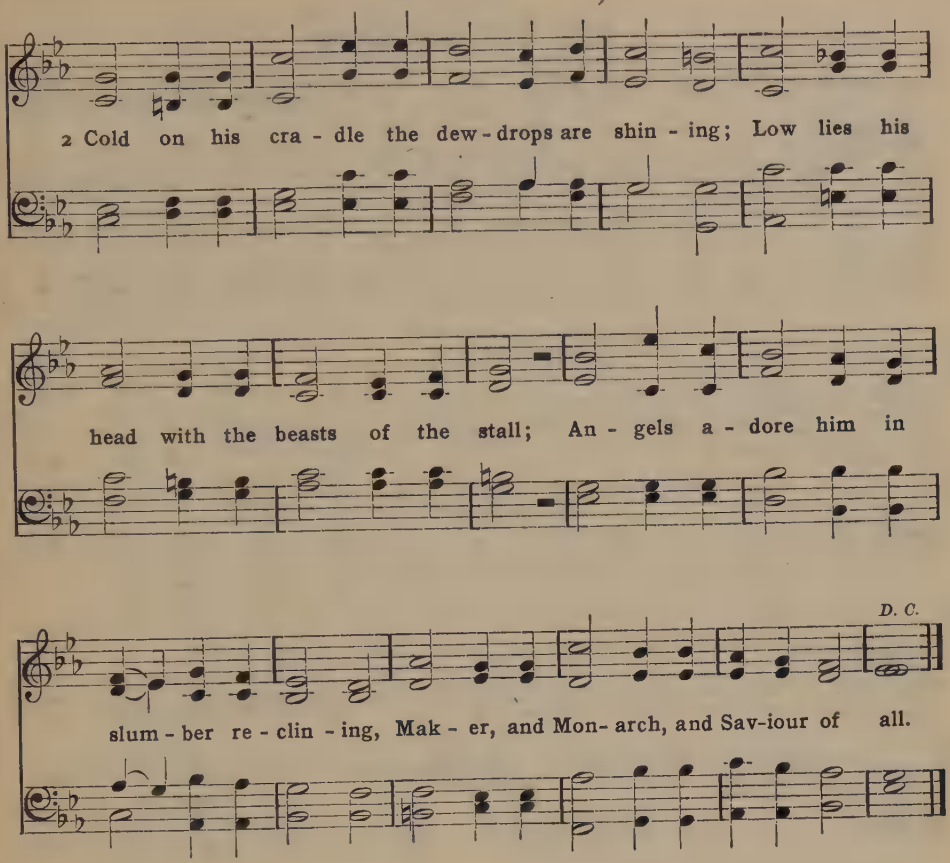
John Morison, 1781

EPIPHANY 11. 10. 81.

S. S. Wesley, 1810-1876


1 Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing,
Dawn on our dark - ness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing,
FINE.
Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid. A - men.

His Nativity


2 Cold on his cra - dle the dew - drops are shin - ing; Low lies his
head with the beasts of the stall; An - gels a - dore him in
D. C.
slum - ber re - clin - ing, Mak - er, and Mon - arch, and Sav - iour of all.

3

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and offerings Divine,
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4

Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

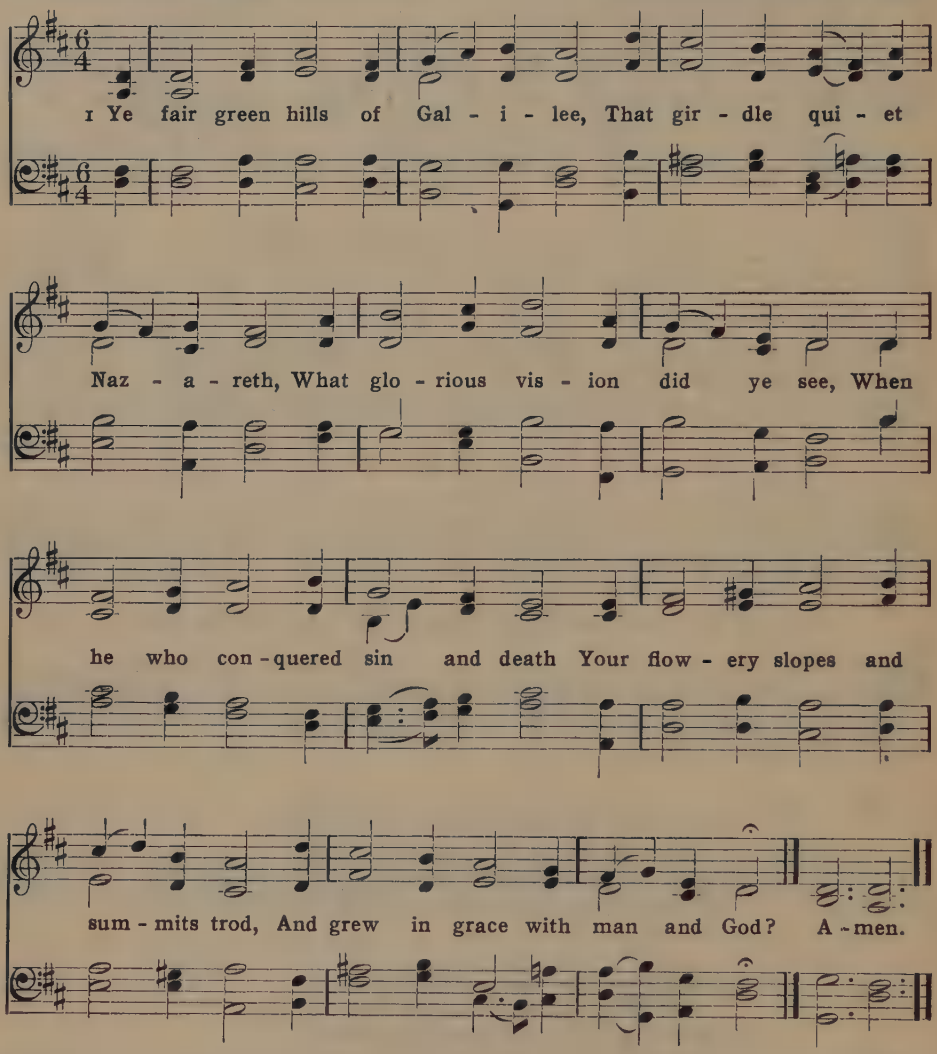
Reginald Heber, 1811

For the last verse, repeat the first part of the tune.

His Life on Earth

WER DA WONET 8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

Melody in "St. Gall Gesangbuch," 1863
from Vehe's Gesangbüchlein, 1537


1 Ye fair green hills of Gal - i - lee, That gir - dle qui - et
Naz - a - reth, What glo - rious vis - ion did ye see, When
he who con - quered sin and death Your flow - ery slopes and
sum - mits trod, And grew in grace with man and God? A - men.

2

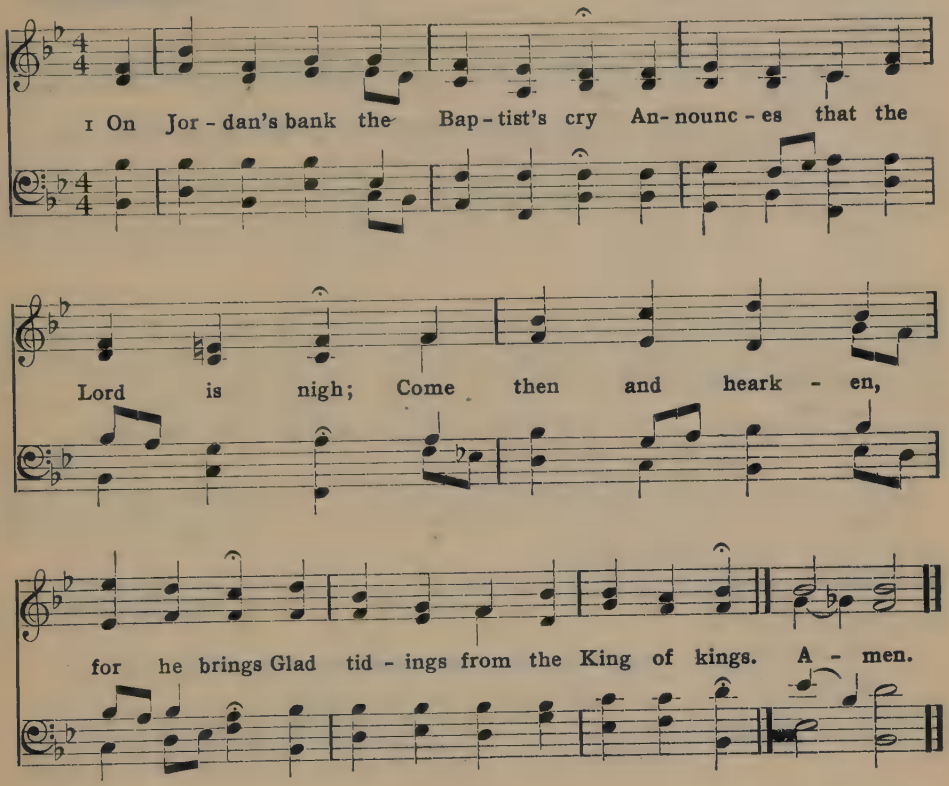
"We saw no glory crown his head,
As childhood ripened into youth;
No angels on his errands sped;
He wrought no sign; but meekness, truth,
And duty marked each step he trod,
And love to man and love to God."

3 *Luke ii: 51-52*

Jesus! my Saviour, Master, King,
Who didst for me the burden bear,
While saints in heaven thy glory sing,
Let me on earth thy likeness wear;
Mine be the path thy feet have trod,—
Duty, and love to man and God.

E. R. Conder, 1887

WINCHESTER NEW L. M. "Musikalisches Handbuch," Hamburg, 1690


1 On Jor - dan's bank the Bap - tist's cry An - nounc - es that the
Lord is nigh; Come then and heark - en,
for he brings Glad tid - ings from the King of kings. A - men.

Matthew iii

2

E'en now the air, the sea, the land,
Feel that their Maker is at hand;
The very elements rejoice,
And welcome him with cheerful voice.

3

Then cleansed be every Christian breast,
And furnished for so great a Guest;
Yea, let us each our hearts prepare
For Christ to come and enter there.

4

For thou art our Salvation, Lord,
Our Refuge and our great Reward;
Without thy grace our souls must fade,
And wither like a flower decayed.

5

To heal the sick stretch out thy hand,
And bid the fallen sinner stand:
Shine forth, and let thy light restore
Earth's own true loveliness once more.

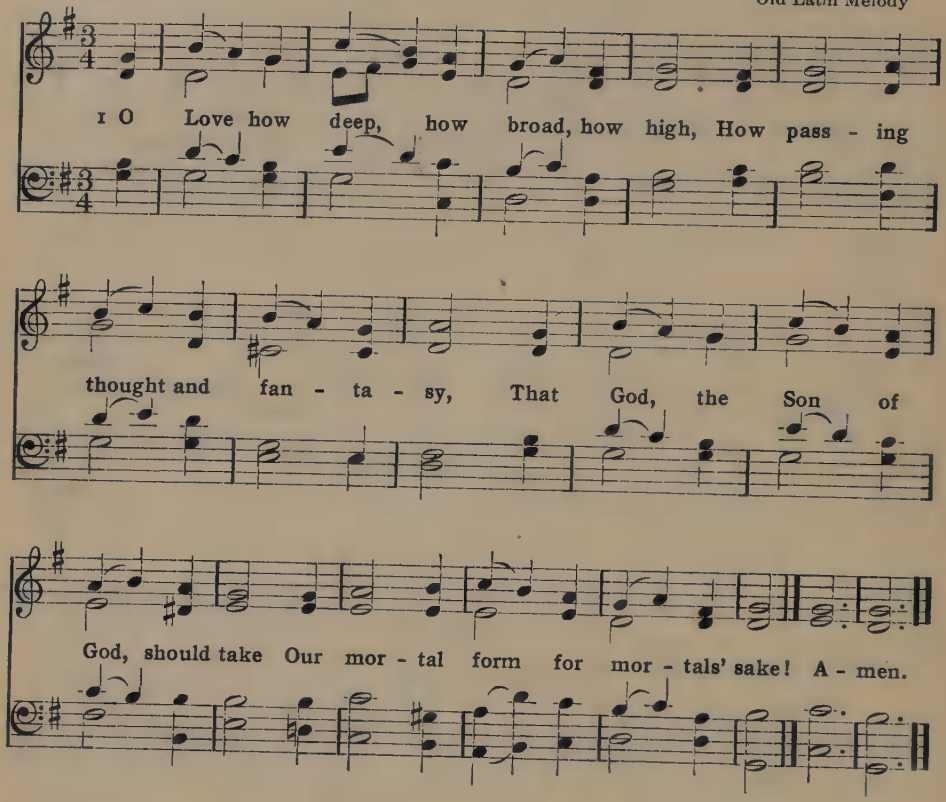
6

All praise Eternal Son to thee
Whose advent doth thy people free,
Whom with the Father we adore,
And Holy Ghost, forevermore.

97 C. Coffin, 1736: Tr. J. Chandler, 1837, and others

INTERCESSION OLD L. M.

Old Latin Melody


1 O Love how deep, how broad, how high, How pass - ing
thought and fan - ta - sy, That God, the Son of
God, should take Our mor - tal form for mor - tals' sake! A - men.

2

He sent no angel to our race
Of higher or of lower place,
But wore the robe of human frame,
And he himself to this world came.

3

For us baptized, for us he bore
His holy fast, and hungered sore,
For us temptations sharp he knew,
For us the tempter overthrew.

4

For us to wicked men betrayed,
Scourged, mocked, in crown of thorns arrayed;
For us he bore the cross's death,
For us at length gave up his breath.

5

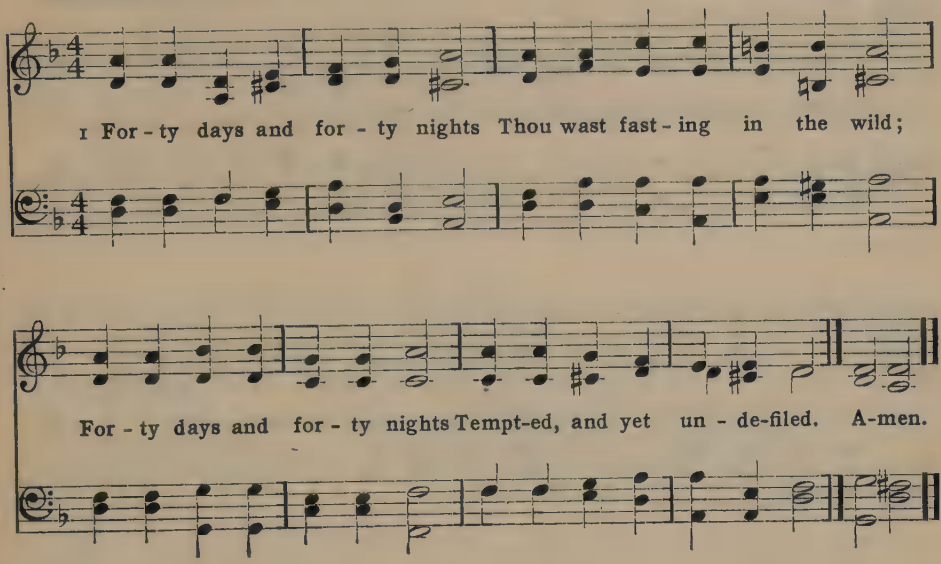
For us he rose from death again,
For us he went on high to reign,
For us he sent his spirit here
To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.

6

O Love, how deep, how broad, how high,
How passing thought and fantasy,
That God, the Son of God, should take
Our mortal form for mortals' sake!

98 Anon. (Latin 15th cent.) Tr. Benjamin Webb, 1871

HEINLEIN 7. 7. 7. 7. Nürnberger Gebetbuch, 1677



Matt. 4: 1-11 Heb. 4: 15

2

Sunbeams scorching all the day;
Chilly dewdrops nightly shed;
Prowling beasts about thy way;
Stones thy pillow; earth thy bed.

3

Shall not we thy sorrow share,
And from earthly joys abstain,
Fasting with unceasing prayer,
Glad with thee to suffer pain?

4

And if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or spirit should assail
Thou, his Vanquisher before,
Grant we may not faint nor fail.

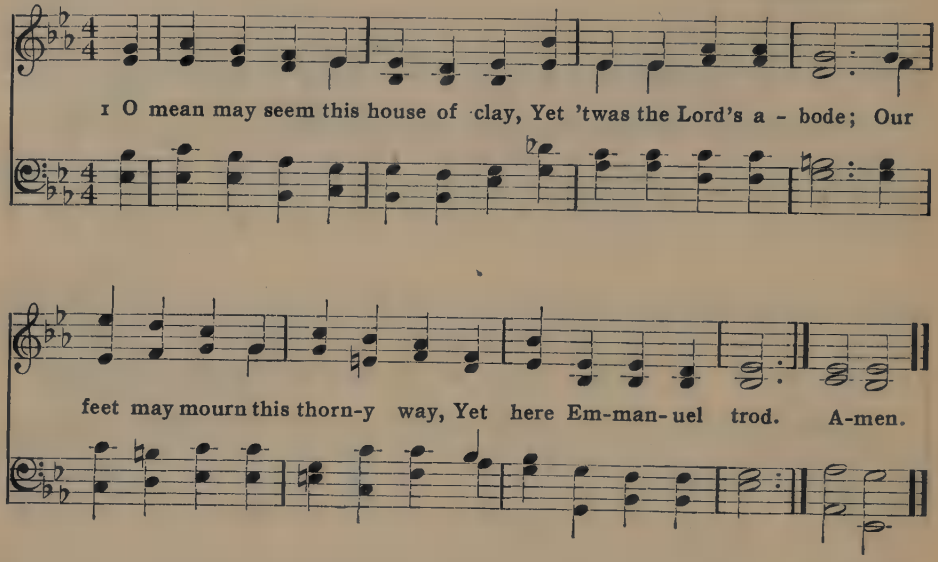
5

So shall we have peace Divine;
Holier gladness ours shall be;
Round us too shall angels shine,
Such as ministered to thee.

 G. H. Smyttan, 1856, and others

FINGAL C. M.

J. S. Anderson, 1885



2

This fleshly robe the Lord did wear;
This watch the Lord did keep;
These burdens sore the Lord did bear;
These tears the Lord did weep.

3

Our very frailty brings us near
Unto the Lord of heaven;
To every grief, to every tear,
Such glory strange is given.

4

But not this fleshly robe alone
Shall link us, Lord, to Thee;
Not only in the tear and groan
Shall the dear kindred be.

5

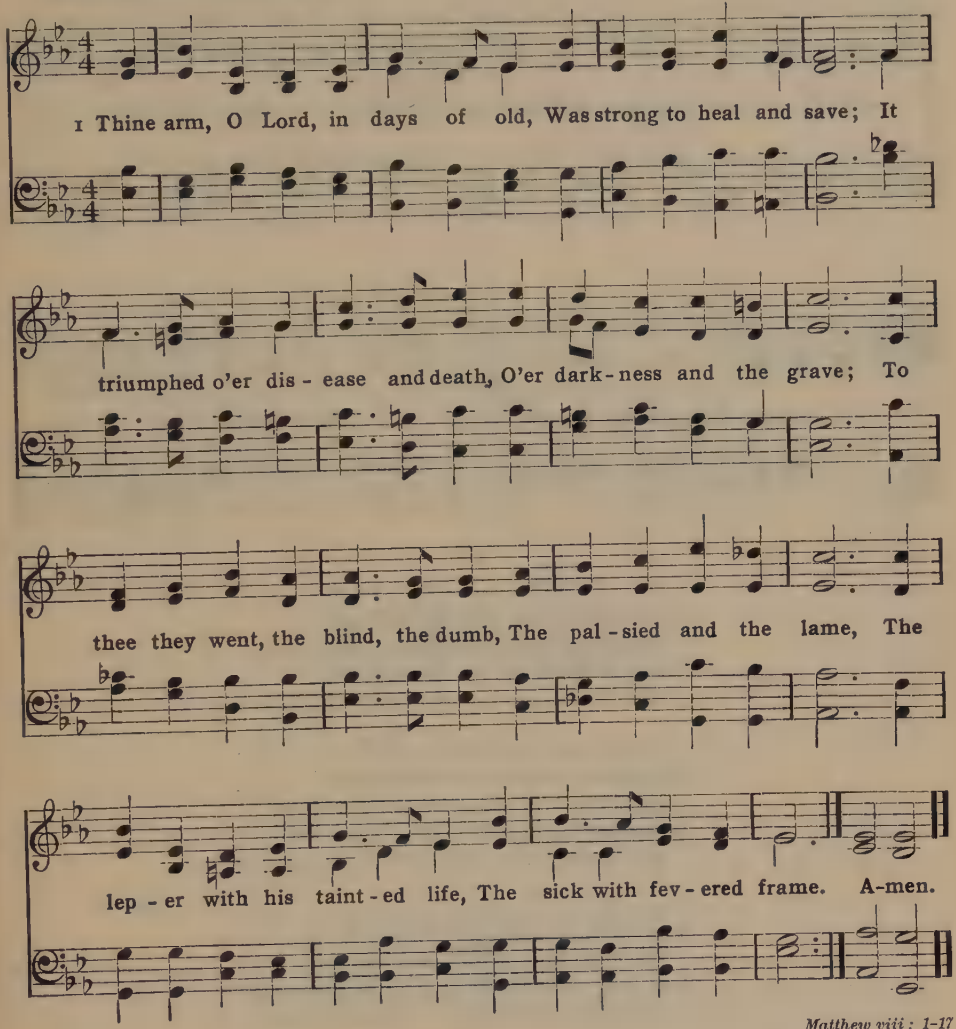
Thou to our woe who down didst come,
Who one with us would'st be,
Wilt lift us to thy heavenly home,
Wilt make us one with thee.

6

O mighty grace, our life to live,
To make our earth divine!
O mighty grace, thy heaven to give
And lift our life to thine!

T. H. Gill, 1850

BENEDICTION C. M. D. S. Reay, 1821—


1 Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old, Was strong to heal and save; It
triumphed o'er dis - ease and death, O'er dark - ness and the grave; To
thee they went, the blind, the dumb, The pal - sied and the lame, The
lep - er with his taint - ed life, The sick with fev - ered frame. A-men.

Matthew viii : 1-17

2

And lo, thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned thee, the Lord of light:
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore.

3

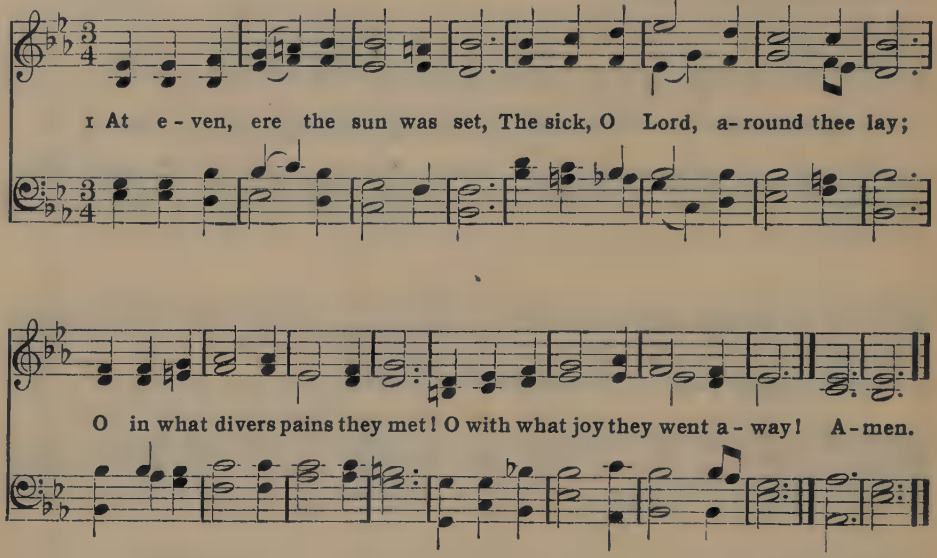
Though Love and Might no longer heal
By touch, or word, or look;
Though they who do thy work must read
Thy laws in nature's book;
Yet come to heal the sick man's soul,
Come, cleanse the leprous taint;
Give joy and peace where all is strife,
And strength where all is faint.

4

Be thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless
With thine almighty breath.
To hands that work and eyes that see
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
May praise thee evermore.

E. H. Plumptre. 1864

ANGELUS L. M. Alt. from Georg Josephi, 1657


1 At e - ven, ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, a - round thee lay;
O in what divers pains they met! O with what joy they went a - way! A - men.

Matthew viii : 16–17

2

Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills draw near:
What if thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that thou art here.

3

O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel:
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

4

And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

5

O Saviour Christ, thou too art Man,
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.

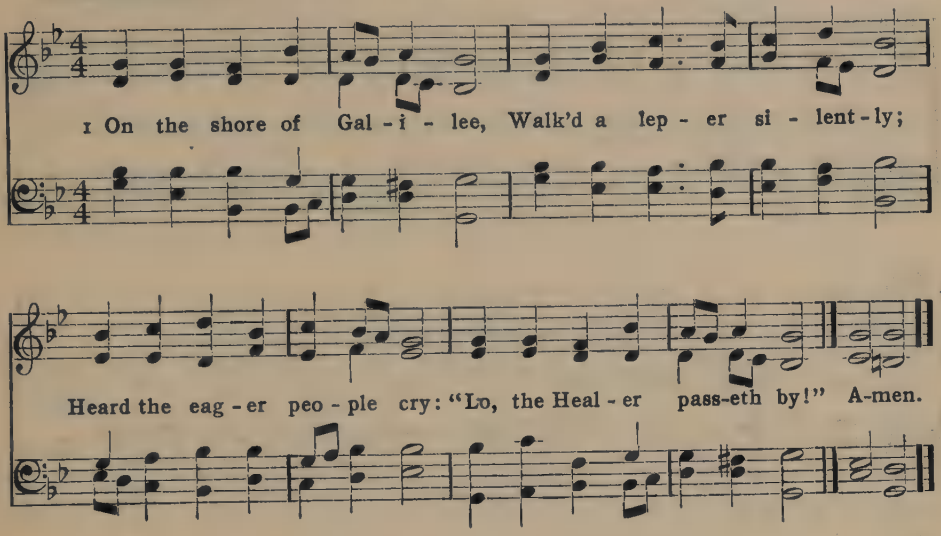
6

Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from thee can fruitless fall:
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in thy mercy heal us all.

 Henry Twells, 1868

NUN KOMM, DER HEIDEN HEILAND 7s. 4 l.

Melody in Walther's "Gesangbüchlein," 1524



"Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean."—Matt. viii: 2-3

2

Came the man of solitude,
Shunned by all the multitude,
And with all his heart's accord
Worshipped low before the Lord.

3

"If thou wilt!" the leper cried;
"Be thou clean!" the Lord replied,
Faith enough to come and crave;
Power enough to stand and save.

4

Jesus quick put forth his hand,
Token of a sweet command,
Overjoyed the leper's soul,
For the Lord hath touched him whole.

5

O thou Healer, still the same!
Speak to me thy mighty name,
While for joy I worship thee,
Like the man of Galilee.

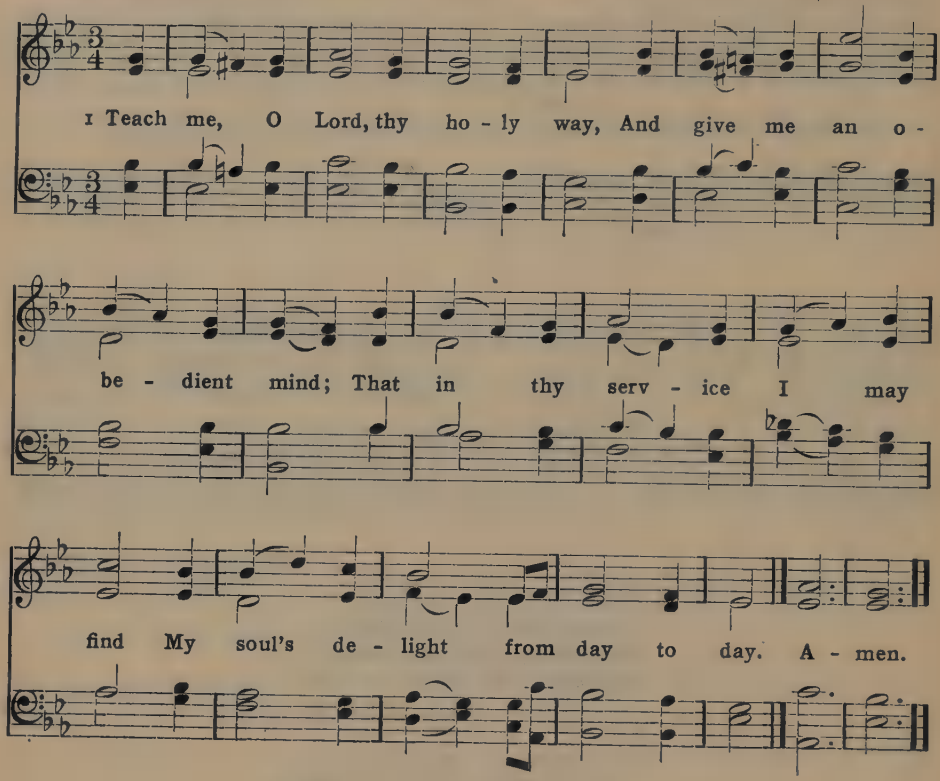
6

Touch me, Lord, destroy my sin;
Touch me, Jesus, make me clean;
Sinner I, but Saviour thou!
Touch, O Christ, my sullied brow!

F. G. Morris

STAINCLIFFE L. M.

R. W. Dixon, 1760-1825


1 Teach me, O Lord, thy ho - ly way, And give me an o -
be - dient mind; That in thy serv - ice I may
find My soul's de - light from day to day. A - men.

2

Guide me, O Saviour, with thy hand,
And so control my thoughts and deeds,
That I may tread the path which leads
Right onward to the blessèd land.

3

Help me, O Saviour, here to trace
The sacred footsteps thou hast trod;
And, meekly walking with my God,
To grow in goodness, truth, and grace.

4

Guard me, O Lord, that I may ne'er
Forsake the right, or do the wrong:
Against temptation make me strong,
And round me spread thy sheltering care.

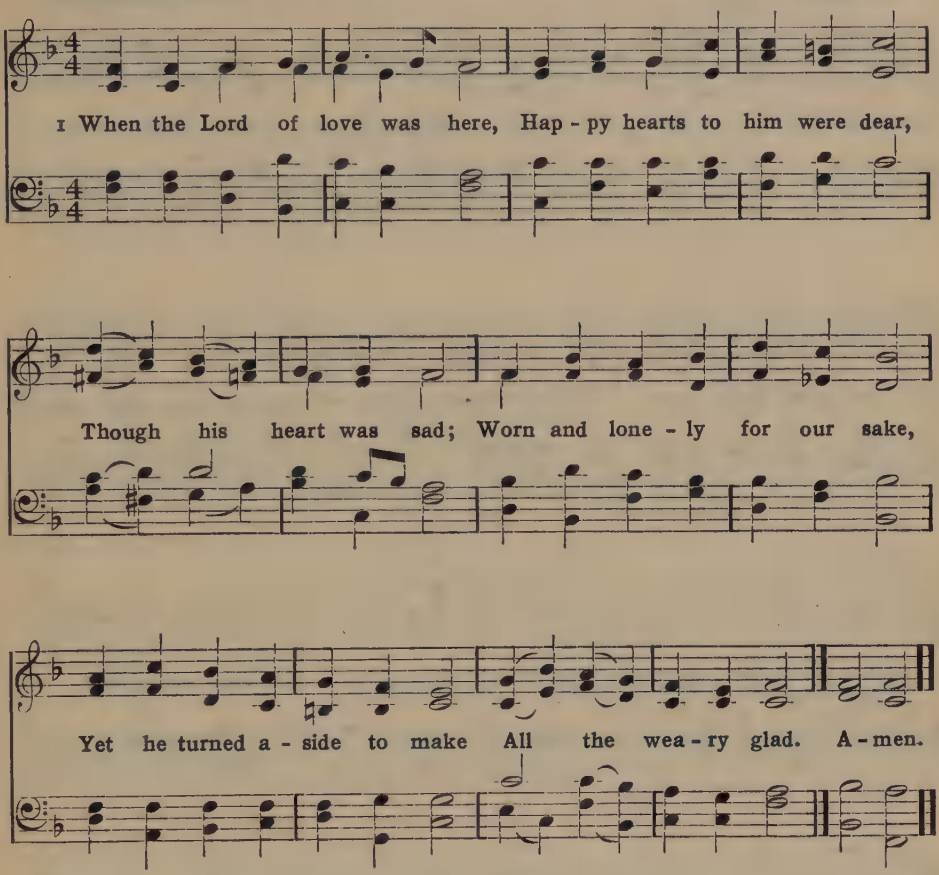
5

Bless me in every task, O Lord,
Begun, continued, done for thee:
Fulfil thy perfect work in me;
And thine abounding grace afford.

104 W. T. Matson, 1866

GENNESARET 7. 7. 5. 7. 7. 5.

Old Melody


1 When the Lord of love was here, Hap - py hearts to him were dear,
Though his heart was sad; Worn and lone - ly for our sake,
Yet he turned a - side to make All the wea - ry glad. A - men.

2

Meek and lowly were his ways;
From his loving grew his praise,
From his giving, prayer:
All the outcasts thronged to hear,
All the sorrowful drew near
To enjoy his care.

3

When he walked the fields, he drew
From the flowers and birds and dew,
Parables of God.
For within his heart of love
All the soul of man did move,—
God had his abode.

4

Fill us with thy deep desire,
All the sinful to inspire
With the Father's life;
Free us from the cares that press
On the heart of worldliness,
From the fret and strife.

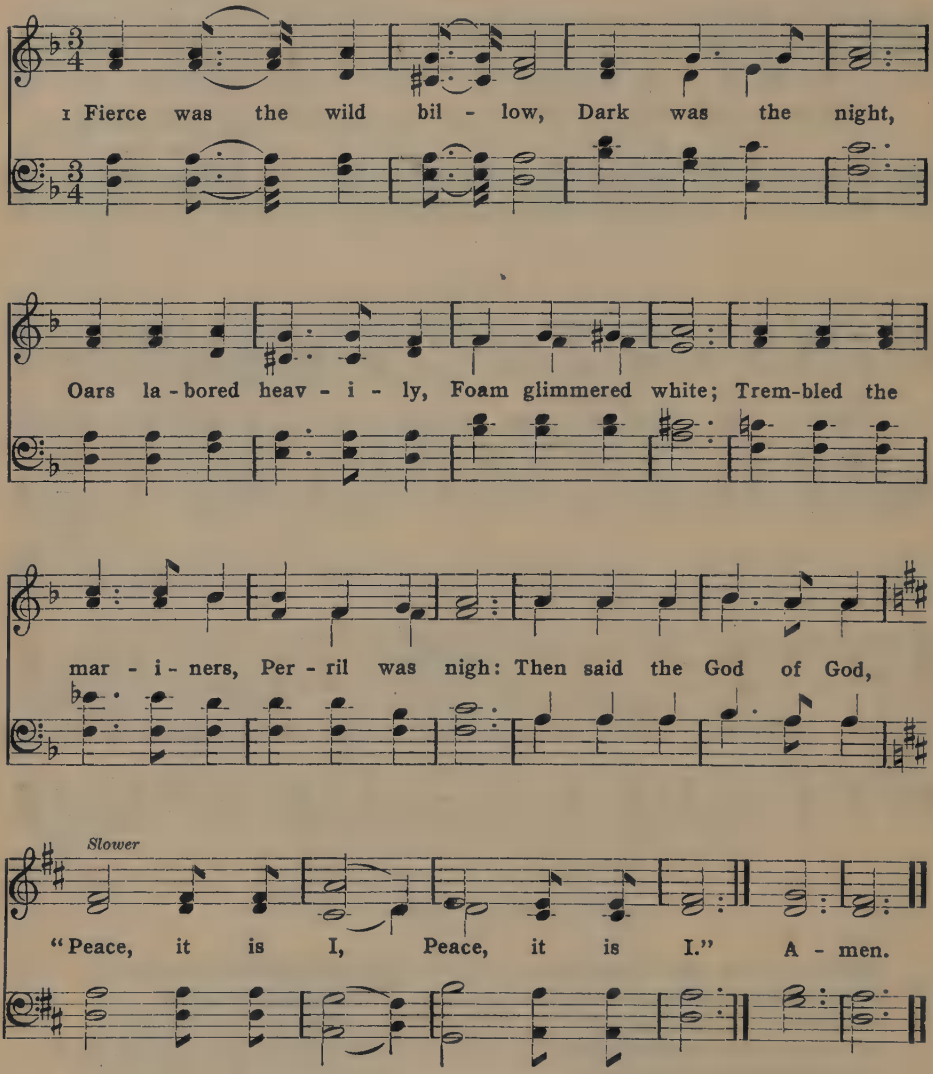
5

Lord, be ours thy power to keep
In the very heart of grief,
And in trial, love;
In our meekness to be wise,
And through sorrow to arise
To our God above.

Stopford A. Brooke, 1881

EUROCLYDON 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 4.

G. W. Torrance, 1870


1 Fierce was the wild bil - low, Dark was the night,
Oars la - bored heav - i - ly, Foam glimmered white; Trem-bled the
mar - i - ners, Per - ril was nigh: Then said the God of God,
Slower
"Peace, it is I, Peace, it is I." A - men.

2

Ridge of the mountain-wave,
Lower thy crest!
Wail of Euroclydon,
Be thou at rest!
Sorrow can never be,
Darkness must fly,
Where saith the Light of Light,
"Peace! It is I."

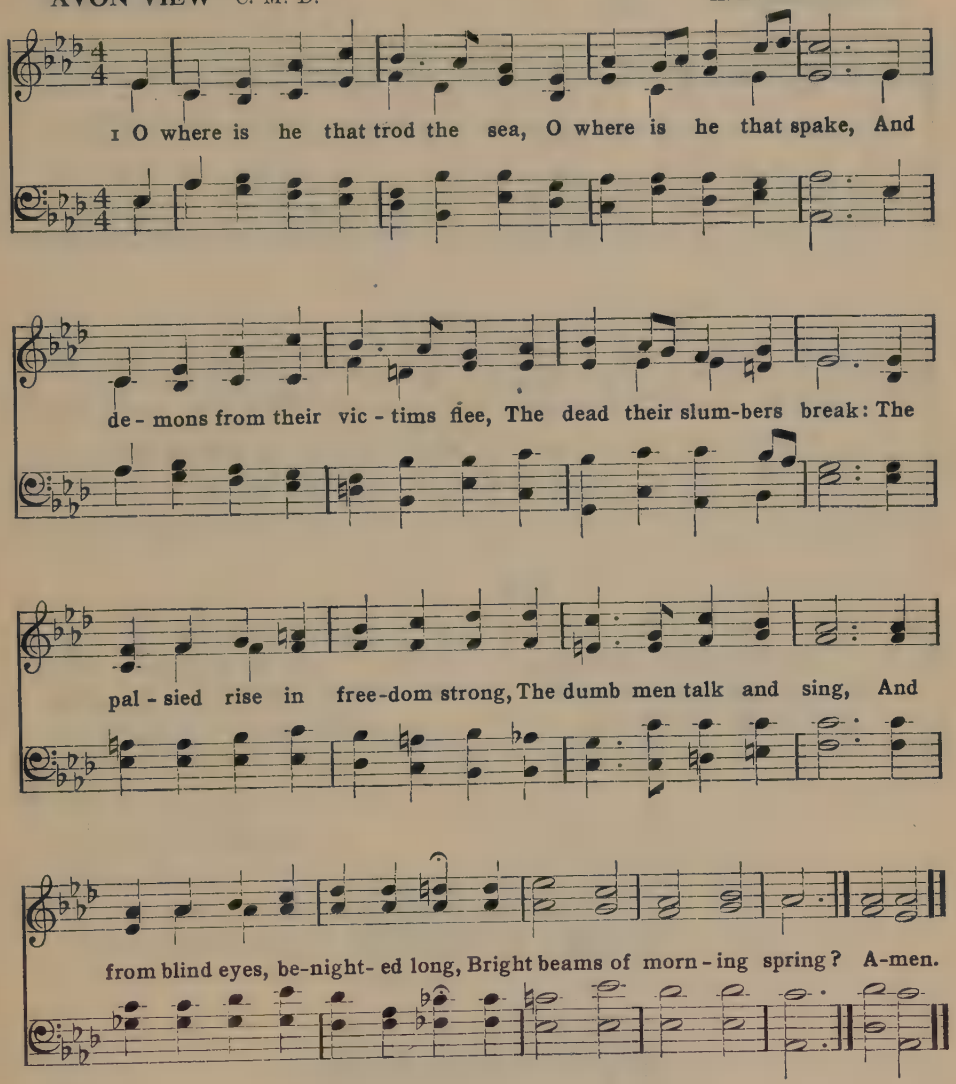
3 *Mark vi: 47-51*

Jesus, Deliverer,
Come thou to me;
Soothe thou my voyaging
Over life's sea:
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
"Peace! It is I."

Anatolius, (8th Cent.): Tr. J. M. Neale, 1862

AVON VIEW C. M. D.

H. Elliott Button 1904


1 O where is he that trod the sea, O where is he that spake, And
de - mons from their vic - tims flee, The dead their slum-bers break: The
pal - sied rise in free-dom strong, The dumb men talk and sing, And
from blind eyes, be-night- ed long, Bright beams of morn - ing spring? A-men.

Matthew xiv: 15-35

2

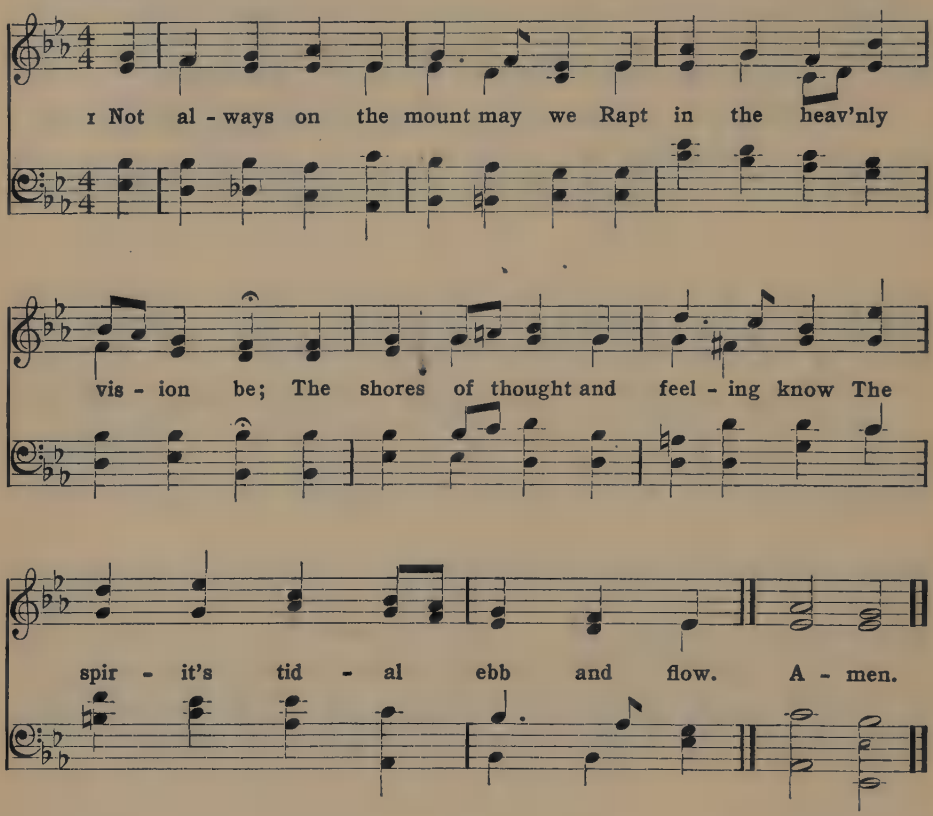
O where is he that trod the sea?
'Tis only he can save;
To thousands hungering wearily
A wondrous meal he gave;
Full soon, celestially fed,
Their rustic fare they take;
'Twas springtide when he blest the bread,
And harvest when he brake.

3

O where is he that trod the sea?
My soul, the Lord is here:
Let all thy fears be hushed in thee;
To leap, to look, to hear
Be thine: thy needs he'll satisfy.
Art thou diseased or dumb,
Or dost thou in thine hunger cry?
"I come," saith Christ, "I come."

T. T. Lynch, 1855

MORS ET VITA L. M. J. Stainer, 1840–1901


1 Not al - ways on the mount may we Rapt in the heav'nly
vis - ion be; The shores of thought and feel - ing know The
spir - it's tid - al ebb and flow. A - men.

2 *Matthew xvii: 1-8*

"Lord, it is good abiding here"
We cry, the heavenly presence near;
The vision vanishes, our eyes
Are lifted to the vacant skies.

3

Yet hath one such exalted hour
Upon the soul redeeming power,
And in its strength through after days
We travel our appointed ways,

4

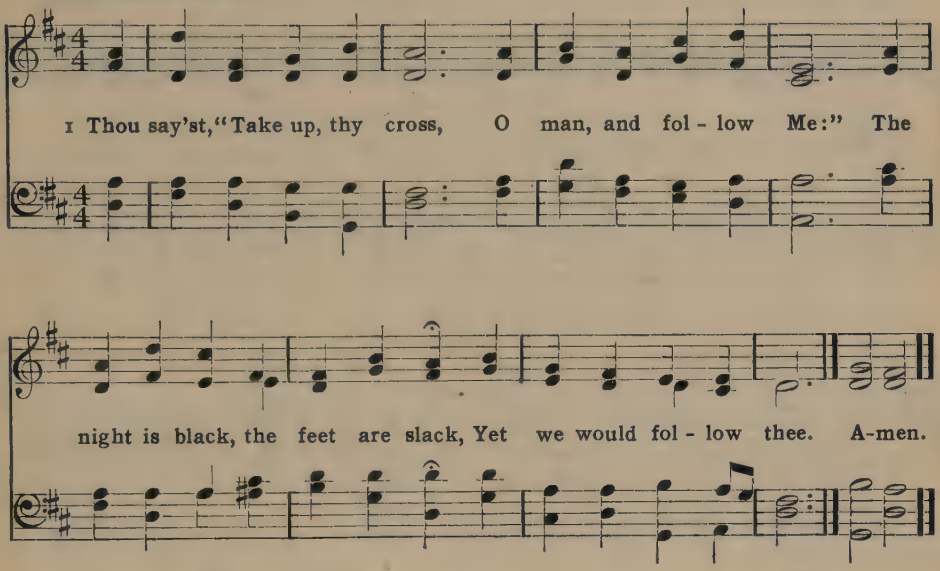
Till all the lowly vale grows bright,
Transfigured in remembered light,
And in untiring souls we bear,
The freshness of the upper air.

5

The mount for vision: but below
The paths of daily duty go,
And nobler life therein shall own
The pattern on the mountain shown.

 F. L. Hosmer, 1882

ASWARBY S. M. Samuel Wesley, 1837



Matt. xvi: 24-28

2

But, O dear Lord, we cry,
That we thy face could see!
Thy blessed face one moment's space—
Then might we follow thee!

3

Dim tracts of time divide
Those golden days from me;
Thy voice comes strange o'er years of change;
How can I follow thee?

4

Comes faint and far thy voice
From vales of Galilee;
Thy vision fades in ancient shades;
How should we follow thee?

5

O heavy cross—of faith
In what we cannot see!
As once of yore thyself restore,
And help to follow thee.

6

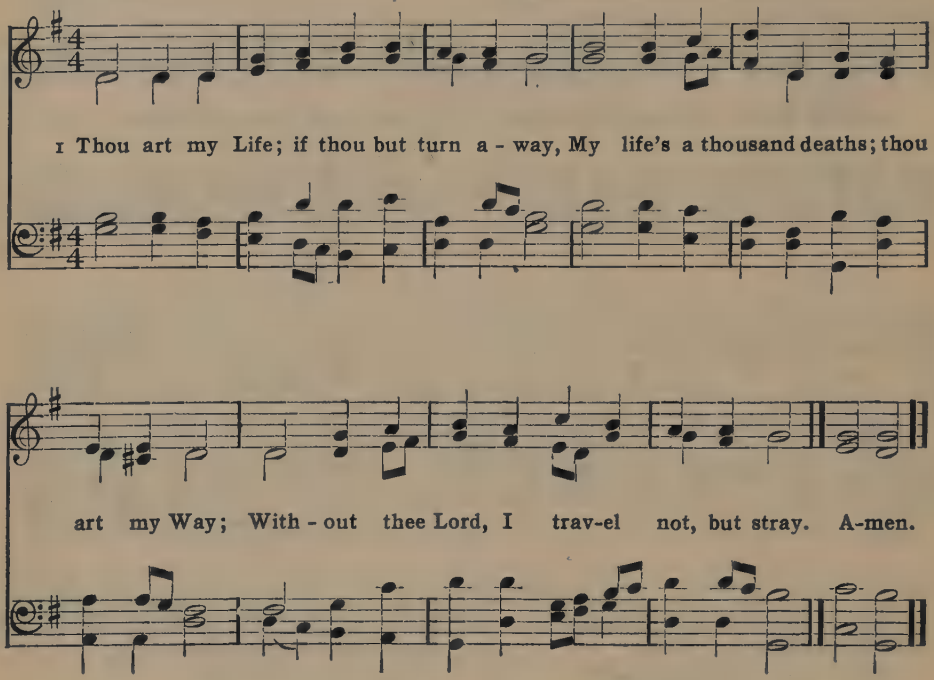
If not as once thou cam'st
In true humanity,
Come yet as Guest within the breast
That burns to follow thee.

7

Within our heart of hearts
In nearest nearness be:
Set up thy throne within thine own:
Go, Lord: we follow thee.

F. L. Palgrave, 1865

SONG 1 10. 10. 10. Orlando Gibbons, 1583-1625: Arr. by E. C. Tilley


1 Thou art my Life; if thou but turn a - way, My life's a thousand deaths; thou
art my Way; With - out thee Lord, I trav-el not, but stray. A-men.

2 *John xiv: 6*

My Light thou art; without thy glorious sight
My eyes are darkened with perpetual night:
My God, thou art my Way, my Life, my Light.

3

Thou art my Way; I wander, if thou fly:
Thou art my Light; if hid, how blind am I?
Thou art my Life; if thou withdraw, I die.

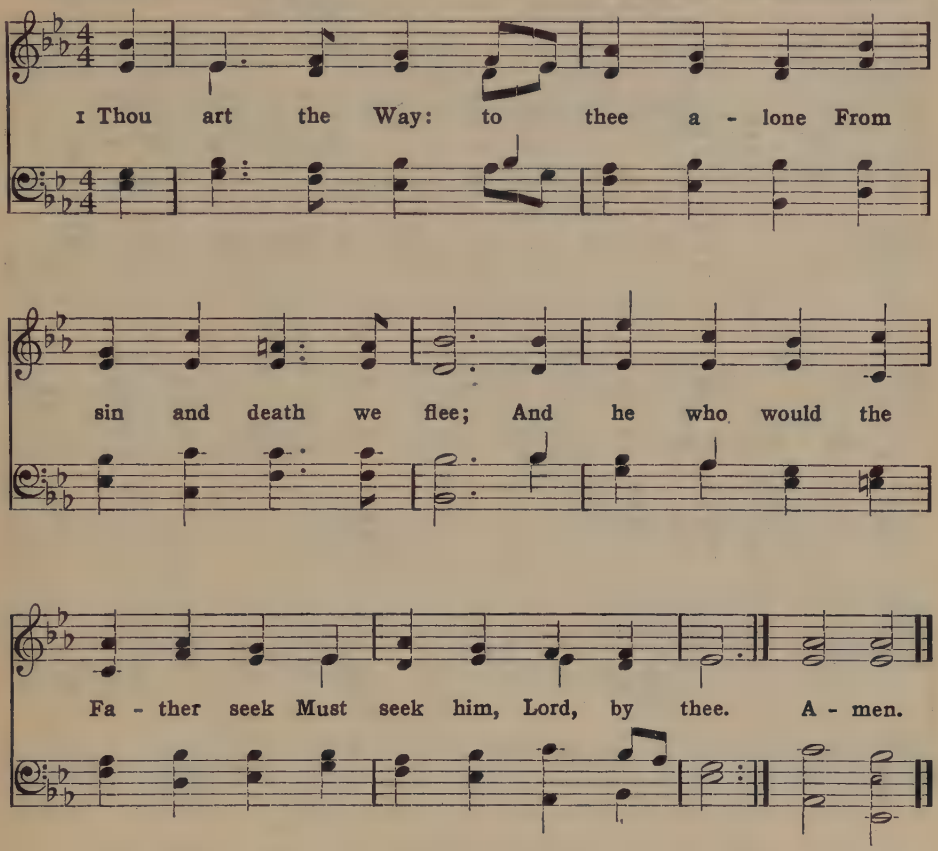
4

Disclose thy sunbeams; close thy wings and stay;
See, see how I am blind, and dead, and stray,
O thou that art my Light, my Life, my Way!

 Francis Quarles, 1592-1644

ST. BERNARD C. M.

Arr. by J. Richardson, 1863:
From melody in Tochter Sion, 1741



John xiv: 6

2

Thou art the Truth: thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3

Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

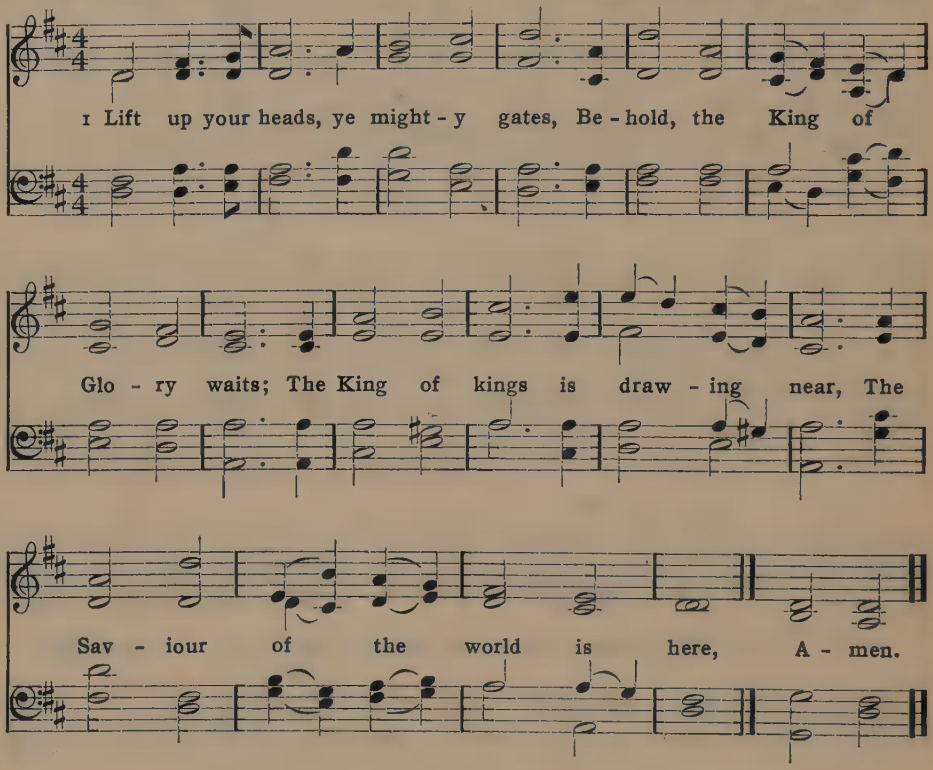
4

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

G. W. Doane, 1824

His Entry into Jerusalem

TRURO L. M. Williams's "Psalmodia Evangelica," 1789


1 Lift up your heads, ye might - y gates, Be - hold, the King of
Glo - ry waits; The King of kings is draw - ing near, The
Sav - iour of the world is here, A - men.

2
The Lord is just, a helper tried;
Mercy is ever at his side;
His kingly crown is holiness,
His sceptre, pity in distress.

3
O blest the land, the city blest,
Where Christ the Ruler is confessed!
O happy hearts and happy homes
To whom this King in triumph comes!

4
Fling wide the portals of your heart;
Make it a temple, set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy.

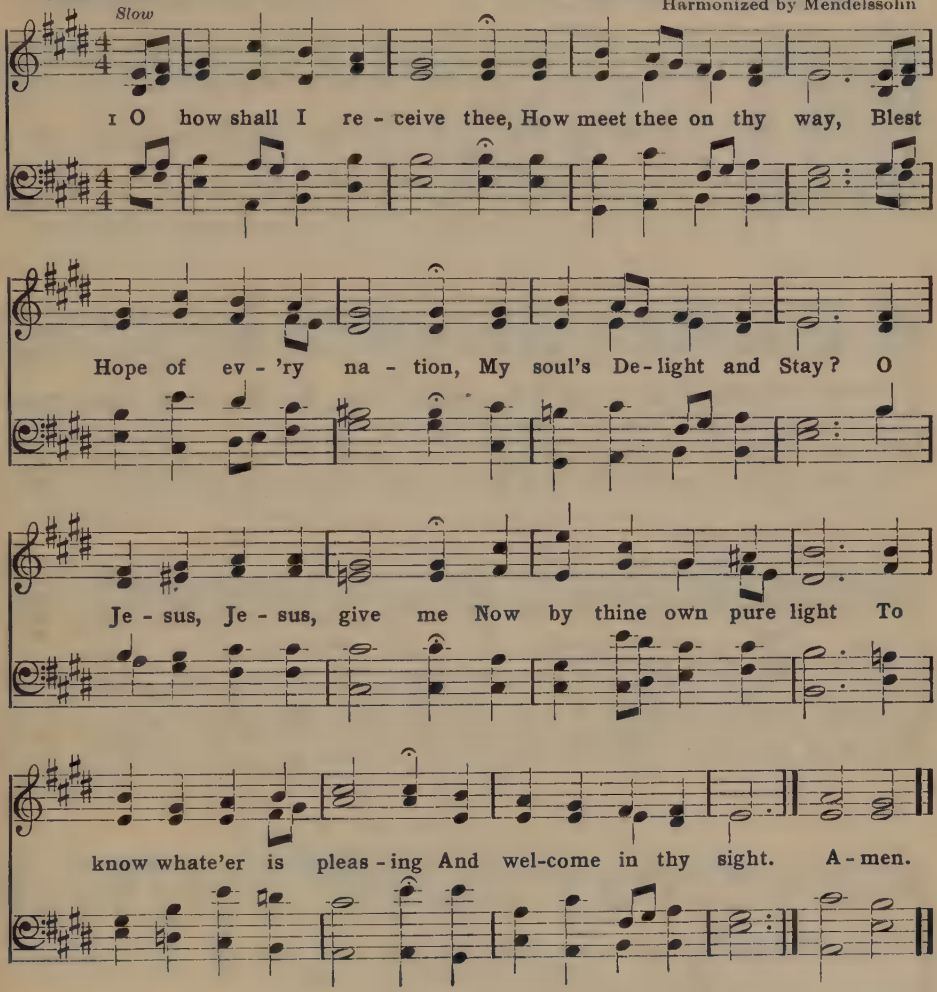
5
Redeemer, come: I open wide
My heart to thee; here, Lord, abide.
Let me thy inner presence feel;
Thy grace and love in me reveal.

112 G. Weissel, 1642: Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1855

His Entry into Jerusalem

MUNICH 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6.

J. G. C. Störl's "Choralbuch," Stuttgart, 1701
Harmonized by Mendelssohn


Slow
1 O how shall I re - ceive thee, How meet thee on thy way, Blest
Hope of ev - 'ry na - tion, My soul's De - light and Stay? O
Je - sus, Je - sus, give me Now by thine own pure light To
know whate'er is pleas - ing And wel-come in thy sight. A - men.

Matthew xxi : 1-11

2

Thy Zion palms is strewing,
And branches fresh and fair;
My heart to praise awaking,
Her anthem shall prepare.
Perpetual thanks and praises
Forth from my heart shall spring;
I to thy Name the service
Of all my powers will bring.

3

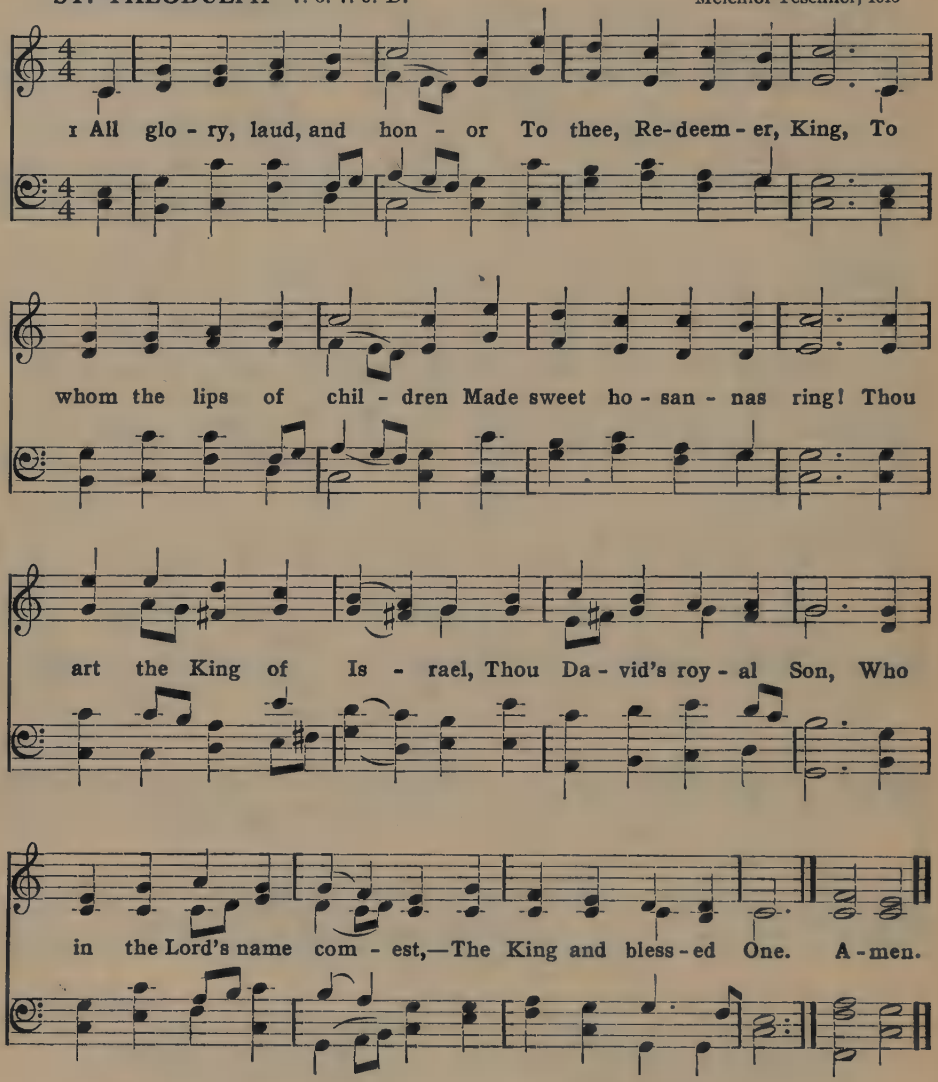
Love caused thy incarnation,
Love brought thee down to me;
Thy thirst for my salvation
Procured my liberty:
O love beyond all telling,
That led thee to embrace,
In love all love excelling,
Our lost and fallen race.

4

Ye, who with guilty terror
Are trembling, fear no more:
With love and grace the Saviour
Shall you to hope restore.
He comes: He comes, who sinners
Shall with the children place,
The children of his Father,
The heirs of life and grace.

P. Gerhardt, 1653: Tr. A. T. Russell,
J. C. Jacobi and others

ST. THEODULPH 7. 6. 7. 6. D. Melchior Teschner, 1615


1 All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or To thee, Re-deem - er, King, To
whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring! Thou
art the King of Is - rael, Thou Da - vid's roy - al Son, Who
in the Lord's name com - est,—The King and bless - ed One. A - men.

2

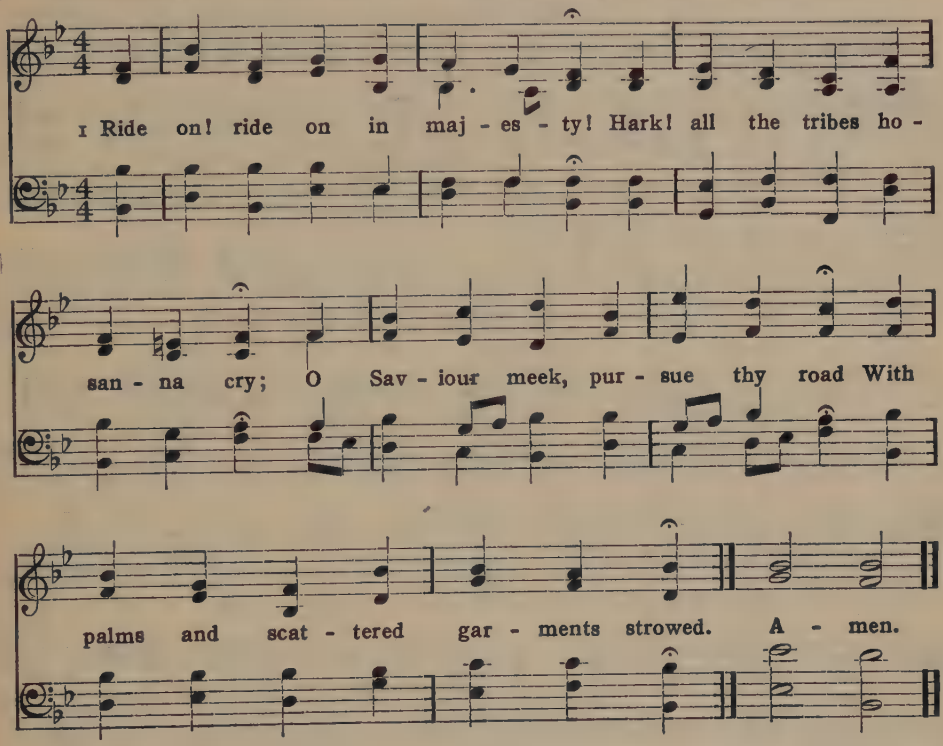
The company of angels
Are praising thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply.
The people of the Hebrews
With palms before thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before thee we present.

3

To thee before thy passion,
They sang their hymns of praise;
To thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.
Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the praise we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.

Theodulph of Orleans c. 820:
Tr. J. M. Neale, 1854, and others

WINCHESTER NEW L. M. From Hamburger "Musikalisches Handbuch," 1690


1 Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! Hark! all the tribes ho -
san - na cry; O Sav - iour meek, pur - sue thy road With
palms and scat - tered gar - ments strowed. A - men.

Zech. ix: 9 Matt. xxi: 1-10

2

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The winged squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see th' approaching sacrifice.

4

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on his sapphire throne
Expects his own Anointed Son.

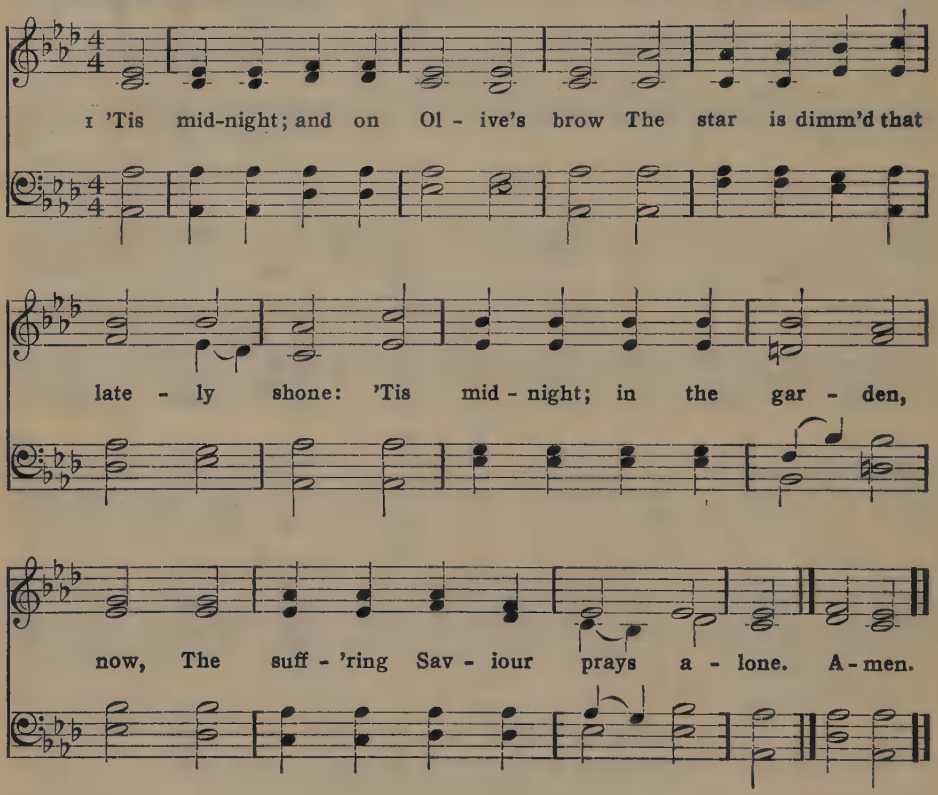
5

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, thy power, and reign.

H. H. Milman, 1827

His Passion

OLIVE'S BROW L. M. W. B. Bradbury, 1853


1 'Tis mid-night; and on Ol - ive's brow The star is dimm'd that
late - ly shone: 'Tis mid - night; in the gar - den,
now, The suff - 'ring Sav - iour prays a - lone. A - men.

2 *Luke xxii: 43*

'Tis midnight; and from all removed,
Emmanuel wrestles lone with fears;
Ev'n the disciple that he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3

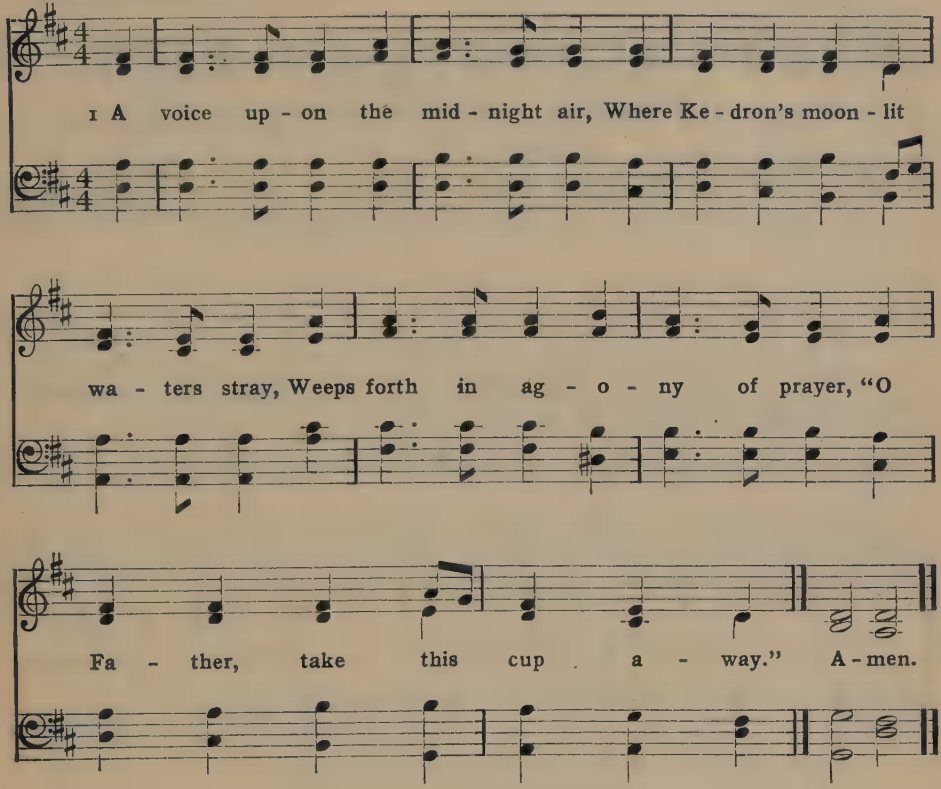
'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

4

'Tis midnight; from the heavenly plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

116 W. B. Tappan, 1822

CRUX CRUDELIS L. M. Albert L. Peace, 1885


1 A voice up - on the mid - night air, Where Ke - dron's moon - lit
wa - ters stray, Weeps forth in ag - o - ny of prayer, "O
Fa - ther, take this cup a - way." A - men.

Matt. xxvi: 36-39

2

Ah! thou who sorrowest unto death,
We conquer in thy mortal fray;
And earth for all her children saith,
"O God, take not this cup away."

3

O Lord of sorrow, meekly die:
Thou'lt heal or hallow all our woe;
Thy Name refresh the mourner's sigh,
Thy peace revive the faint and low.

4

Great Chief of faithful souls ,arise;
None else can lead the martyr-band
Who teach the brave how peril flies,
When faith, unarmed, uplifts the hand.

5

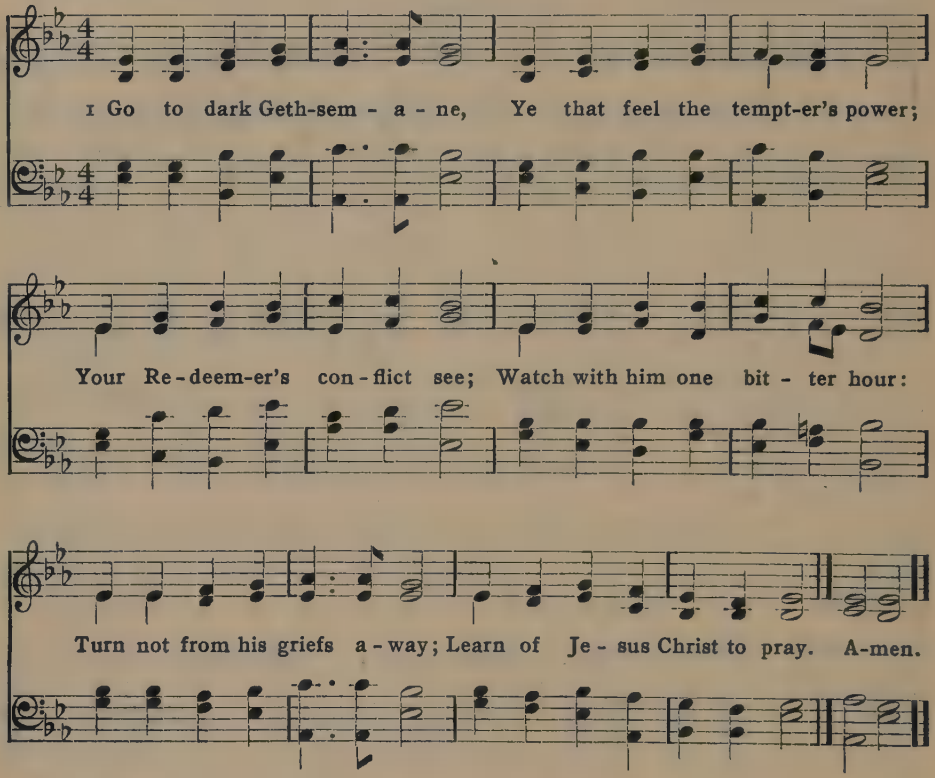
O King of earth, the cross ascend;
O'er climes and ages 'tis thy throne:
Where'er thy fading eye may bend,
The desert blooms, and is thine own.

6

Thy parting blessing, Lord, we pray:
Make but one fold below, above;
And when we go the last lone way,
O give the welcome of thy love.

 James Martineau, 1840

REDHEAD No. 76 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. 7. Richard Redhead, 1853


1 Go to dark Geth-sem - a - ne, Ye that feel the tempt-er's power;
Your Re-deem-er's con-flict see; Watch with him one bit - ter hour:
Turn not from his griefs a - way; Learn of Je - sus Christ to pray. A-men.

2

Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned,
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3

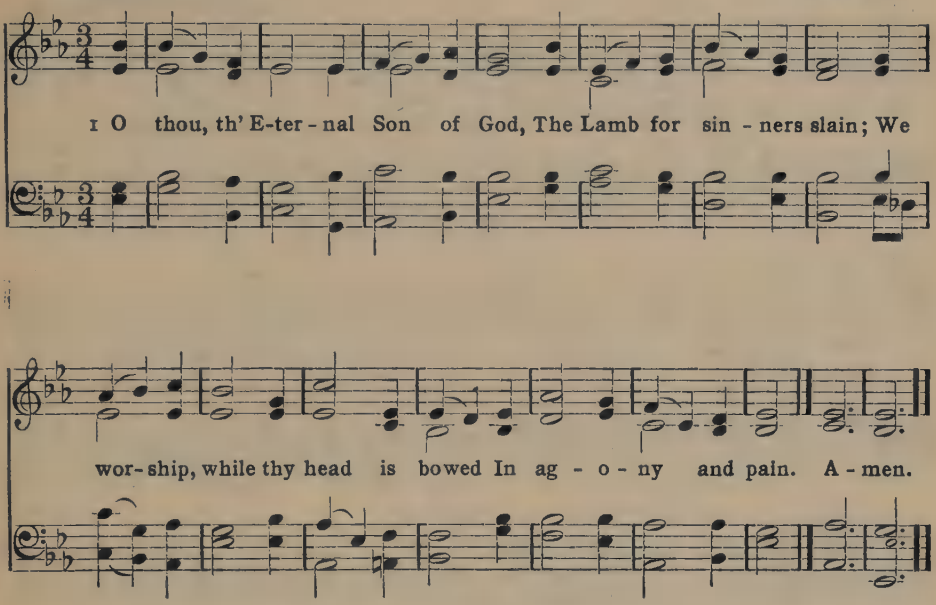
Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished!"—hear the cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4

Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid his breathless clay:
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken him away?
Christ is risen! he meets our eyes.
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

118 James Montgomery, 1820, text of 1853

LEICESTER C. M. W. Hurst, 1b.



2

None tread with thee the holy place;
Thou sufferest alone;
Thine is the perfect sacrifice
Which only can atone.

3

Thou Great High Priest, thy glory-robes
To-day are laid aside;
And human sorrows, Son of Man,
Thy Godhead seem to hide.

4

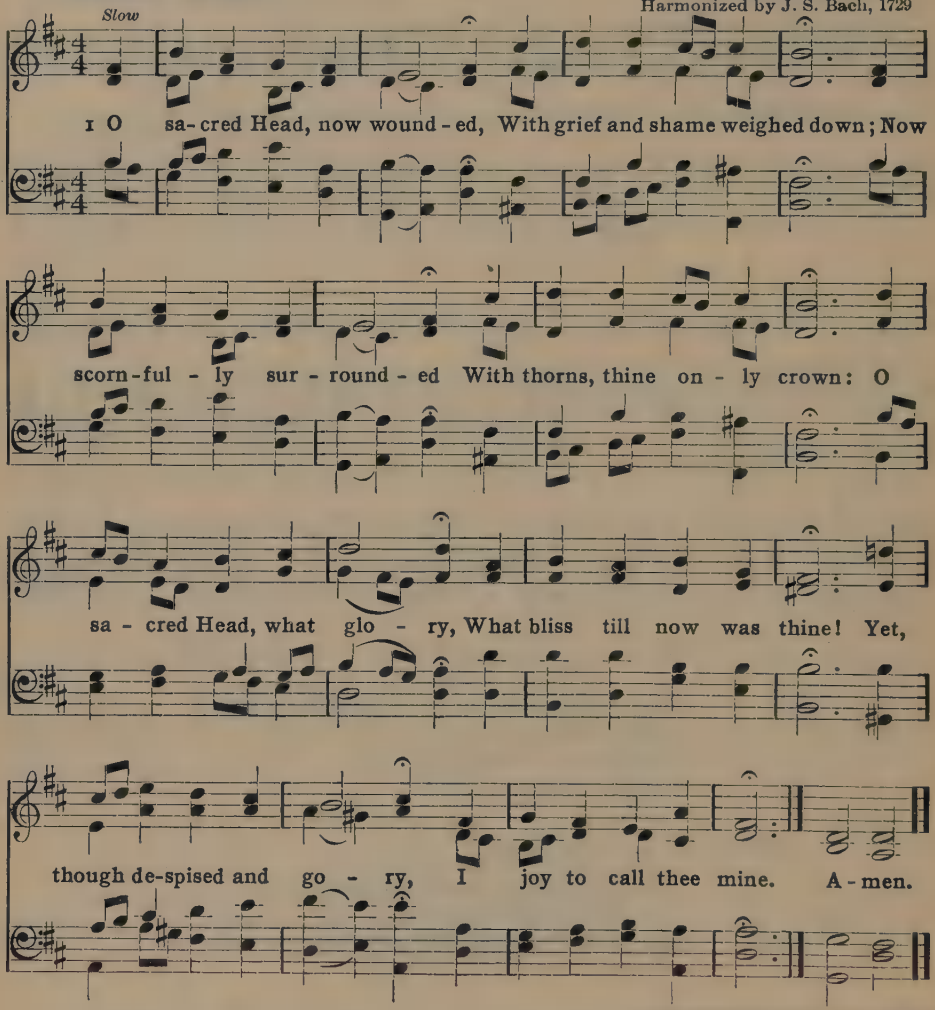
The cross is sharp, but in thy woe
This is the lightest part;
Our sin it is which pierces thee,
And breaks thy sacred heart.

5

Who love thee most, at thy dear cross,
Will truest, Lord, abide;
Make thou that cross our only hope,
O Jesus crucified.

 W. C. Dix, 1864

PASSION CHORALE 7. 6. 8 l.

Hans Leo Hassler, 1601.
Harmonized by J. S. Bach, 1729

Slow
1 O sa-cred Head, now wound-ed, With grief and shame weighed down; Now
scorn-ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, thine on - ly crown: O
sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss till now was thine! Yet,
though de-spised and go - ry, I joy to call thee mine. A-men.

To the Suffering Face of Jesus Christ

2

O noblest brow and dearest,
In other days the world
All feared when thou appearedst;
What shame on thee is hurled!
How art thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn;
How does that visage languish
Which once was bright as morn!

3

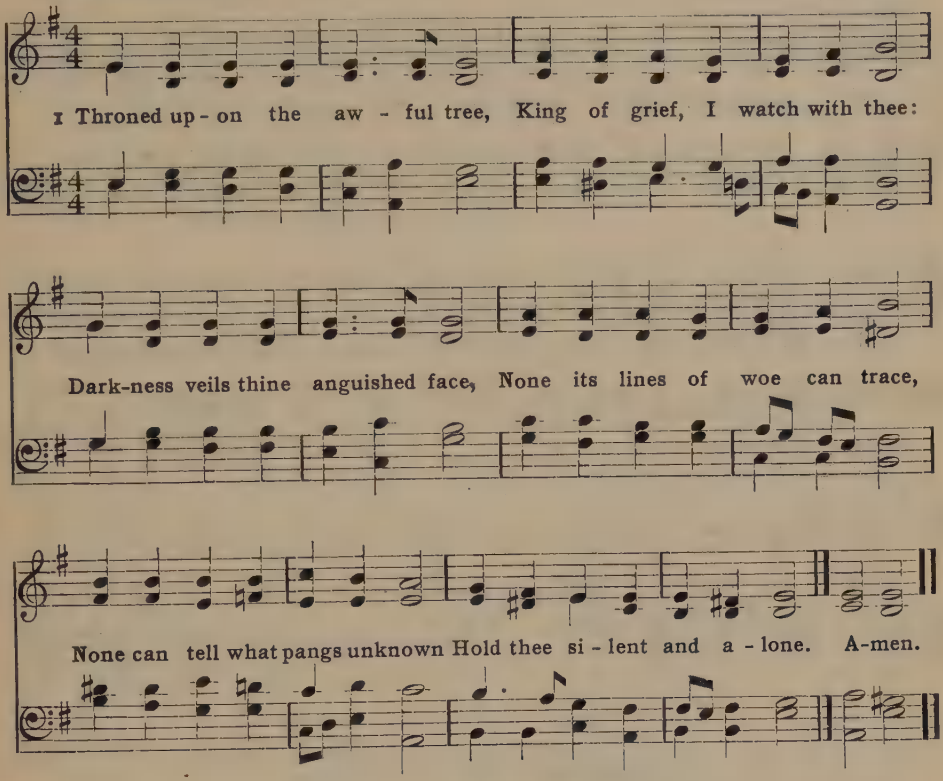
What thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour,
'Tis I deserve thy place;
Look on me with thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

4

What language shall I borrow
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end!
O make me thine for ever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to thee.

Ascribed to Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091-1153; Tr. P. Gerhardt, 1656; Tr. J. W. Alexander, 1830

OUSELEY 7s. 6 l. F. A. G. Ouseley, 1869


1 Throned up - on the aw - ful tree, King of grief, I watch with thee:
Dark-ness veils thine anguished face, None its lines of woe can trace,
None can tell what pangs unknown Hold thee si - lent and a - lone. A-men.

My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?

2

Silent through those three dread hours,
Wrestling with the evil powers,
Left alone with human sin,
Gloom around thee and within,
Till th' appointed time is nigh,
Till the Lamb of God may die.

3

Hark that cry that peals aloud
Upward through the whelming cloud!
Thou, the Father's only Son,
Thou, his own Anointed One,
Thou dost ask him—can it be?
"Why hast thou forsaken Me?"

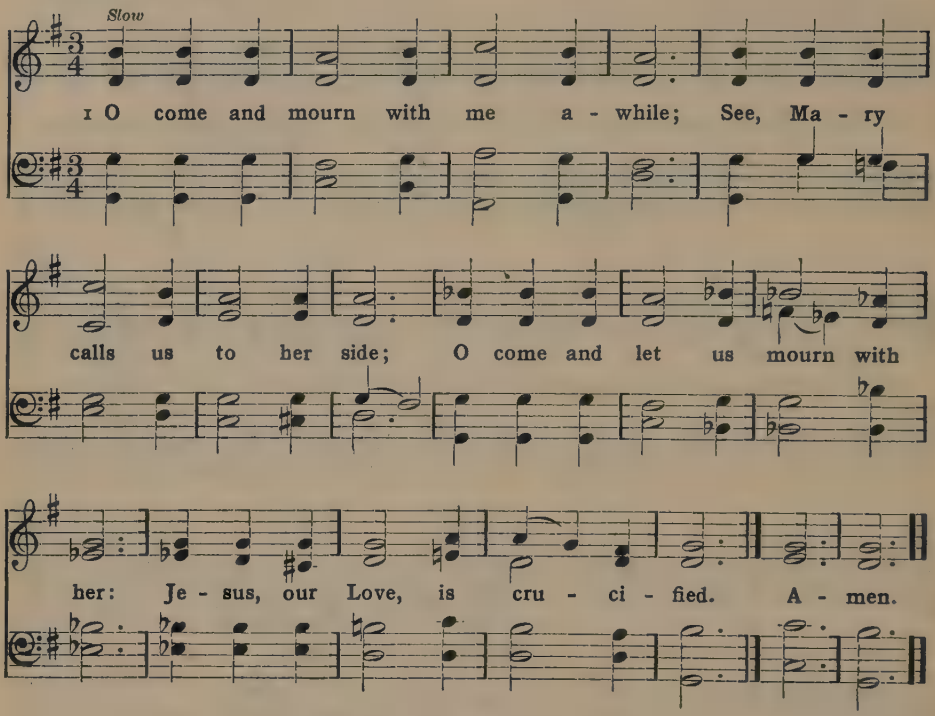
4

Lord, should fear and anguish roll
Darkly o'er my sinful soul,
Thou, who once wast thus bereft
That thine own might ne'er be left—
Teach me by that bitter cry
In the gloom to know thee nigh.

 J. Ellerton, 1875

O COME AND MOURN L. M.

From Beethoven Op. 2, No. 2, arr. L. B. L.


Slow
1 O come and mourn with me a - while; See, Ma - ry
calls us to her side; O come and let us mourn with
her: Je - sus, our Love, is cru - ci - fied. A - men.

2 *John xix : 25*

Have we no tears to shed for him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah, look how patiently he hangs:
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

3

Seven times he spoke, seven words of love;
And all three hours his silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men:
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

4

O break, O break, hard heart of mine;
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
His Pilate and his Judas were:
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

5

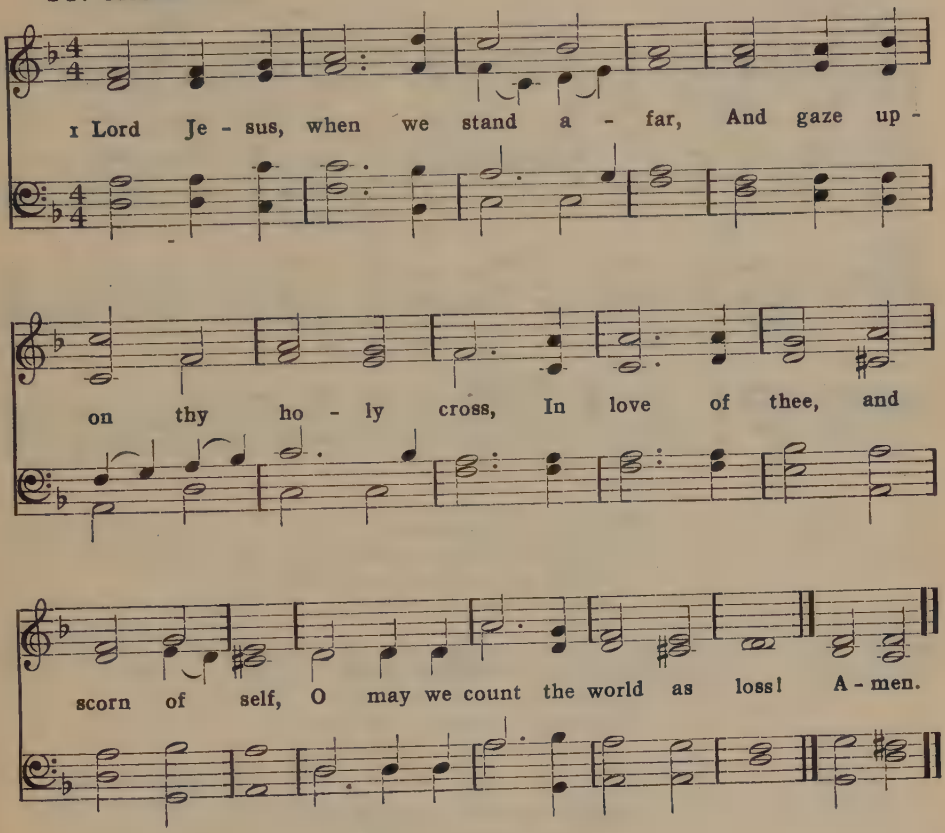
A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied;
A broken heart love's cradle is:
Jesus, our love is crucified.

6

O Love of God! O sin of Man!
In this dread act your strength is tried;
And victory remains with Love:
For he, our Love, is crucified.

122 F. W. Faber, 1849

ST. CROSS L. M. J. B. Dykes, 1861


1 Lord Je - sus, when we stand a - far, And gaze up -
on thy ho - ly cross, In love of thee, and
scorn of self, O may we count the world as loss! A - men.

2

When we behold thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.

3

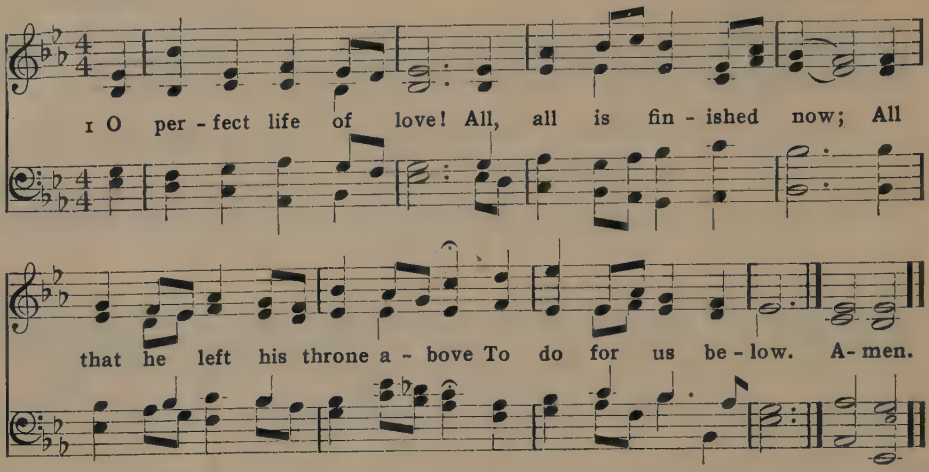
O holy Lord, uplifted high,
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe
Embracing in thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below;

4

Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see:
And in the mystery of thy death
Draw us and all men unto thee.

W. W. How, 1854

CARLISLE S. M. C. Lockhart, 1745–1815



2
No work is left undone
Of all the Father willed;
His toil, his sorrows, one by one,
The Scripture have fulfilled.

3
No pain that we can share
But he has felt its smart;
All forms of human grief and care
Have pierced that tender heart.

4
And on his thorn-crowned head,
And on his sinless soul,
Our sins in all their guilt were laid
That he might make us whole.

5
In perfect love he dies;
For me he dies, for me:
O all-atoning Sacrifice,
I cling by faith to thee.

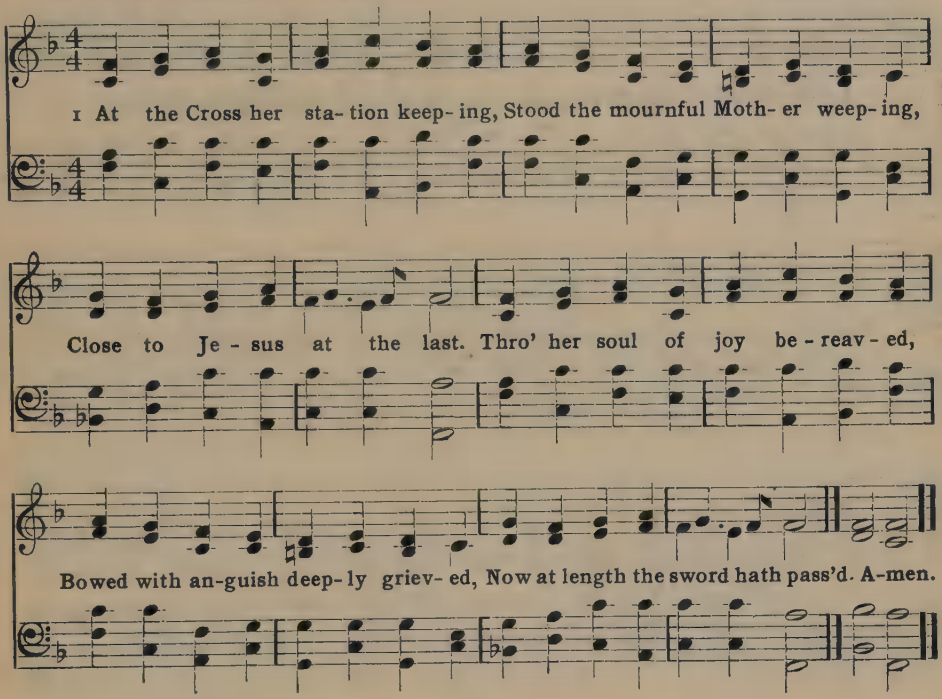
6
In every time of need,
Before the judgment-throne,
Thy work, O Lamb of God, I'll plead,
Thy merits, not my own.

7
Yet work, O Lord, in me,
As thou for me hast wrought;
And let my love the answer be
To grace thy love has brought.

124 H. W. Baker, 1875

STABAT MATER 8. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

French Melody


1 At the Cross her sta- tion keep- ing, Stood the mournful Moth- er weep- ing,
Close to Je - sus at the last. Thro' her soul of joy be - reav - ed,
Bowed with an-guish deep- ly griev- ed, Now at length the sword hath pass'd. A-men.

2

Who on Christ's dear Mother gazing,
In her trouble so amazing,
Born of woman, would not weep?
Who on Christ's dear Mother thinking,
Such a cup of sorrow drinking,
Would not share her sorrow deep?

3

For his people's sins, in anguish,
There she saw the victim languish,
Bleed in torments, bleed and die:
Saw the Lord's Anointed taken;
Saw her Child in death forsaken;
Heard his last expiring cry.

4

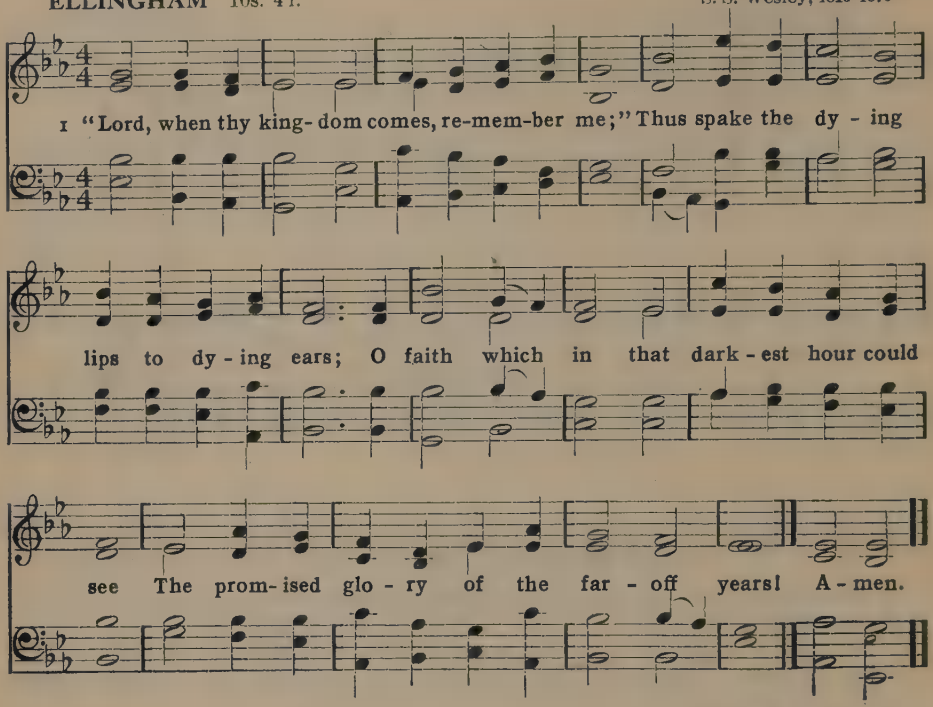
In the Passion of my Maker,
By my sinful soul partaker,
May I bear with her my part;
Of his Passion bear the token,
In a spirit bowed and broken
Bear his death within my heart.

5

Jesus, may thy Cross defend me,
And thy saving death befriend me,
Cherished by thy deathless grace:
When to dust my dust returneth,
Grant a soul that to thee yearneth,
In thy Paradise a place.

Ascribed to Jacopone da Todi, d. 1306:
Tr. Richard Mant, Aubrey de Vere, and others

ELLINGHAM 10s. 4 l. S. S. Wesley, 1810-1876


1 "Lord, when thy king- dom comes, re-mem-ber me;" Thus spake the dy - ing
lips to dy - ing ears; O faith which in that dark - est hour could
see The prom- ised glo - ry of the far - off years! A - men.

" Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise"

2

No kingly sign declares that glory now,
No ray of hope lights up that awful hour;
A thorny crown surrounds the bleeding brow,
The hands are stretched in weakness, not in power.

3

Hark! through the gloom the dying Saviour saith,
"Thou too shalt rest in Paradise to-day;"
O words of love to answer words of faith!
O words of hope for those that live to pray!

4

Lord, when with dying lips my prayer is said,
Grant that in faith thy kingdom I may see;
And, thinking on thy Cross and bleeding head,
May breathe my parting words, "Remember me."

5

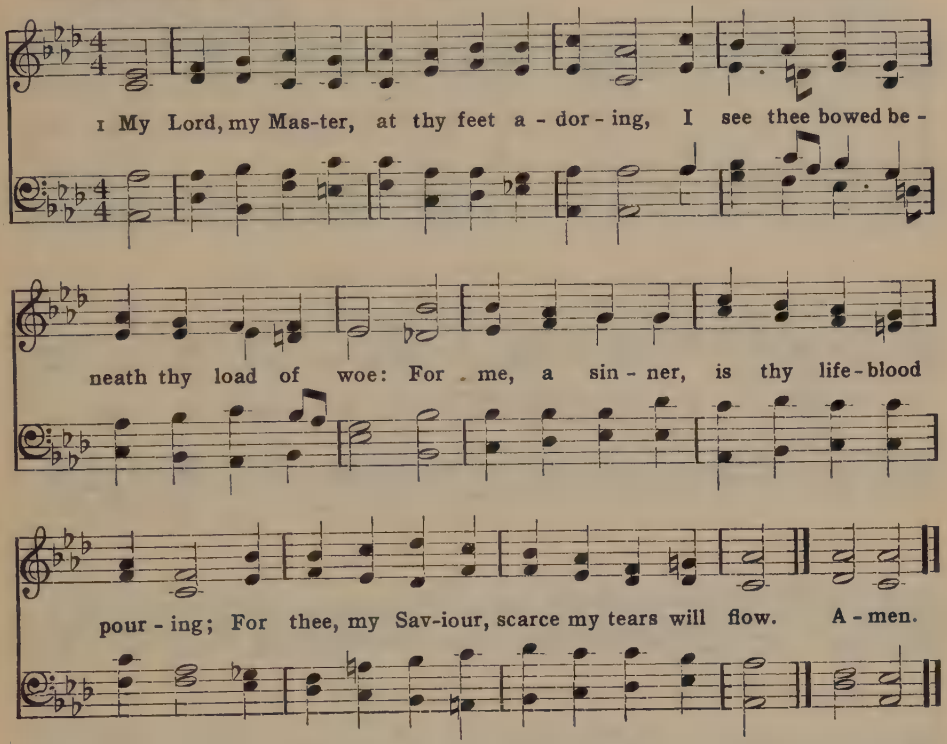
Remember me, but not my shame or sin;
Thy cleansing Blood hath washed them all away;
Thy precious death for me did pardon win;
Thy Blood redeemed me in that awful day.

6

Remember me; and, ere I pass away,
Speak thou th' assuring word that sets us free,
And make thy promise to my heart, "To-day
Thou too shalt rest in Paradise with me."

126 W. D. Maclagan, 1826-1910

ZU MEINEM HERRN 11. 10. 11. 10. J. Schicht 1753–1823


1 My Lord, my Mas-ter, at thy feet a - dor - ing, I see thee bowed be -
neath thy load of woe: For me, a sin - ner, is thy life-blood
pour - ing; For thee, my Sav-iour, scarce my tears will flow. A - men.

1 Peter iv: 1

2

Thine own disciple to the Jews has sold thee;
With friendship's kiss and loyal word he came:
How oft of faithful love my lips have told thee,
While thou hast seen my falsehood and my shame.

3

With taunts and scoffs they mock what seems thy weakness,
With blows and outrage adding pain to pain:
Thou art unmoved and steadfast in thy meekness;
When I am wronged how quickly I complain.

4

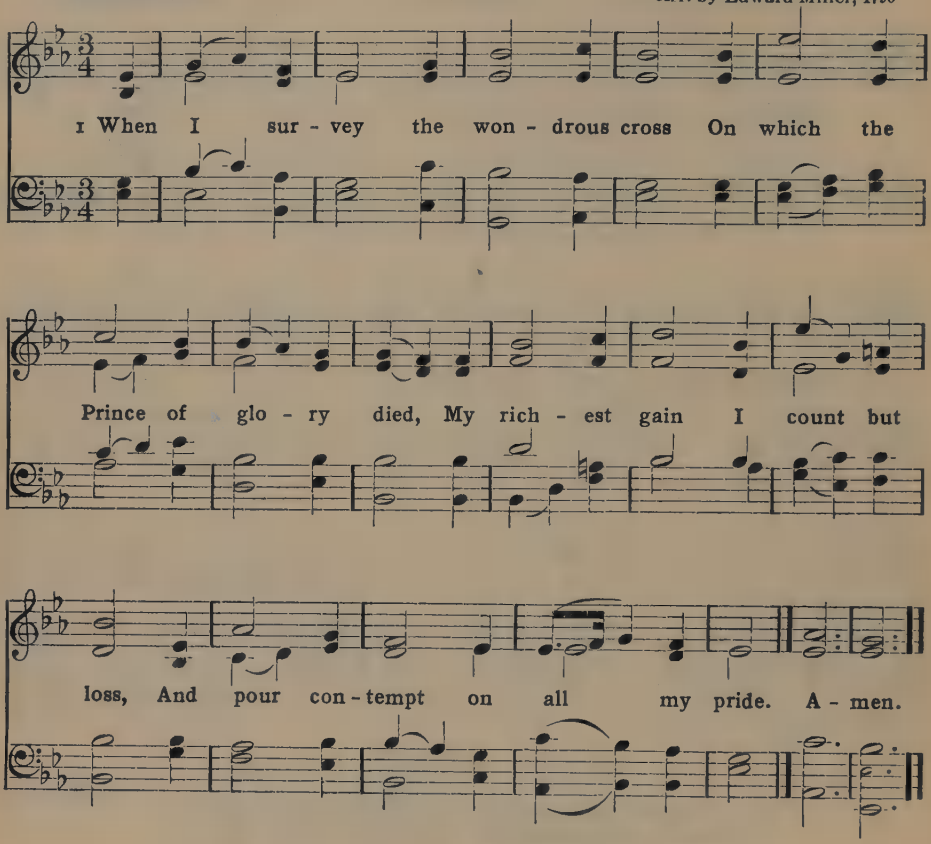
My Lord, my Saviour, when I see thee wearing
Upon thy bleeding brow the crown of thorn,
Shall I for pleasure live, or shrink from bearing
Whate'er my lot may be of pain or scorn?

5

O Victim of thy love! O pangs most healing!
O saving death! O wounds that I adore!
Shame most glorious! Christ, before thee kneeling,
I pray thee keep me thine for evermore.

 J. Bridane, 1701-1767: Tr. T. B. Pollock, 1887

ROCKINGHAM L. M. First Tune Arr. by Edward Miller, 1790


1 When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the
Prince of glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I count but
loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride. A - men.

2 *Galatians vi: 14*

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3

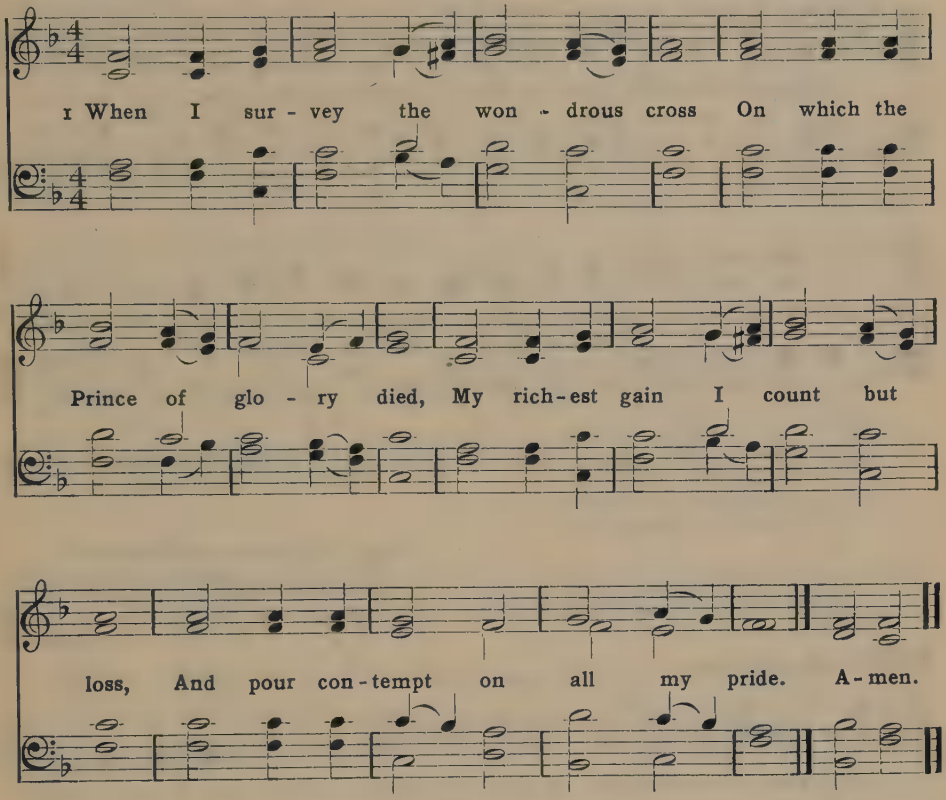
See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so Divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

 Isaac Watts 1707

HAMBURG L. M. Second Tune Arr. from a Gregorian Chant by Lowell Mason, 1824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Galatians vi: 14.

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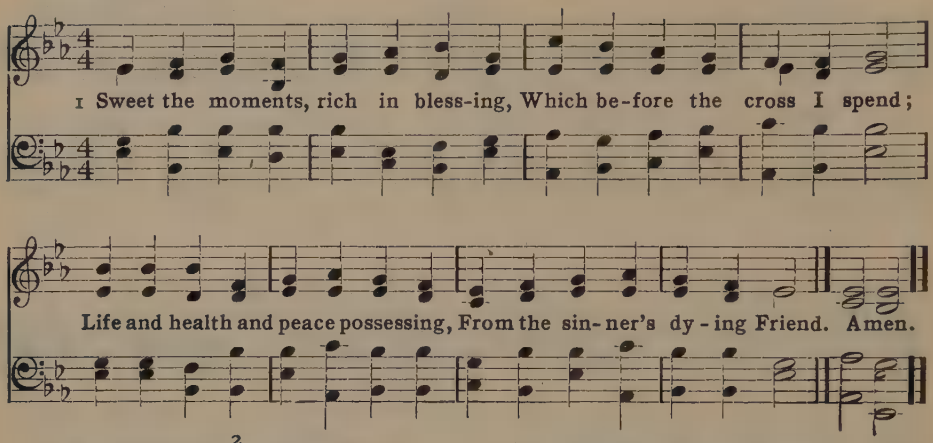
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so Divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

 Isaac Watts, 1707

BATTY 8. 7. 8. 7. First Tune German, 1745


1 Sweet the moments, rich in bless-ing, Which be-fore the cross I spend;
Life and health and peace possessing, From the sin-ner's dy-ing Friend. Amen.

2

Truly blèssed is this station
Low before his cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Pleading in his languid eye.

3

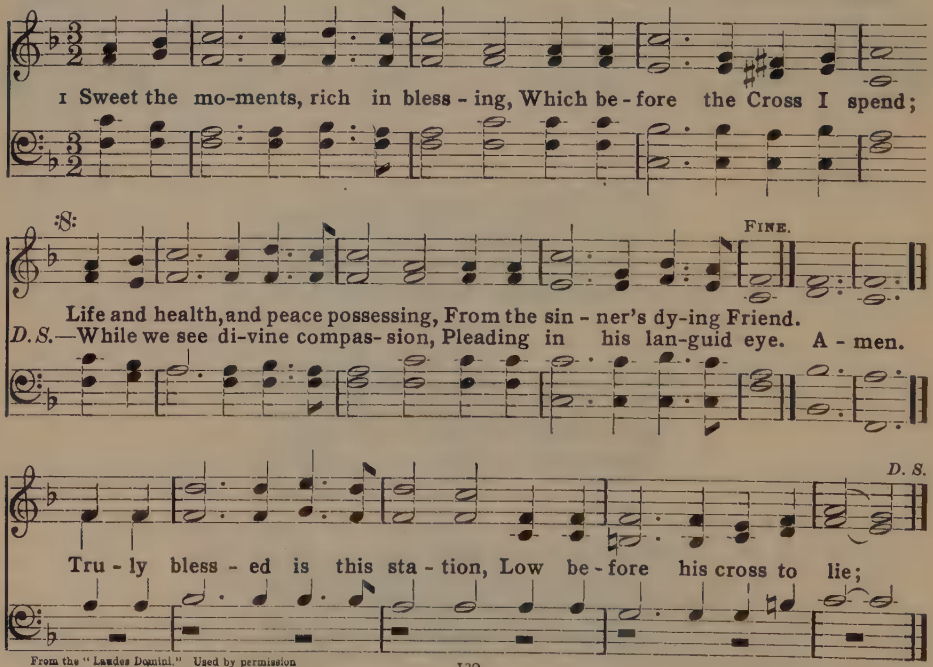
Love and grief my heart dividing
With my tears his feet I'll bathe,
Constant still in faith abiding
Life deriving from his death.

4

Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix our hearts and eyes on thee,
Till we taste thy full salvation
And unveiled thy glories see.

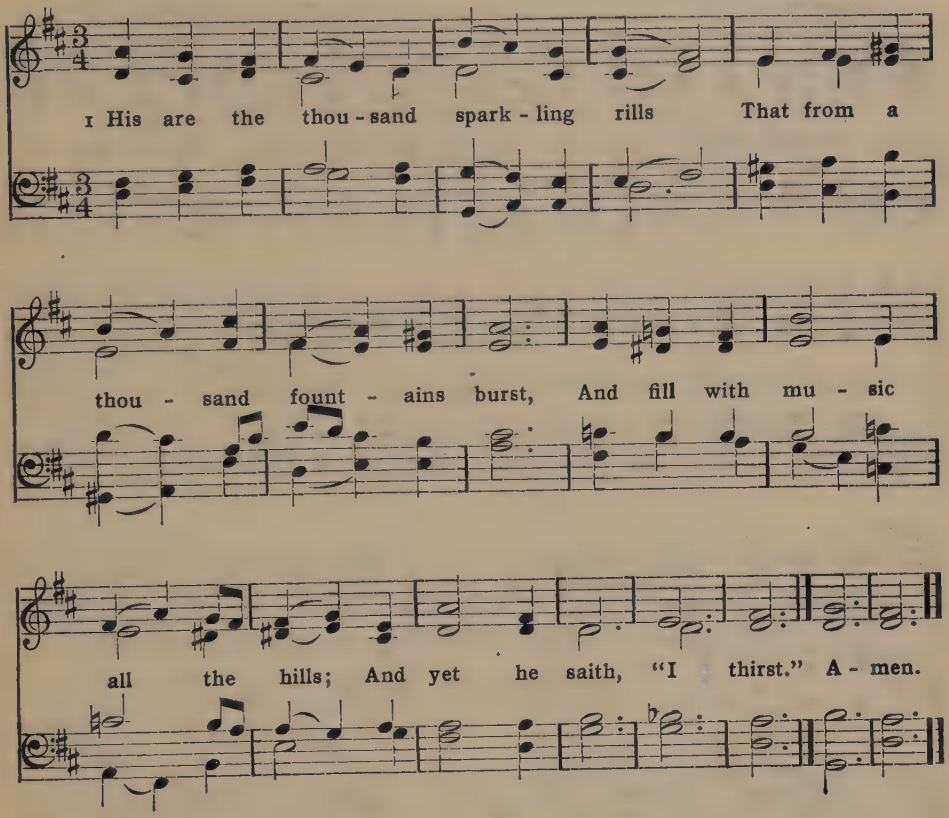
Walter Shirley, 1770, and others

129 **ARMSTRONG** 8. 7. D. Second Tune Arr. from B. Richards


1 Sweet the mo-ments, rich in bless-ing, Which be-fore the Cross I spend;
:S:
FINE.
Life and health, and peace possessing, From the sin-ner's dy-ing Friend.
D. S.—While we see di-vine compas-sion, Pleading in his lan-guid eye. A-men.
D. S.
Tru-ly bless-ed is this sta-tion, Low be-fore his cross to lie;

From the "Laudes Domini." Used by permission

ASSISI 8. 8. 8. 6. F. H. Champneys, 1848—


1 His are the thou - sand spark - ling rills That from a
thou - sand fount - ains burst, And fill with mu - sic
all the hills; And yet he saith, "I thirst." A - men.

2

All fiery pangs on battlefields,
On fever beds where sick men toss,
Are in that human cry he yields
To anguish on the Cross.

3

But more than pains that racked him then
Was the deep longing thirst divine
That thirsted for the souls of men:
Dear Lord! and one was mine.

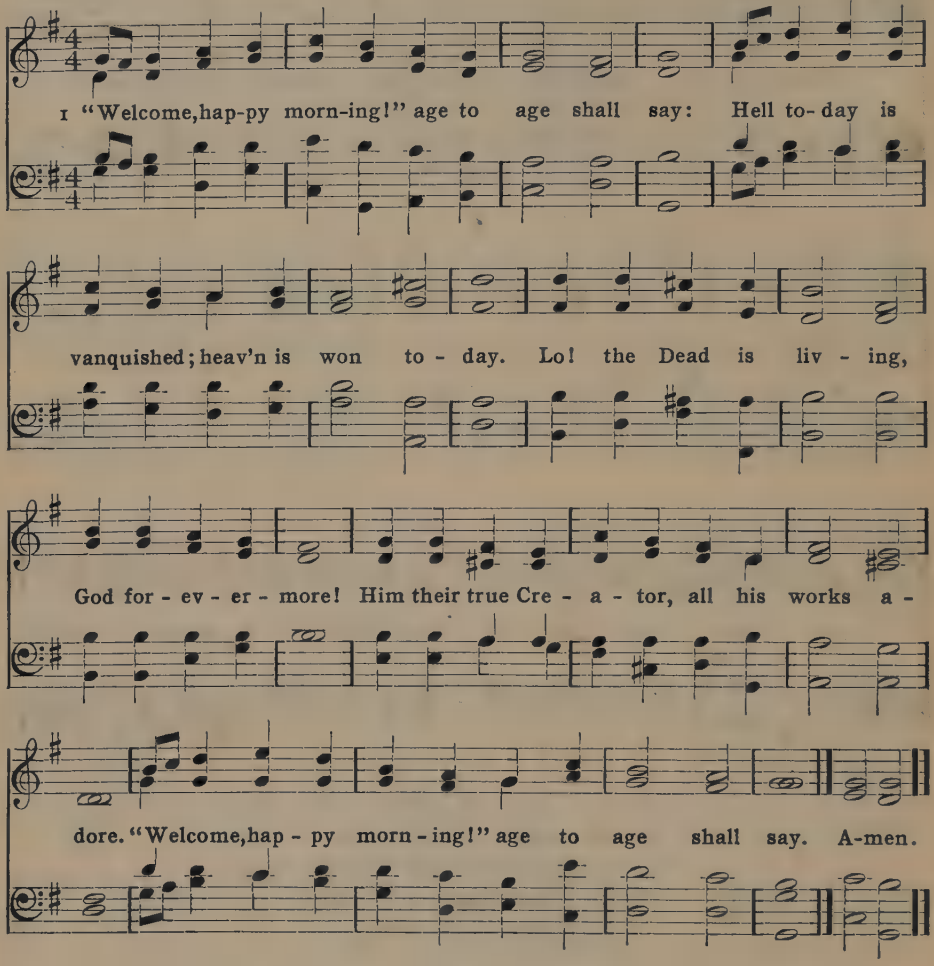
4

O Love most patient, give me grace;
Make all my soul athirst for thee:
That parched dry lip, that fading face,
That thirst, were all for me.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander, 1823-95

His Resurrection

FORTUNATUS 11s. 5 l. Arthur Sullivan, 1872


1 "Welcome, hap-py morn-ing!" age to age shall say: Hell to-day is
vanquished; heav'n is won to-day. Lo! the Dead is liv-ing,
God for-ev-er-more! Him their true Cre-a-tor, all his works a-
dore. "Welcome, hap-py morn-ing!" age to age shall say. A-men.

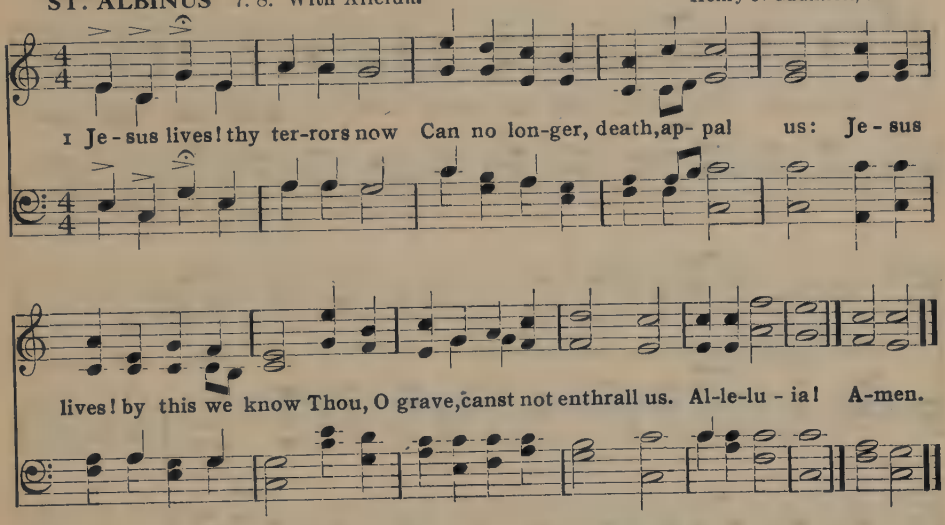
2

Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All good gifts returned with her returning King:
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak his sorrows ended, hail his triumph now.
Hell to-day is vanquished; heaven is won to-day.

3

Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments praise thee in their flight;
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to thee.
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

ST. ALBINUS 7. 8. With Alleluia — Henry J. Gauntlett, 1852


1 Je - sus lives! thy ter-rors now Can no lon-ger, death, ap- pal us: Je - sus
lives! by this we know Thou, O grave, canst not enthrall us. Al-le-lu - ia! A-men.

2

Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!

3

Jesus lives! for us he died;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!

4

Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Naught from us his love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from his keeping ever.
Alleluia!

5

Jesus lives! to him the throne
Over all the world is given:
May we go where he has gone,
Rest and reign with him in heaven.
Alleluia!

C. F. Gellert, 1757:
Tr. Miss F. E. Cox, 1841, and others

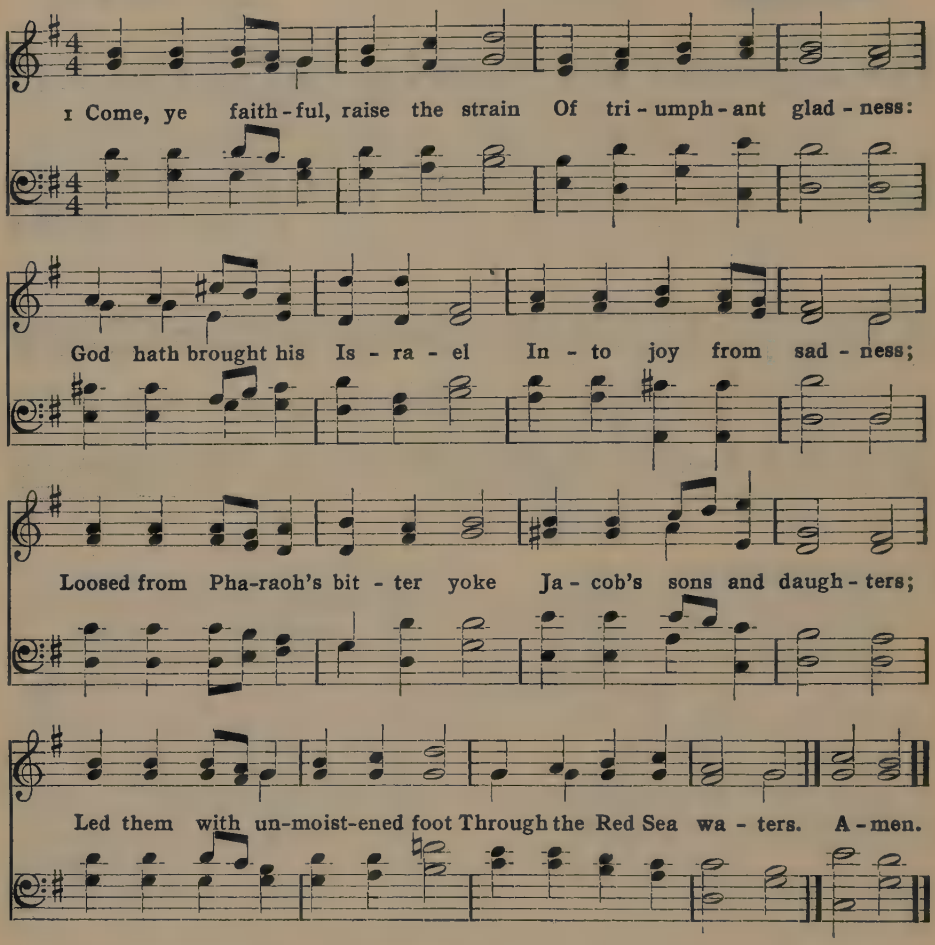
4

Thou, of life the Author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
Come, then, True and Faithful, now fulfil thy word,
'Tis thine own third morning: rise, O buried Lord.
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

5

Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show thy face in brightness, bid the nations see;
Bring again our daylight: day returns with thee.
Hell to-day is vanquished; heaven is won to-day.

Venantius Fortunatus c. 530-609:
Tr. J. Ellerton, 1868

ST. KEVIN 7. 6. 8 l. Arthur Sullivan, 1872

1 Come, ye faith-ful, raise the strain Of tri-umph-ant glad-ness:
God hath brought his Is-ra-el In-to joy from sad-ness;
Loosed from Pha-raoh's bit-ter yoke Ja-cob's sons and daugh-ters;
Led them with un-moist-ened foot Through the Red Sea wa-ters. A-men.

2

'Tis the spring of souls to-day:
Christ hath burst his prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun hath risen;
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From his light, to whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

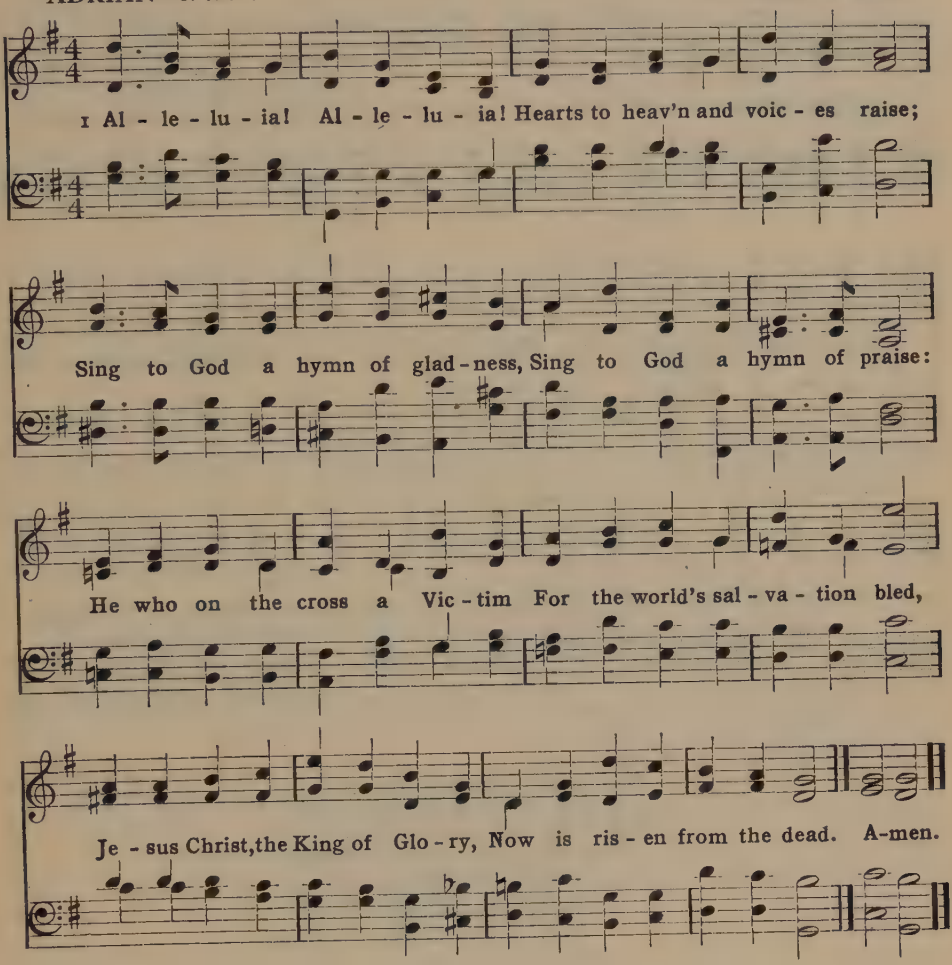
3

Now the Queen of seasons, bright
With the day of splendor,
With the royal feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesus' resurrection.

4

Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold thee as a mortal:
But to-day amidst the Twelve
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That thy peace, which evermore
Passeth human knowing.

John of Damascus (8th cent.):
Tr. J. M. Neale 1850

ADRIAN 8. 7. 8 l. R. P. Stewart, 1825-1894

1 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Hearts to heav'n and voic - es raise;
Sing to God a hymn of glad - ness, Sing to God a hymn of praise:
He who on the cross a Vic - tim For the world's sal - va - tion bled,
Je - sus Christ, the King of Glo - ry, Now is ris - en from the dead. A-men.

2

Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits
Of the holy harvest-field,
Which will all its full abundance
At his second coming yield:
Then the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before him wave,
Ripened by his glorious sun-shine
From the furrows of the grave.

3

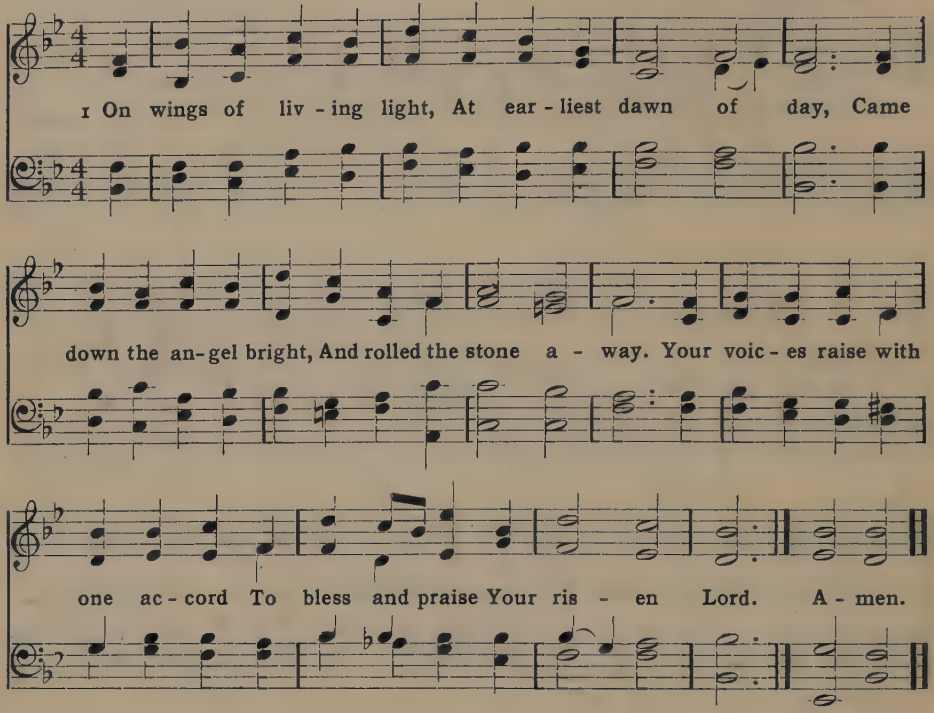
Christ is risen; we are risen.
Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain and dew and gleams of glory
From the brightness of thy face;
That we, Lord, with hearts in heaven,
Here on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel-hands be gathered,
And be ever safe with thee.

4

Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glory be to God on high;
To the Father, and the Saviour
Who has gained the victory;
Glory to the Holy Spirit,
Fount of love and sancity;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
To the Triune Majesty.

C. Wordsworth, 1862

MANSFIELD 6. 6. 6. 6. 4. 4. 4. 4. Joseph Barnby, 1893


1 On wings of liv - ing light, At ear - liest dawn of day, Came
down the an - gel bright, And rolled the stone a - way. Your voic - es raise with
one ac - cord To bless and praise Your ris - en Lord. A - men.

Matthew xxviii: 1–6

2

The keepers watching near,
At that dread sight and sound,
Fell down with sudden fear,
Like dead men, to the ground.
Your voices raise
With one accord
To bless and praise
Your risen Lord.

3

Then rose from death's dark gloom,
Unseen by mortal eye,
Triumphant o'er the tomb,
The Lord of earth and sky.

4

Ye children of the light,
Arise with him, arise:
See how the Day-star bright
Is burning in the skies!

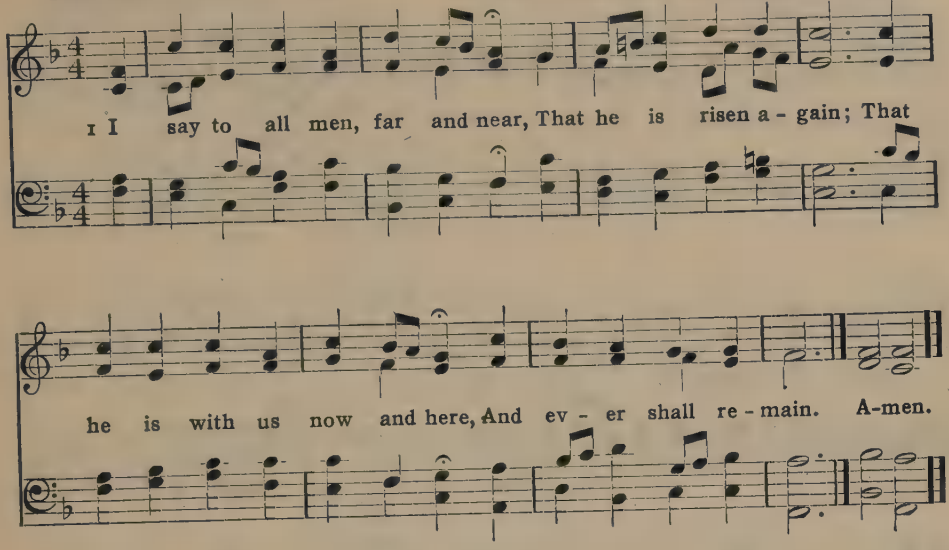
5

Leave in the grave beneath
The old things passed away;
Buried with him in death,
O live with him to-day.

136 William W. How, 1872

RESURRECTION C. M.

Arr. from Nicolaus Hermann, 1560



2

And what I say, let each this morn
Go tell it to his friend,
That soon in every place shall dawn
His Kingdom without end.

3

Now first to souls who thus awake
Seems earth a Fatherland:
A new and endless life they take
With rapture from his hand.

4

The fears of death and of the grave
Are whelmed beneath the sea,
And every heart, now light and brave,
May face the things to be.

5

Now let the mourner grieve no more,
Though his beloved sleep,
A happier meeting shall restore
Their light to eyes that weep.

6

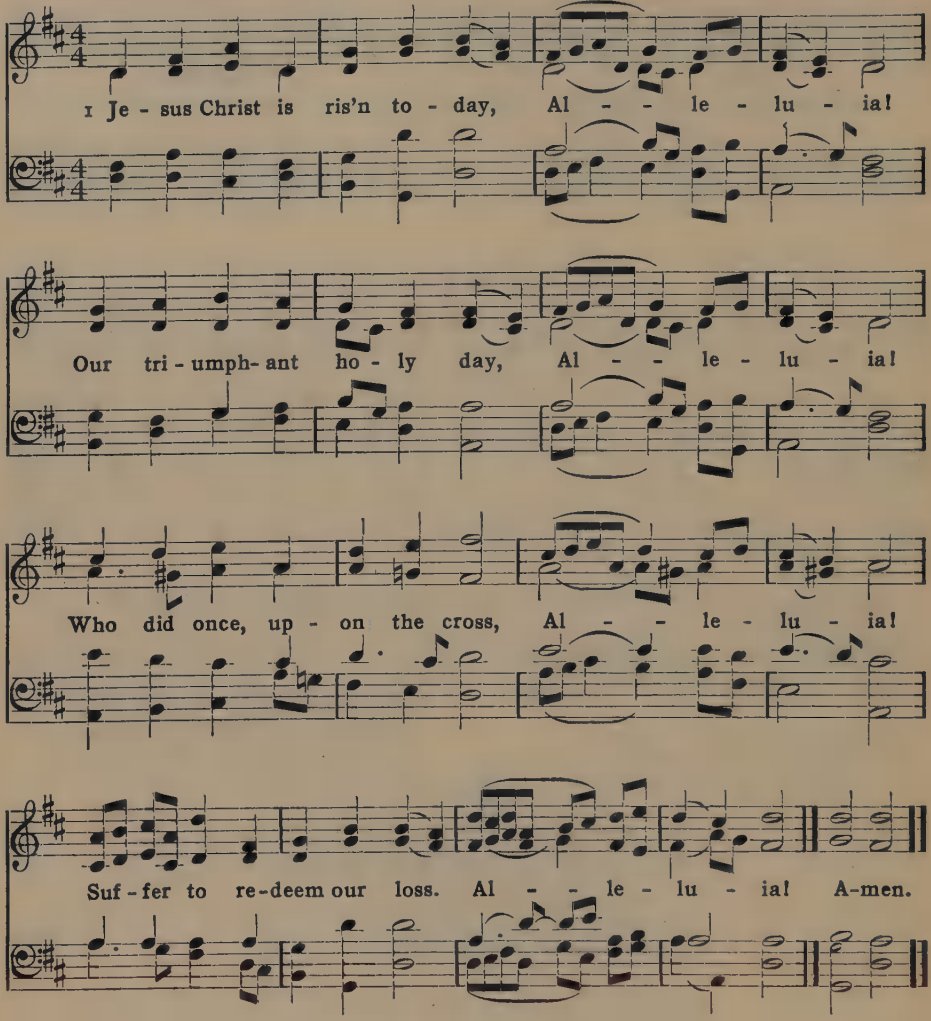
Now every heart each noble deed
With new resolve may dare,
A glorious harvest shall the seed
In brighter regions bear.

7

He lives, his presence hath not ceased,
Though foes and fears be rife;
And thus we hail in Easter's feast
A world renewed to life!

G. F. P. Von Hardenburg, 1790:
Tr. Catherine Winkworth 1858

EASTER HYMN 7s. 4 l. With Alleluias — Lyra Davidica, 1708


1 Je - sus Christ is ris'n to - day, Al - - - le - lu - ia!
Our tri - umph- ant ho - ly day, Al - - - le - lu - ia!
Who did once, up - on the cross, Al - - - le - lu - ia!
Suf - fer to re-deem our loss. Al - - - le - lu - ia! A-men.

2

Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia!

3

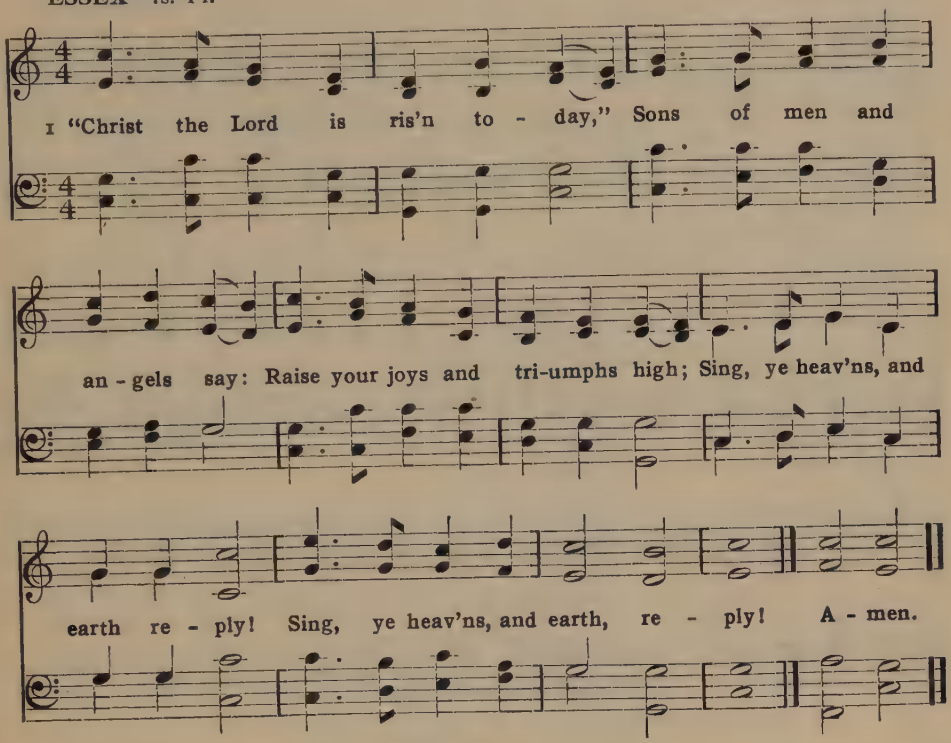
But the pains which he endured,
Our salvation have procured;
Now above the sky he's King,
Where the angels ever sing
Alleluia!

4

Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Alleluia!

Lyra Davidica 1708 and Supplement to New Version, 1816
(Based partly on Latin 14th cent.) last st. C. Wesley

ESSEX 7s. 4 l. Thomas Clark, 1805


1 "Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day," Sons of men and
an - gels say: Raise your joys and tri-umphs high; Sing, ye heav'ns, and
earth re - ply! Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth, re - ply! A - men.

Matthew xxviii : 1–6
1 Corinthians xv : 55

2

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ has opened Paradise.

3

Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died, our souls to save:
Where thy victory, O grave?

4

Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

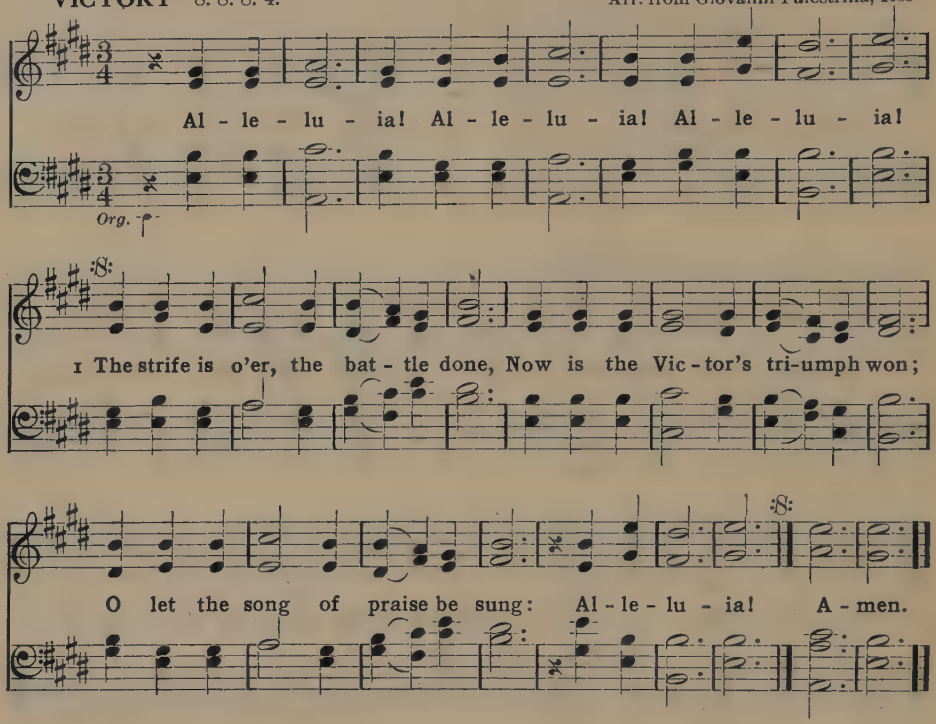
5

Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to thee by both be given:
Thee we greet triumphant now:
Hail, the Resurrection thou!

Charles Wesley, 1739

VICTORY 8. 8. 8. 4.

Arr. from Giovanni Palestrina, 1588


Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
Org.
1 The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done, Now is the Vic - tor's tri - umph won;
O let the song of praise be sung: Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

2

Death's mightiest powers have done their worst,
And Jesus hath his foes dispersed;
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst:
Alleluia!

3

On the third morn he rose again
Glorious in majesty to reign;
O let us swell the joyful strain:
Alleluia!

4

He brake the age-bound chains of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise his triumph tell:
Alleluia!

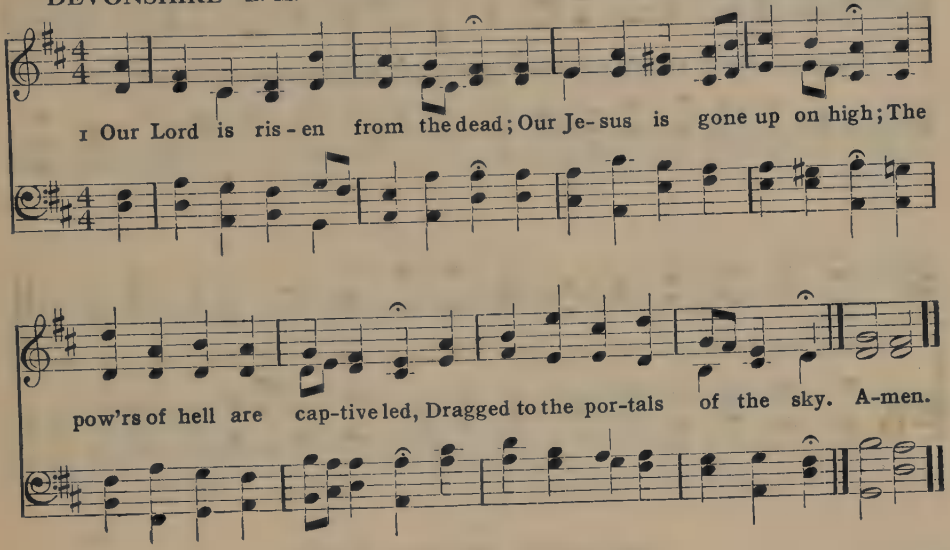
5

Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee
From death's dread sting thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to thee:
Alleluia!

Anon. (Latin): Tr. Francis Pott, 1861

His Ascension and Priesthood

DEVONSHIRE L. M. J. F. Lampe, 1693-1751


1 Our Lord is ris-en from the dead; Our Je-sus is gone up on high; The
pow'rs of hell are cap-tive led, Dragged to the por-tals of the sky. A-men.

Psalm xxiv: 7–10

2
There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,"
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

3
Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right;
Receive the King of glory in.

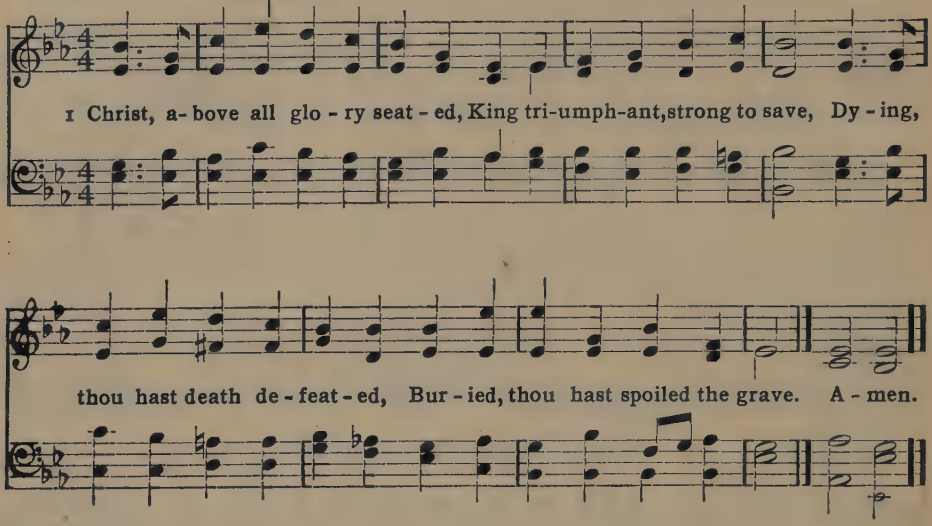
4
Who is the King of glory, Who?
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

5
Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,"
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

6
Who is the King of glory, Who?
The Lord, of boundless power possessed,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, forever blest.

Charles Wesley, 1740

ST. OSWALD 8. 7. 8. 7. J. B. Dykes, 1857


1 Christ, a-bove all glo-ry seat-ed, King tri-umph-ant, strong to save, Dy-ing,
thou hast death de-feat-ed, Bur-ied, thou hast spoiled the grave. A-men.

2 *Acts i: 9-11*

Thou art gone where now is given
What no mortal might could gain,
On th' eternal throne of heaven
In thy Father's power to reign.

3

There thy kingdoms all adore thee,
Heaven above and earth below;
While the depths of hell before thee
Trembling and amazèd bow.

4

We, O Lord, with hearts adoring,
Follow thee beyond the sky:
Hear our prayers thy grace imploring,
Lift our souls to thee on high.

5

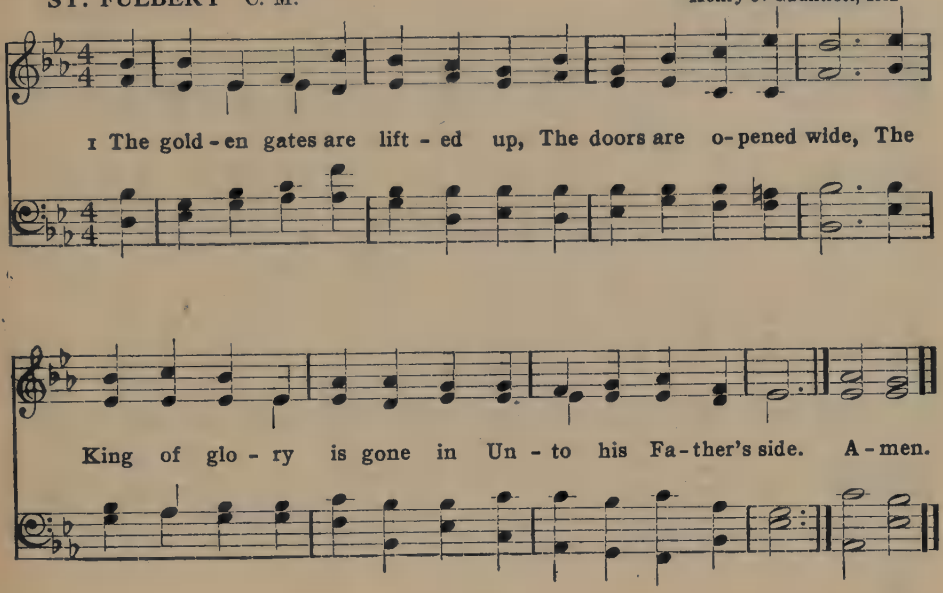
So when thou again in glory
On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,
We thy flock may stand before thee,
Owned for evermore as thine.

6

Hail! all hail! In thee confiding,
Jesus, Thee shall all adore,
In thy Father's might abiding
With one Spirit evermore.

Anon. (Latin 6th or 7th Cent.):
Tr. J. R. Woodford, 1852

ST. FULBERT C. M. Henry J. Gauntlett, 1852



2 *Psalm xxiv: 7-10 Acts i: 9*

Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
To make for us a place,
That we may be where now thou art
And look upon thy face.

3

And ever on our earthly path
A gleam of glory lies,
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veiled thee from our eyes.

4

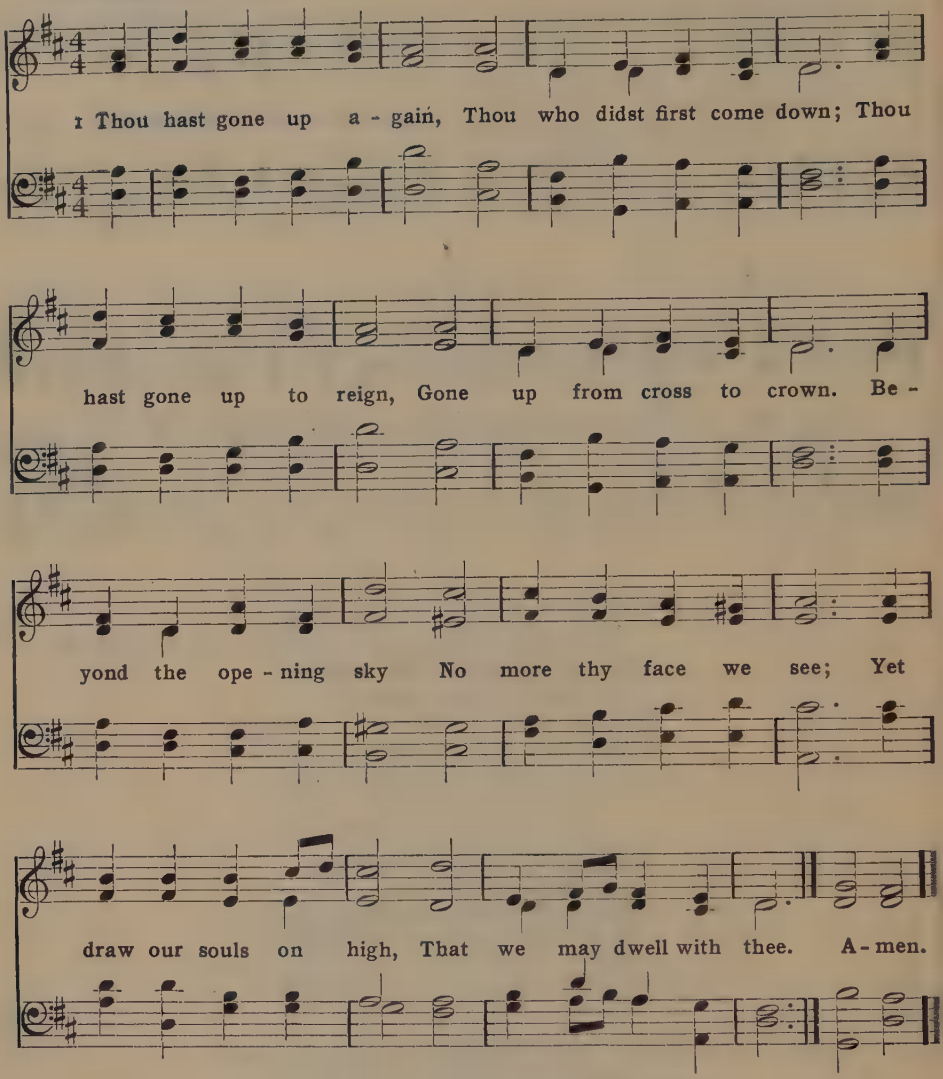
Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds:
Let thy dear grace be given,
That while we wander here below,
Our treasure be in heaven;

5

That where thou art, at God's right hand.
Our hope, our love may be:
Dwell thou in us, that we may dwell
For evermore in thee.

143 Mrs. C. F. Alexander, 1858

HAWARDEN 6s. 8l. S. S. Wesley, 1810–1876


1 Thou hast gone up a - gain, Thou who didst first come down; Thou
hast gone up to reign, Gone up from cross to crown. Be -
yond the ope - ning sky No more thy face we see; Yet
draw our souls on high, That we may dwell with thee. A - men.

Colossians iii: 1

2

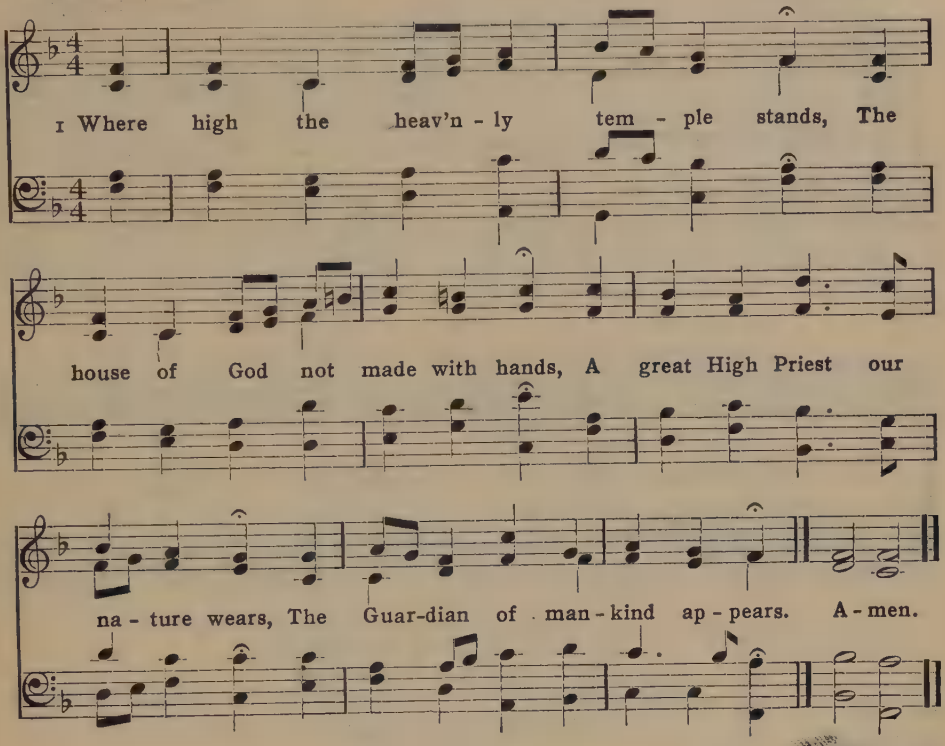
Up to those regions blest
Where faith has fullest sway,
Up to thine endless rest,
Up to thy cloudless day;
Up, up to where thou art,
Fount of unwasting love,
Up to thy mighty heart,
All its great power to prove.

3

Not now for distant heaven
Or future life we pray:
Lord, let thy grace be given
To make us thine to-day.
Here hold us in thy hand,
Here by thy Spirit guide;
So shall our hearts ascend
And still with thee abide.

Eliza Scudder, 1874

ILLSLEY L. M. J. Bishop, 1665–1737


1 Where high the heav'n - ly tem - ple stands, The
house of God not made with hands, A great High Priest our
na - ture wears, The Guar-dian of man - kind ap - pears. A - men.

Hebrews iv; 14–16

2
He who for men their Surety stood,
And poured on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in heaven his mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.

3
Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

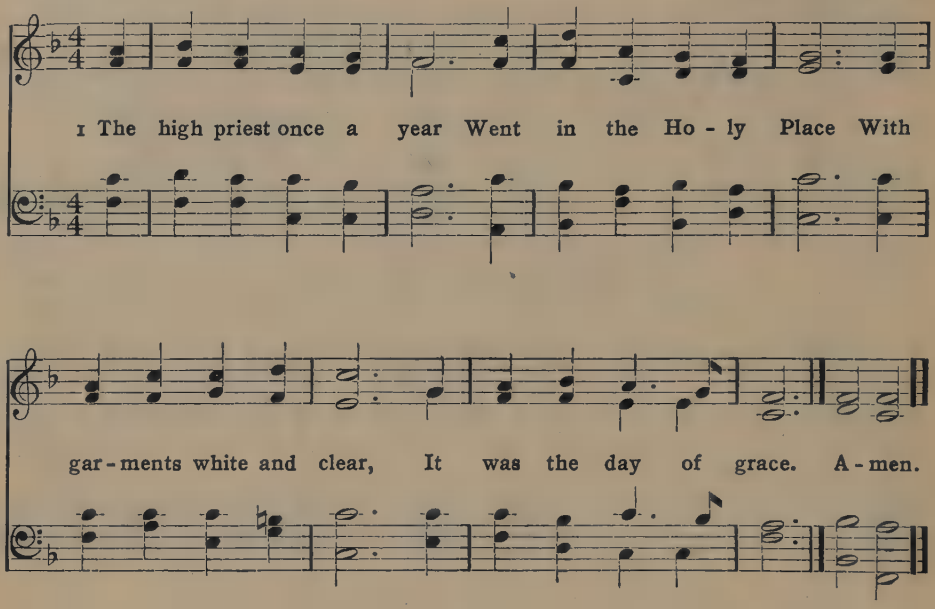
4
Our Fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains,
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, his agonies, and cries.

5
In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

6
With boldness, therefore, at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aids of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

Michael Bruce, c. 1764, and others
(Scottish Paraphrases)

QUAM DILECTA 6s. 4 l. Henry L. Jenner, 1861



Hebrews vii : 25 ix : 24

2

Without the people stood,
While unseen and alone
With incense and with blood
He did for them atone.

3

So we without abide
A few short passing years,
While Christ who for us died
Before our God appears.

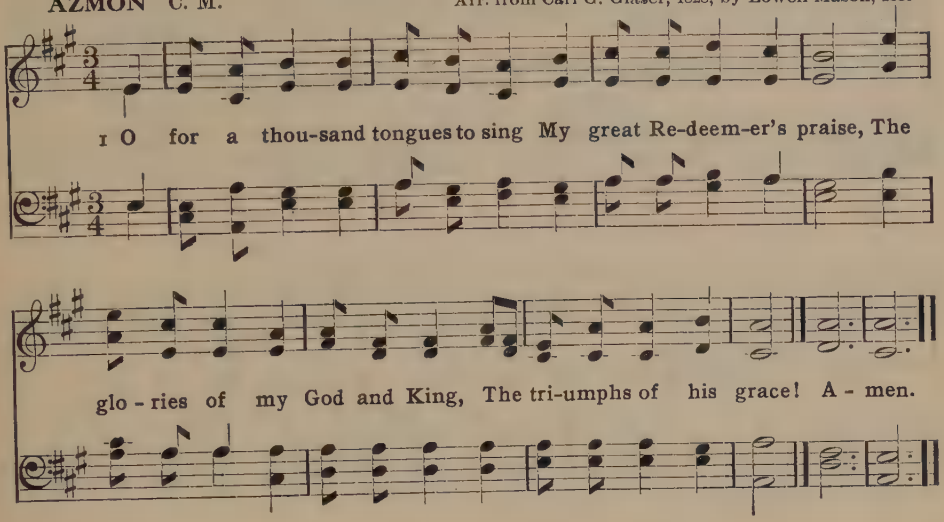
4

Before his Father there
His sacrifice he pleads,
And with unceasing prayer
For us he intercedes.

146 Isaac Williams, 1842

Praise his Name

AZMON C. M. Arr. from Carl G. Gläser, 1828, by Lowell Mason, 1839



2

My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3

Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4

He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5

He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

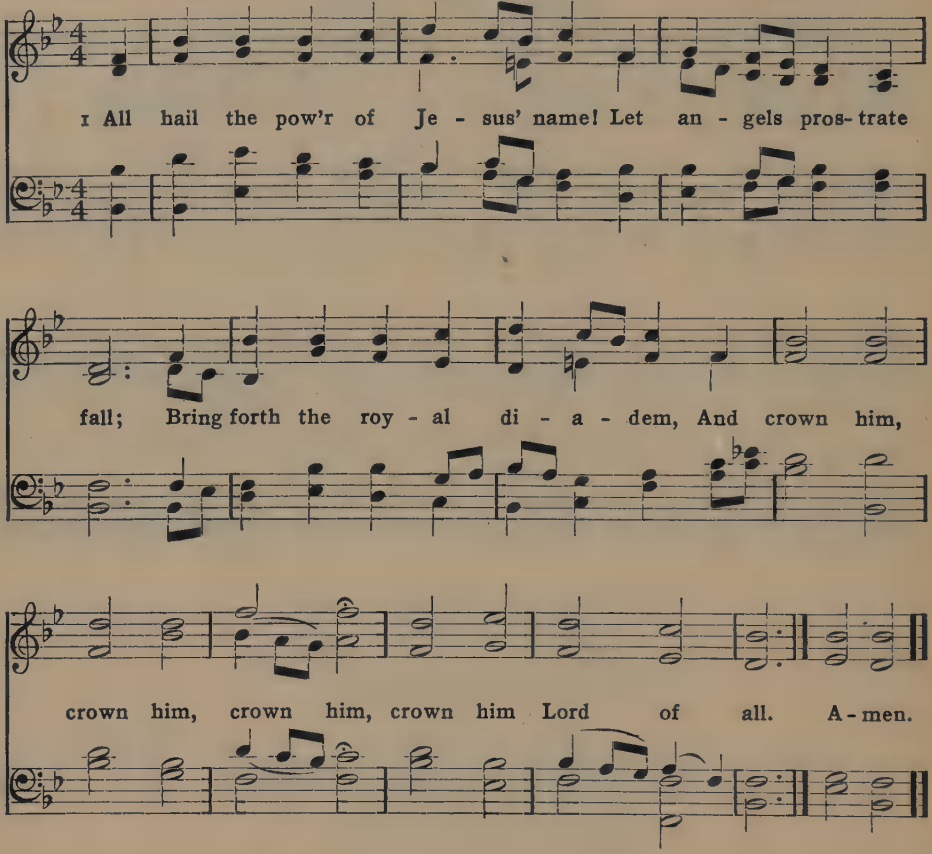
6

Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

147 Charles Wesley, 1840

MILES' LANE C. M.

First Tune — W. Shrubsole, 1779


1 All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros- trate
fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him,
crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all. A - men.

2
Crown him, ye martyrs of your God
Who from his altar call;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

3
Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4
Hail him, the Heir of David's line,
Whom David, Lord did call;
The God incarnate! Man divine!
And crown him Lord of all!

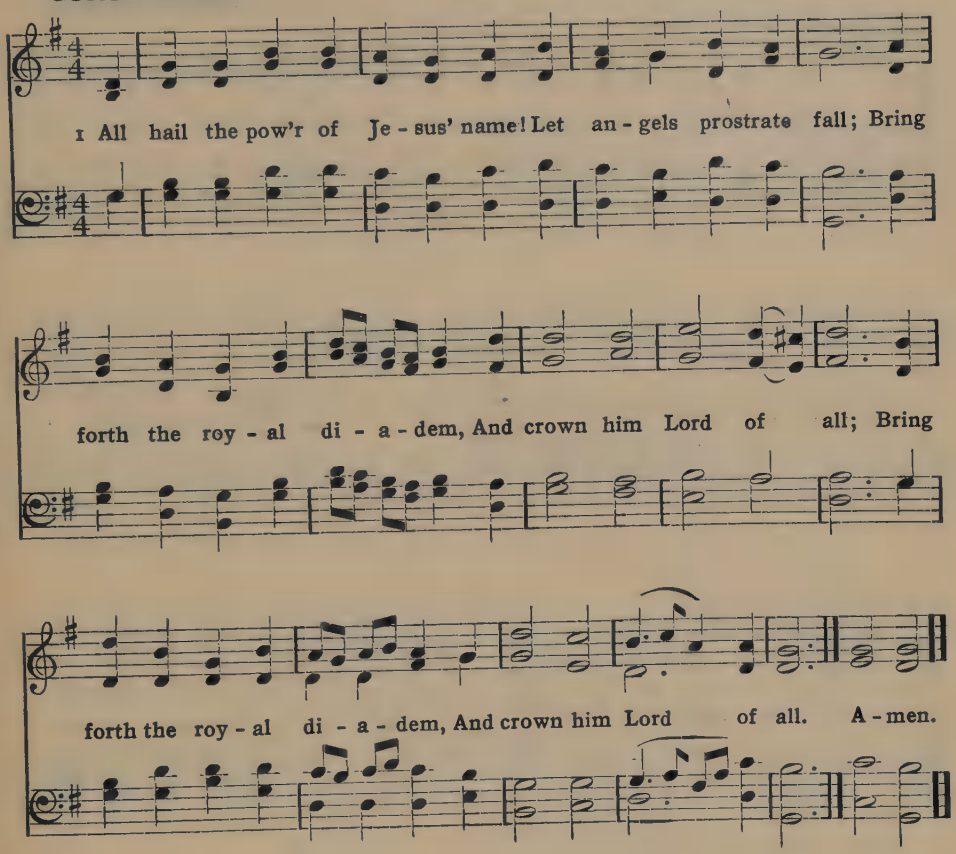
5
Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

6
Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

7
O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

Edward Perronet, 1779, and J. Rippon, 1787

CORONATION C. M. Second Tune O. Holden, 1793


1 All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring
forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all; Bring
forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all. A - men.

2
Crown him, ye martyrs of your God
Who from his altar call;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
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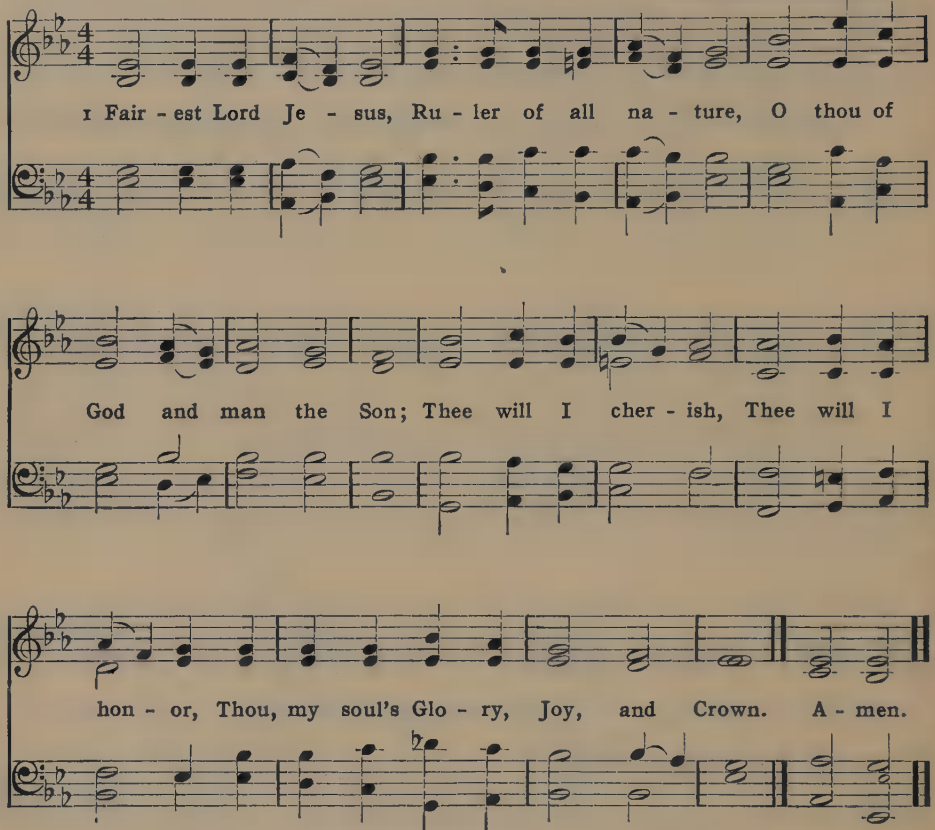
And crown him Lord of all.

7
O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

Edward Perronet, 1779, and J. Rippon, 1787

SCHÖNSTER HERR JESU 5. 6. 8. 5. 5. 8.

German Melody, 1842
From an Old Folk Song


1 Fair - est Lord Je - sus, Ru - ler of all na - ture, O thou of
God and man the Son; Thee will I cher - ish, Thee will I
hon - or, Thou, my soul's Glo - ry, Joy, and Crown. A - men.

Another, and probably the original form of this melody will be found at No. 13

2

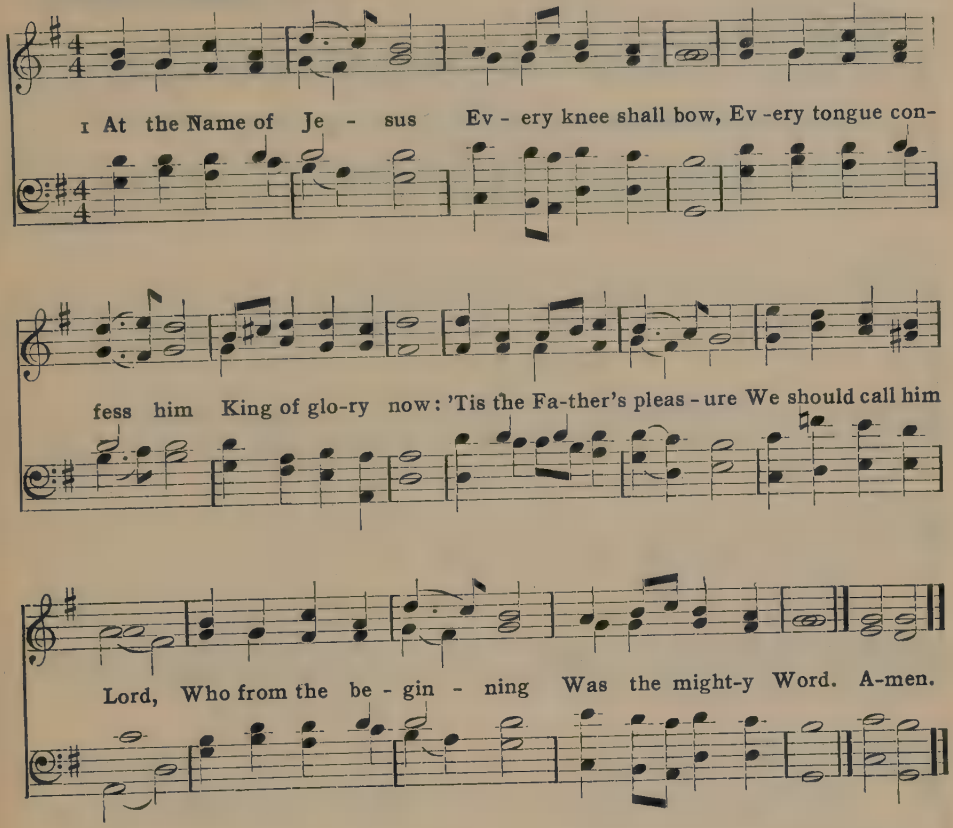
Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring:
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woeful heart to sing,

3

Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,
And all the twinkling, starry host:
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer,
Than all the angels heaven can boast.

Anon. German, (orig. 1677, present form 1842) : Tr. Anon. 1850

PRINCETHORPE 6. 5. 8 l. W. Pitts, 1829—


1 At the Name of Je - sus Ev - ery knee shall bow, Ev -ery tongue con-
fess him King of glo-ry now: 'Tis the Fa-ther's pleas - ure We should call him
Lord, Who from the be - gin - ning Was the might-y Word. A-men.

Phil. ii: 5-11

2
At his voice creation
Sprang at once to sight,
All the angel faces,
All the hosts of light,
Thrones and dominations,
Stars upon their way,
All the heavenly orders
In their great array.

3
Humbled for a season,
To receive a Name
From the lips of sinners
Unto whom he came,
Faithfully he bore it
Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious,
When from death he passed.

4
In your hearts enthrone him;
There let him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true:
Crown him as your Captain
In temptation's hour:
Let his will enfold you
In its light and power.

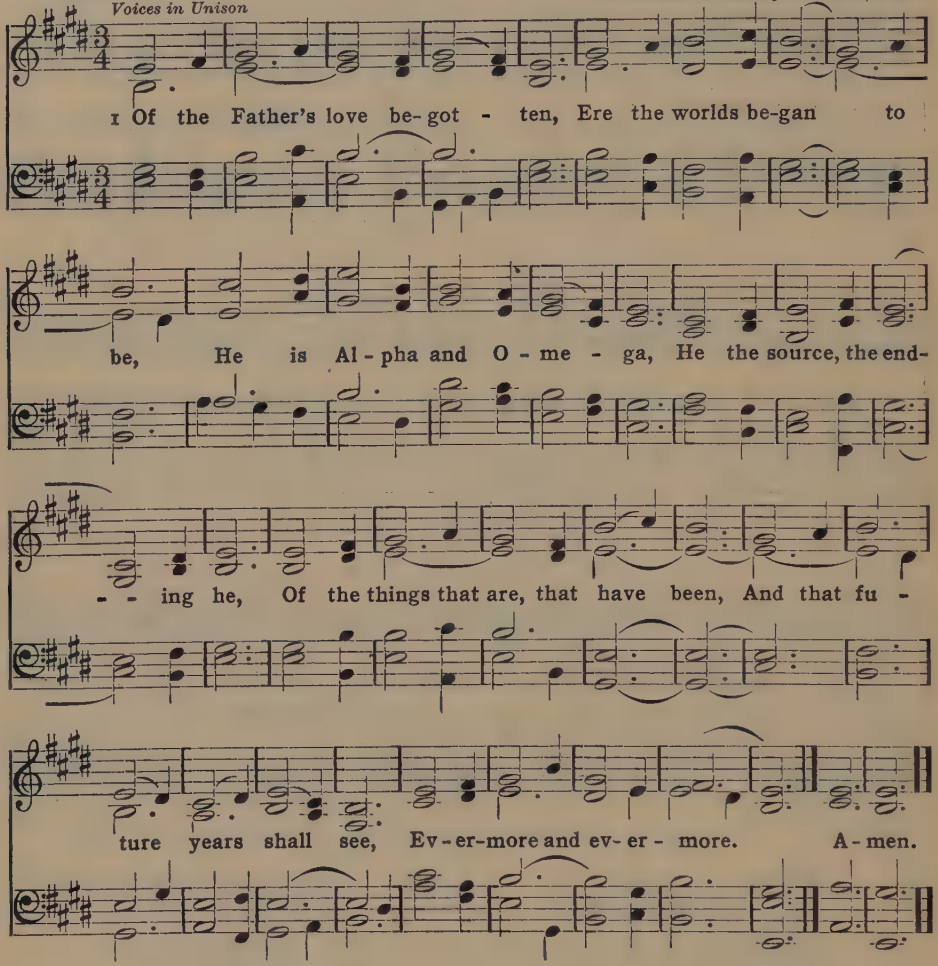
5
Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With his Father's glory,
With his angel train;
For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon his brow,
And our hearts confess him
King of glory now.

Caroline M. Noel, 1870

CORDE NATUS 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7.

Melody from "Piae Cantiones," Theoderici Petri Nylandensis, 1582

Voices in Unison


1 Of the Father's love be-got - ten, Ere the worlds be-gan to
be, He is Al - pha and O - me - ga, He the source, the end-
- - ing he, Of the things that are, that have been, And that fu -
ture years shall see, Ev - er-more and ev- er - more. A - men.

2

At his word the worlds were framèd;
He commanded; it was done:
Heaven and earth and depths of ocean
In their three fold order one:
All that grows beneath the shining
Of the moon and burning sun,
Evermore and evermore!

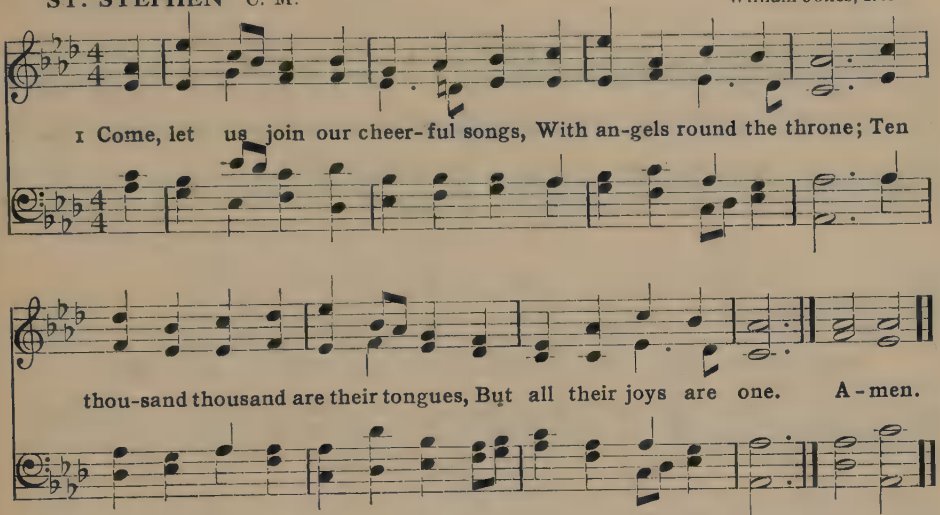
3

This is he whom seers in old time
Chanted of with one accord;
Whom the voices of the prophets
Promised in their faithful word;
Now he shines, the long expected:
Let creation praise its Lord:
Evermore and evermore!

4

O ye heights of heaven adore him!
Angel-hosts his praises sing!
All dominions bow before him
And extol our God and King:
Let no tongue on earth be silent
Every voice in concert sing
Evermore and evermore!

ST. STEPHEN C. M. William Jones, 1789


1 Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs, With an-gels round the throne; Ten
thou-sand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one. A-men.

"Christ Jesus the Lamb worshipped by all the creation."—Rev. v: 11-13

2

"Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power Divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4

Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5

The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

Isaac Watts, 1707

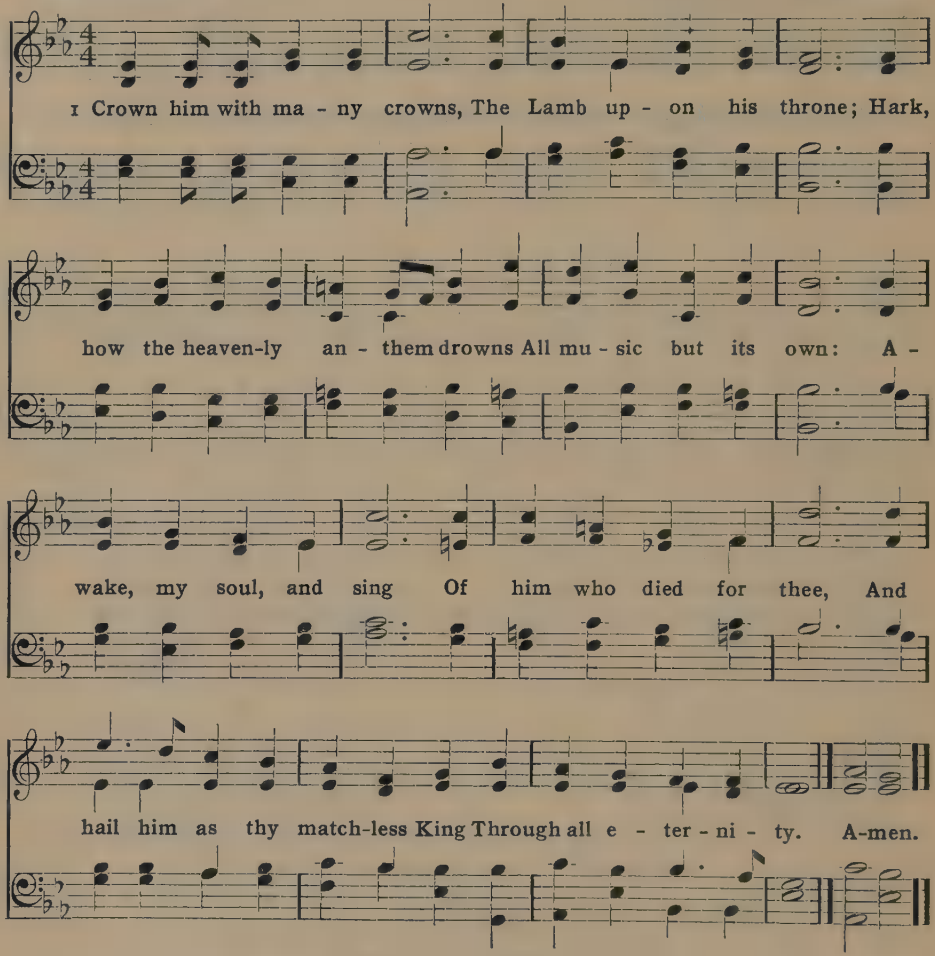
5

Thee let old men, thee let young men,
Thee let boys in chorus sing;
Matrons, virgins, little maidens
With glad voices answering;
Let their guileless songs re-echo,
And the heart its praises bring,
Evermore and evermore!

6

Christ! to thee with God the Father,
And, O Holy Ghost, to thee!
Hymn, and chant, and high thanksgiving,
And unwearied praises be,
Honor, glory, and dominion,
And eternal victory,
Evermore and evermore!

Prudentius 348-413:
Tr. J. M. Neale and H. W. Baker, 1861

DIADEMATA S. M. D. G. J. Elvey, 1868

1 Crown him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on his throne; Hark,
how the heaven-ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own: A -
wake, my soul, and sing Of him who died for thee, And
hail him as thy match-less King Through all e - ter - ni - ty. A-men.

Rev. xix: 12-16

2

Crown him the Lord of love:
Behold his hands and side,
Rich wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

3

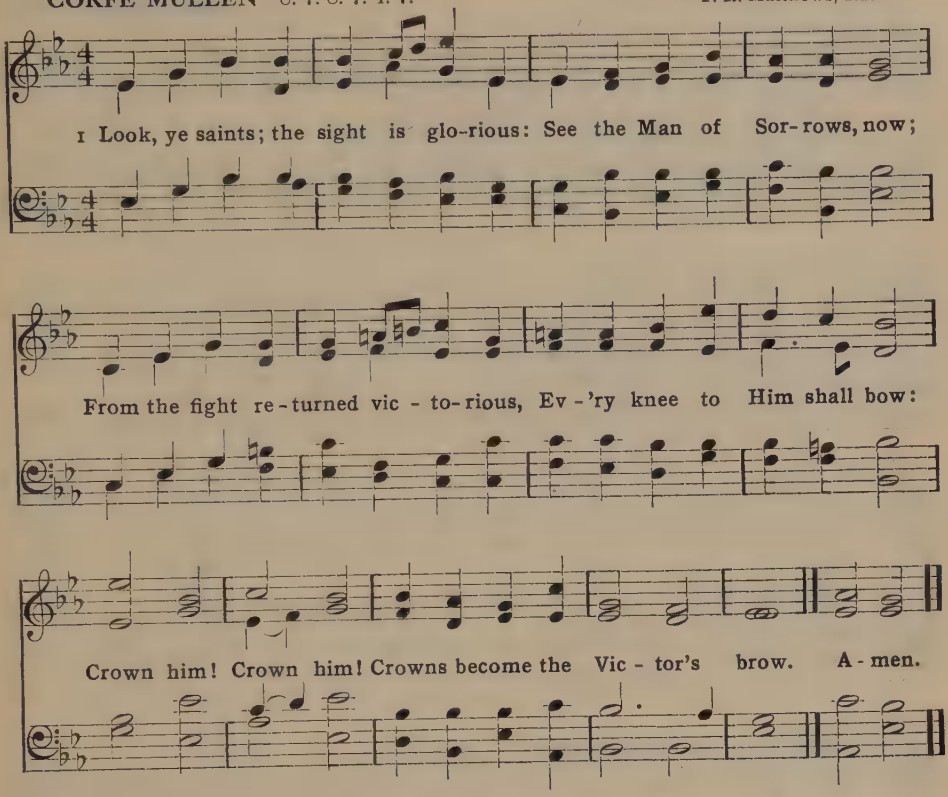
Crown him the Lord of peace;
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
Absorbed in prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end;
And round his pierced feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4

Crown him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time;
Creator of the rolling spheres
Ineffably sublime:
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For thou hast died for me:
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

Matthew Bridges, 1851

CORFE MULLEN 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7. T. R. Matthews, 1826—


1 Look, ye saints; the sight is glo-rious: See the Man of Sor-rows, now;
From the fight re-turned vic-to-rious, Ev-'ry knee to Him shall bow:
Crown him! Crown him! Crowns become the Vic-tor's brow. A-men.

"And he shall reign forever and ever."—Rev. xi: 15

2

Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the vault of heaven rings:
Crown him! Crown him!
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

3

Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his Name:
Crown him! Crown him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

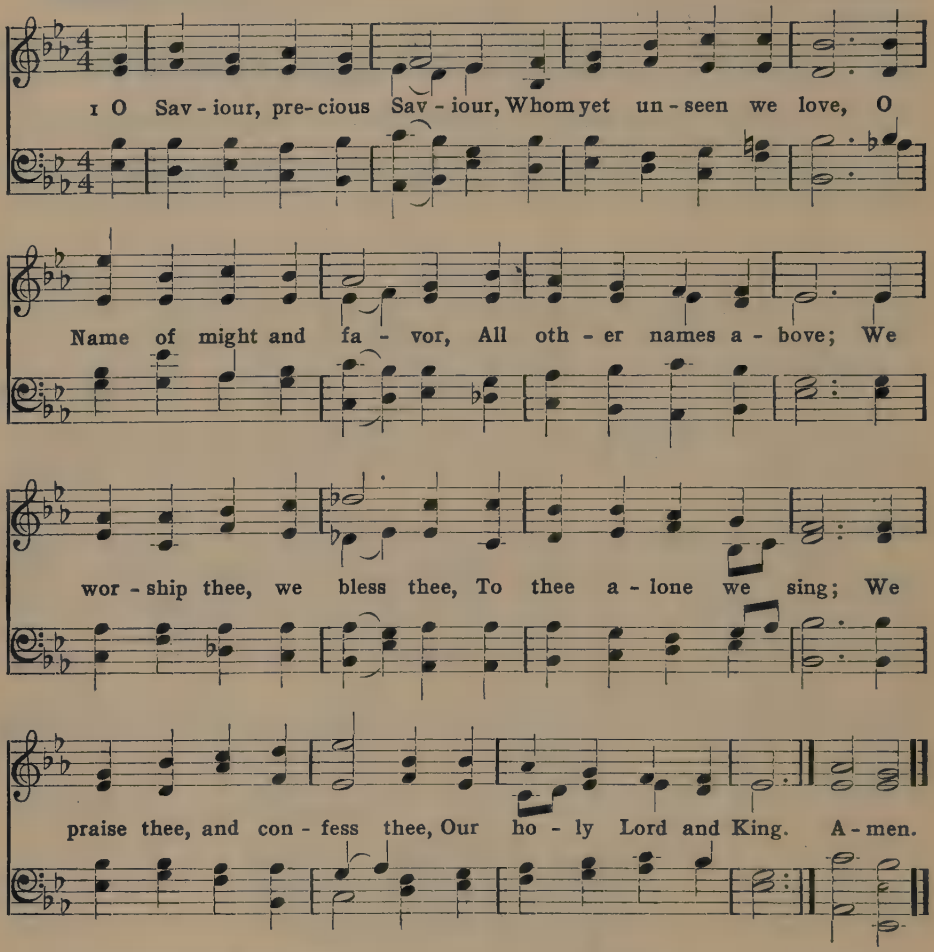
4

Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
O what joy the sight affords:
Crown him! Crown him!
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

 Thomas Kelly, 1809

WORDSWORTH 7. 6. 8 l.

W. H. Monk, 1823-1889


1 O Sav - iour, pre - cious Sav - iour, Whom yet un - seen we love, O
Name of might and fa - vor, All oth - er names a - bove; We
wor - ship thee, we bless thee, To thee a - lone we sing; We
praise thee, and con - fess thee, Our ho - ly Lord and King. A - men.

2

O Bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought;
We worship thee, we bless thee,
To thee alone we sing;
We praise thee, and confess thee
Our glorious Lord and King.

3

In thee all fulness dwelleth,
All grace and power Divine:
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God, is thine;
We worship thee, we bless thee,
To thee alone we sing;
We praise thee, and confess thee
Our glorious Lord and King.

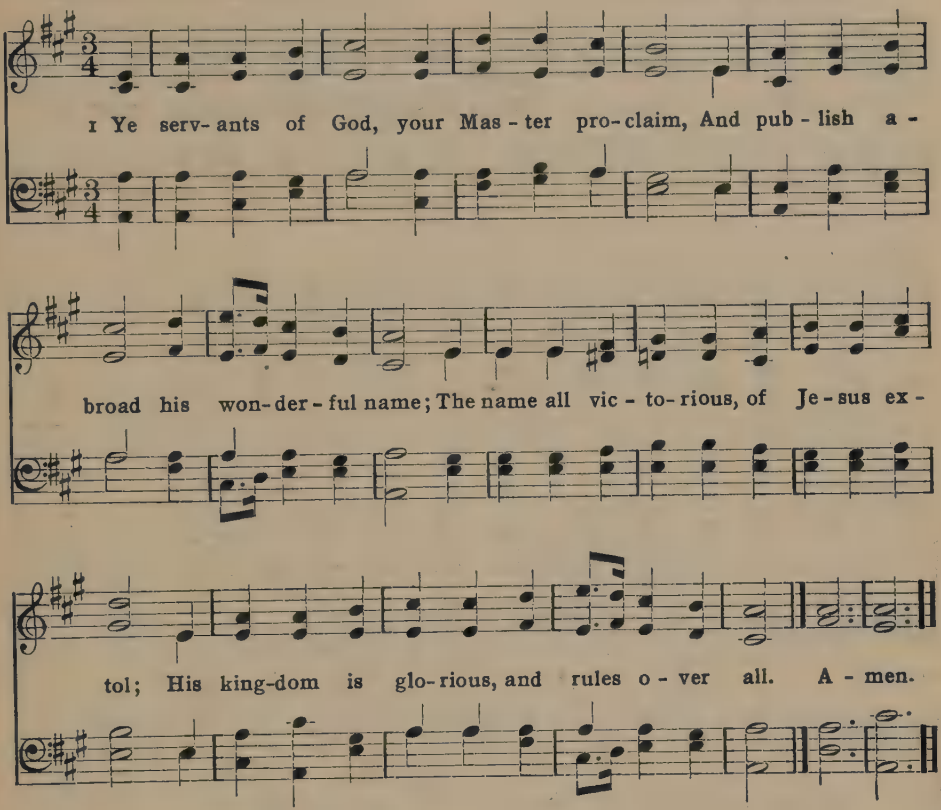
4

O grant the consummation
Of this our song above
In endless adoration,
And everlasting love;
Then shall we praise and bless thee
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess thee
Our Saviour and our King.

Miss F. R. Havergal, 1870

Praise His Name

LYONS 10. 10. 11. 11. Arr. fr. J. Michael Haydn, 1737-1806


1 Ye serv- ants of God, your Mas - ter pro- claim, And pub - lish a -
broad his won- der - ful name; The name all vic - to- rious, of Je - sus ex -
tol; His king-dom is glo- rious, and rules o - ver all. A - men.

2

God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still he is nigh— his presence we have.
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.

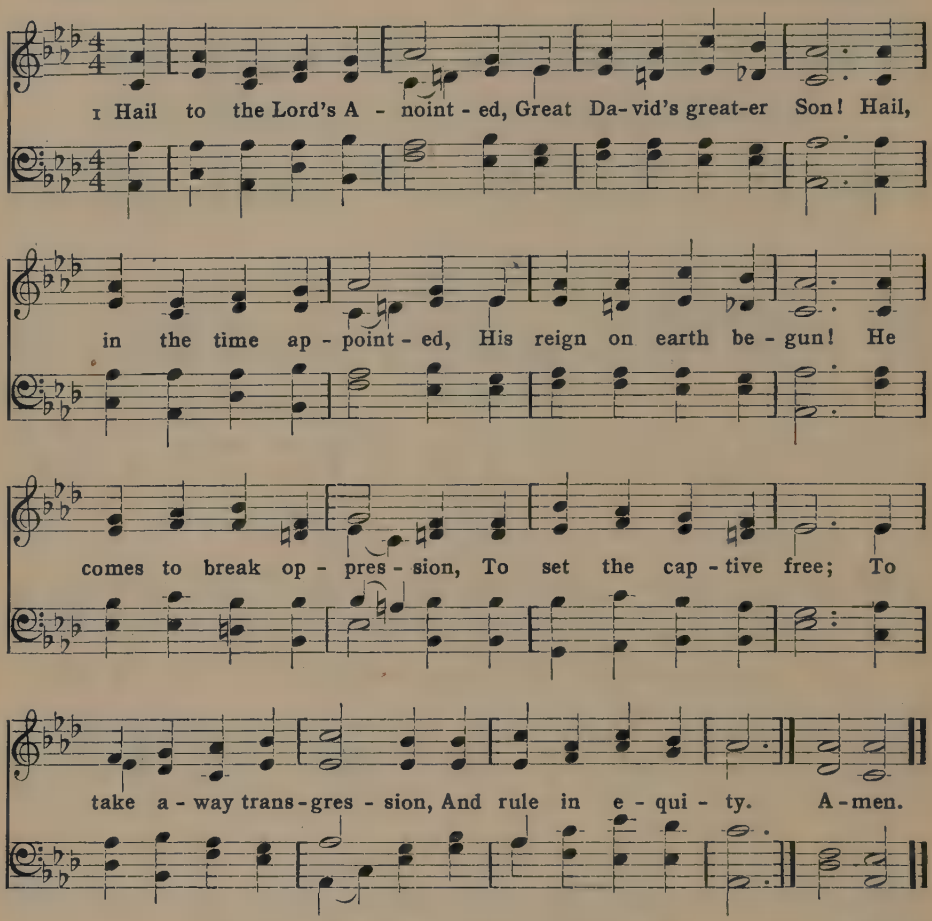
3

Salvation to God, who sits on the throne!
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son.
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.

4

Then let us adore, and give him his right,
All glory and power, and wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

157 Charles Wesley, 1744, v. 3, line 3, alt

GOTTLAND 7. 6. 8 l. From Lindemann's Koral Bok: (Swedish)

1 Hail to the Lord's A - noint - ed, Great Da-vid's great-er Son! Hail,
in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun! He
comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap - tive free; To
take a - way trans-gres - sion, And rule in e - qui - ty. A-men.

2

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth;
Before him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

3

Kings shall fall down before him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore him,
His praise all people sing;
For he shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

Psalm lxxii

4

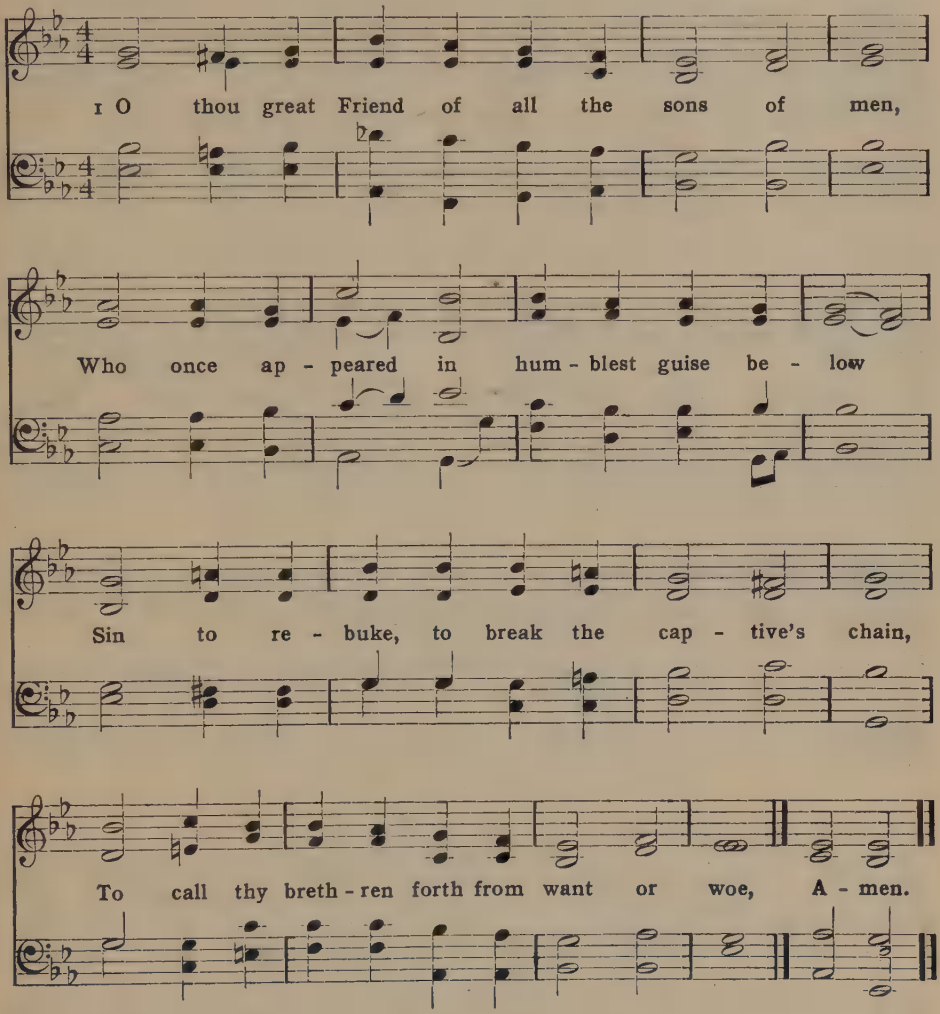
For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The mountain dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

5

O'er every foe victorious
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all-blest:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove,
His Name shall stand for ever,—
That Name to us is Love.

158 James Montgomery, 1821

KENSINGTON 10s. 4 l. W. D. Maclagan, 1826 1910


1 O thou great Friend of all the sons of men,
Who once ap - peared in hum - blest guise be - low
Sin to re - buke, to break the cap - tive's chain,
To call thy breth - ren forth from want or woe, A - men.

2

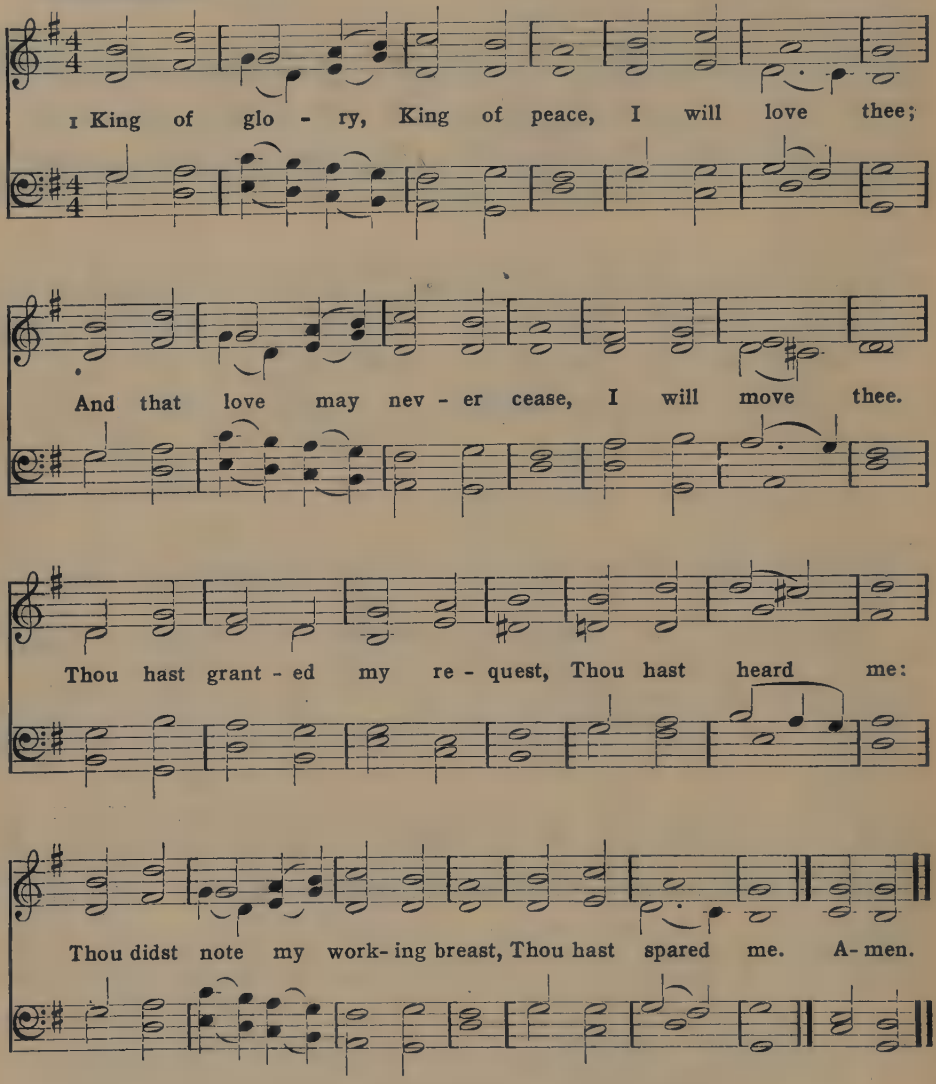
Thee would I sing: thy truth is still the light
Which guides the nations groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

3

Yes: thou art still the Life: thou art the Way
The holiest know—light, life, and way to heaven;
And they who dearest hope and deepest pray
Toil by the Truth, Life, Way, that thou hast given.

159 Theodore Parker, 1846

GWALCHMAI 7. 4. 8 1. J. D. Jones, 1827-70


1 King of glo - ry, King of peace, I will love thee;
And that love may nev - er cease, I will move thee.
Thou hast grant - ed my re - quest, Thou hast heard me:
Thou didst note my work- ing breast, Thou hast spared me. A- men.

2

Wherefore with my utmost art
I will sing thee,
And the cream of all my heart
I will bring thee.
Though my sins against me cried,
Thou didst clear me;
And alone, when they replied,
Thou didst hear me.

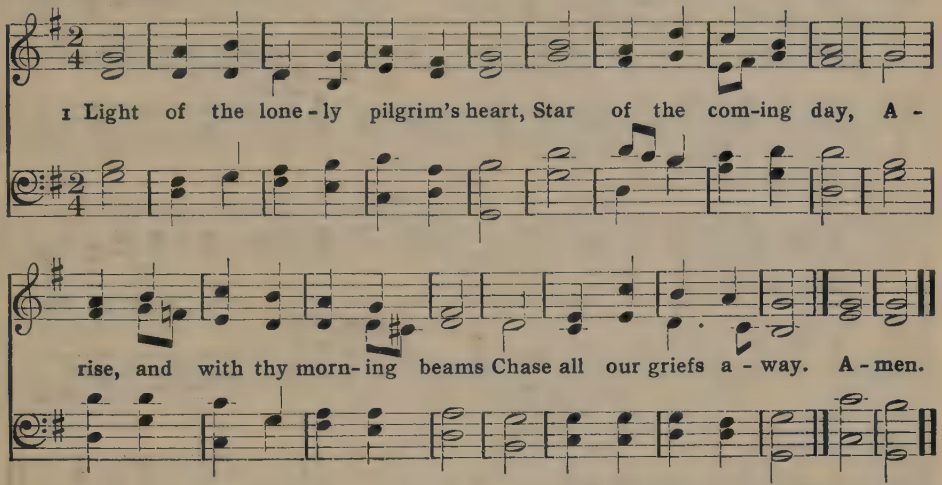
3

Seven whole days, not one in seven,
I will praise thee;
In my heart, though not in heaven,
I can raise thee.
Small it is, in this poor sort
To enrol thee:
E'en eternity's too short
To extol thee.

160 George Herbert, 1593-1632

His Second Coming

ABERDEEN C. M. Melody in Bremner's Collection, 1763


1 Light of the lone-ly pilgrim's heart, Star of the com-ing day, A-
rise, and with thy morn-ing beams Chase all our griefs a-way. A-men.

"Thy saints proclaim thee King: and in their hearts thy title is engraven with a pen dipped in the fountain of eternal love."—Wm. Cowper

2
Come, blessèd Lord, bid every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of thy royal Name,
And own thee as their King.

3
Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in rapturous strains of joy
In memory of thy love.

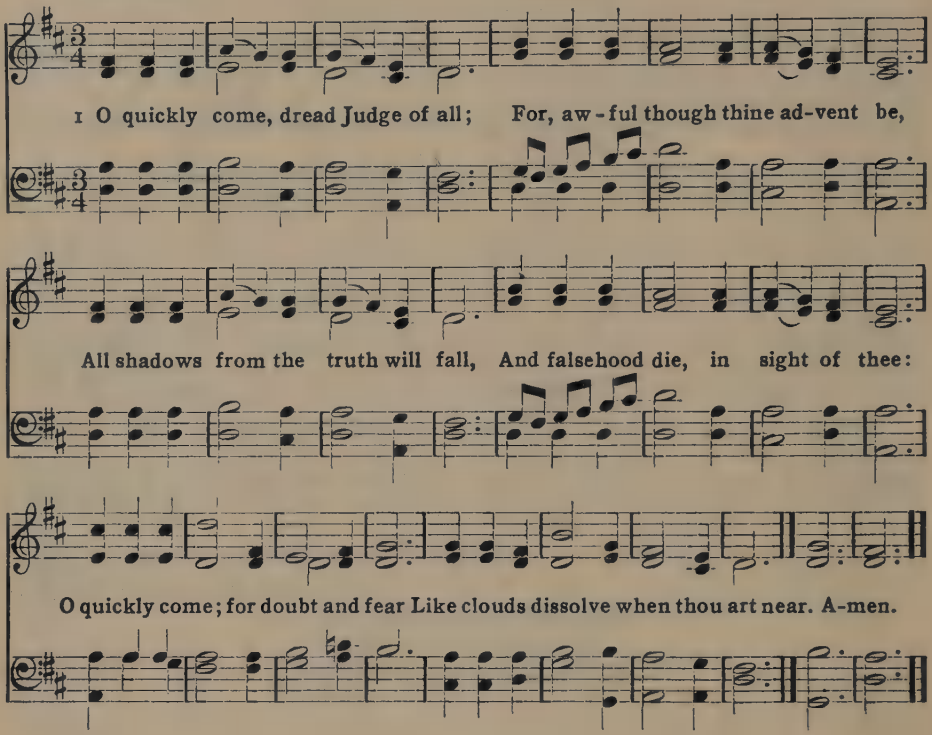
4
Lord, Lord, thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for thee.

5
Come, then, with all thy quickening power,
With one awakening smile,
And bid the serpent's trail no more
Thy beauteous realms defile.

6
Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace Divine:
Be thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory thine.

161 Edward Denny, 1842

WAVERTREE 8s. 6 l. W. Shore, 1840


1 O quickly come, dread Judge of all; For, aw-ful though thine ad-vent be,
All shadows from the truth will fall, And falsehood die, in sight of thee:
O quickly come; for doubt and fear Like clouds dissolve when thou art near. A-men.

2 *Surely I come quickly, Amen.*
Even so, come Lord Jesus.—Rev. xxii: 20

O quickly come, great King of all;
Reign all around us, and within;
Let sin no more our souls enthral,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin:
O quickly come; for thou alone
Canst make thy scattered people one.

3

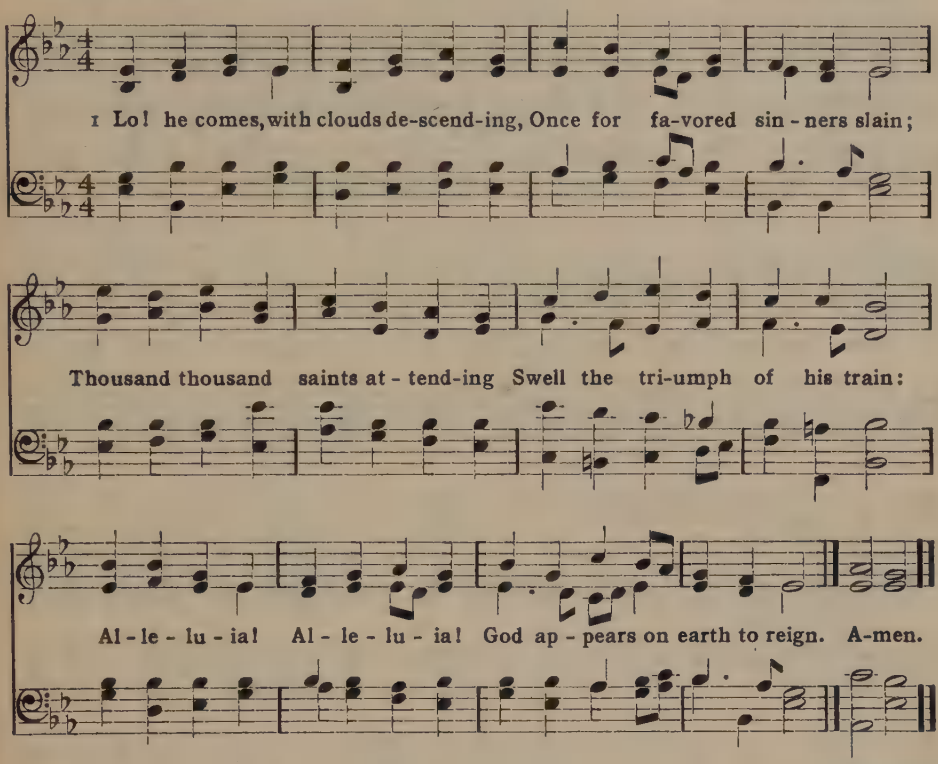
O quickly come, true Life of all;
For death is mighty all around;
On every home his shadows fall,
On every heart his mark is found:
O quickly come; for grief and pain
Can never cloud thy glorious reign.

4

O quickly come, sure Light of all;
For gloomy night broods o'er our way;
And weakly souls begin to fall
With weary watching for the day:
O quickly come; for round thy throne
No eye is blind, no night is known.

162 L. Tuttiet, 1854

ST. THOMAS 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7. Samuel Webbe's Collection, 1792


1 Lo! he comes, with clouds de-scend-ing, Once for fa-vored sin-ners slain;
Thousand thousand saints at-tend-ing Swell the tri-umph of his train:
Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! God ap-pears on earth to reign. A-men.

Revelation i: 7

2

Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced, and nailed him to the Tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3

Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth, shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment, come away!

4

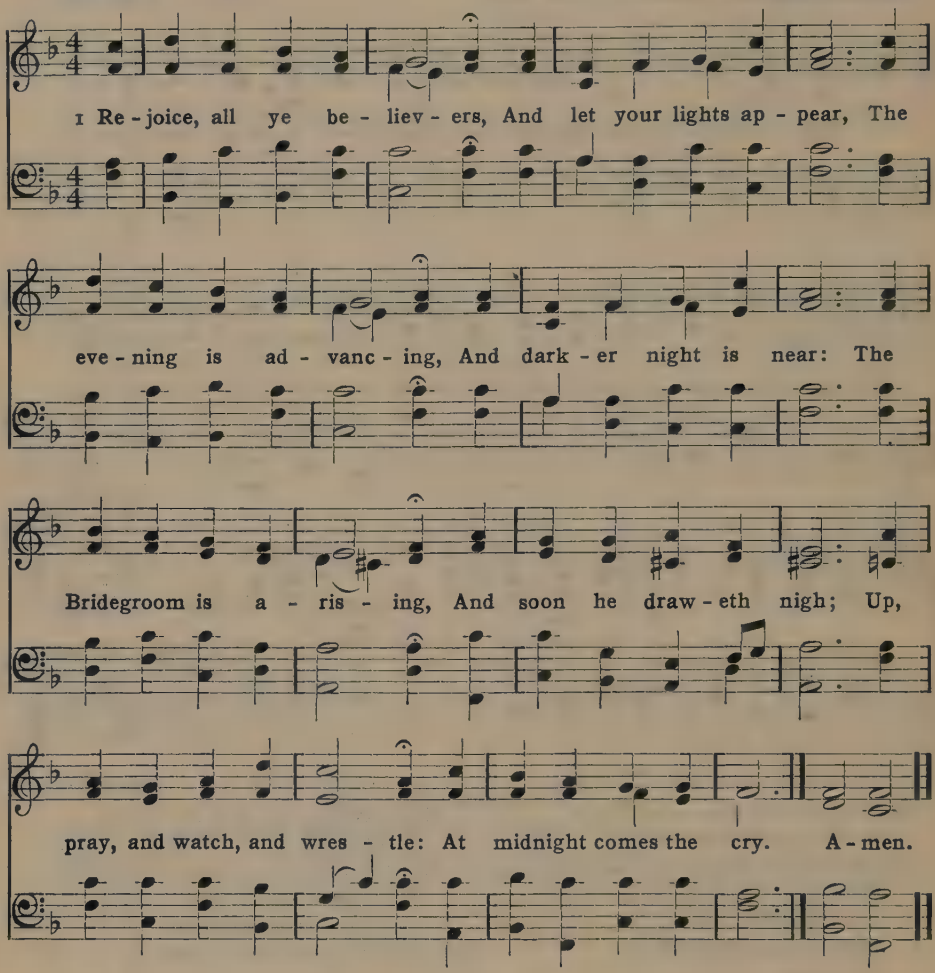
Now Redemption, long expected
See in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air:
Alleluia!
See the day of God appear!

5

Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne:
Saviour, take the power and glory:
Claim the kingdom for thine own:
O come quickly;
Alleluia! come, Lord, come.

C. Wesley, 1758: J. Cennick 1752:
M. Madan, 1760

CRÜGER 7. 6. 8 l. Adapted by W. H. Monk from J. Crüger, 1598-1662


1 Re - joice, all ye be - liev - ers, And let your lights ap - pear, The
eve - ning is ad - vanc - ing, And dark - er night is near: The
Bridegroom is a - ris - ing, And soon he draw - eth nigh; Up,
pray, and watch, and wres - tle: At midnight comes the cry. A - men.

Matthew xxv: 1-13

2

See that your lamps are burning;
  Replenish them with oil;
And wait for your salvation,
  The end of earthly toil.
The watchers on the mountain
  Proclaim the Bridegroom near,
Go meet him as he cometh,
  With alleluias clear.

3

Ye saints, who here in patience
  Your cross and sufferings bore,
Shall live and reign for ever
  When sorrow is no more:
Around the throne of glory
  The Lamb ye shall behold,
In triumph cast before Him
  Your diadems of gold.

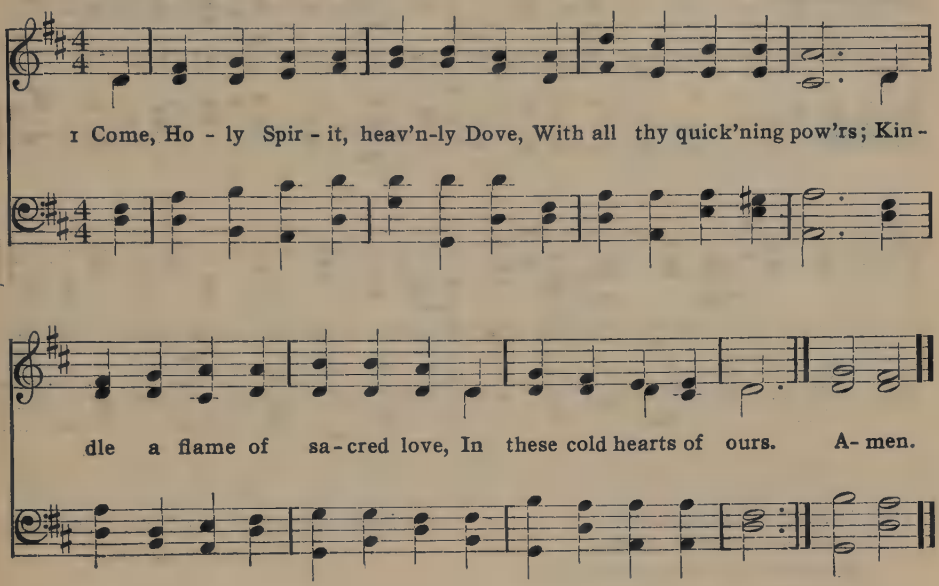
4

Our Hope and Expectation,
  O Jesus, now appear;
Arise, thou Sun so longed for,
  O'er this benighted sphere.
With hearts and hands uplifted,
  We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption
  That brings us unto thee.

164 L. Laurenti, 1700: Tr. Sarah B. Findlater, 1854

Invocation

TALLIS ORDINAL C. M. T. Tallis, 1520–1585


1 Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n-ly Dove, With all thy quick'ning pow'rs; Kin -
dle a flame of sa - cred love, In these cold hearts of ours. A - men.

2

Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3

In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4

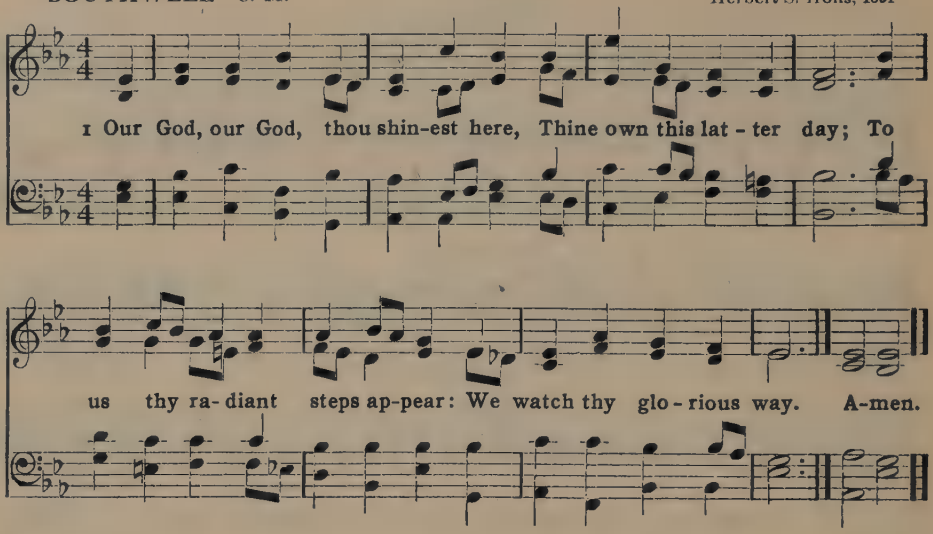
Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great!

5

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

165 Isaac Watts, 1707

SOUTHWELL C. M. Herbert S. Irons, 1861



2

Not only olden ages felt
The presence of the Lord;
Not only with the fathers dwelt
Thy Spirit and thy Word.

3

Doth not the Spirit still descend
And bring the heavenly fire?
Doth not he still thy Church extend,
And waiting souls inspire?

4

Come, Holy Ghost, in us arise;
Be this thy mighty hour;
And make thy willing people wise
To know thy day of power.

5

Pour down thy fire in us to glow,
Thy might in us to dwell;
Again thy works of wonder show,
Thy blessèd secrets tell!

6

Bear us aloft, more glad, more strong,
On thy celestial wing,
And grant us grace to look and long
For our returning King.

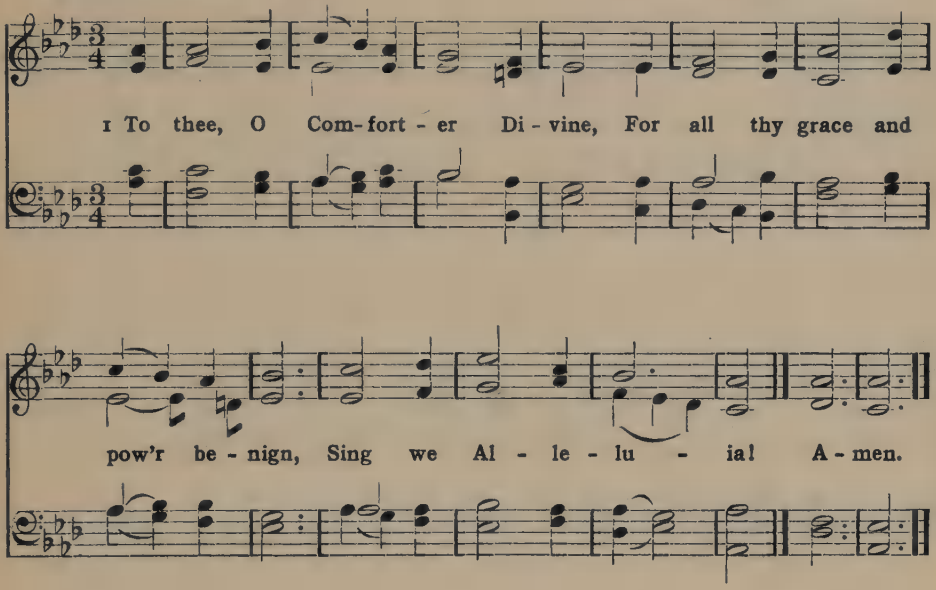
7

He draweth near, he standeth by,
He fills our eyes, our ears;
Come King of grace! thy people cry,
And bring the glorious years.

T. H. Gill 1860

The Author's title for this hymn is "The Glory of the Latter Days." The title is accompanied by the following quotation from Milton. "The power of thy grace is not passed away with the primitive times, as fond and faithless men imagine, but thy kingdom is now at hand and thou standest at the door."

PENTECOST 8. 8. 6. B. Luard Selby



2

To thee, whose faithful love had place
In God's great convenant of grace,
Sing we Alleluia!

3

To thee, whose faithful voice doth win
The wandering from the ways of sin,
Sing we Alleluia!

4 *John xvi: 7-11*

To thee, whose faithful power doth heal
Enlighten, sanctify, and seal,
Sing we Alleluia!

5

To thee, whose faithful truth is shown
By every promise made our own,
Sing we Alleluia!

6

To thee, our Teacher and our Friend,
Our faithful Leader to the end,
Sing we Alleluia!

7

To thee, by Jesus Christ sent down,
Of all his gifts the sum and crown,
Sing we Alleluia!

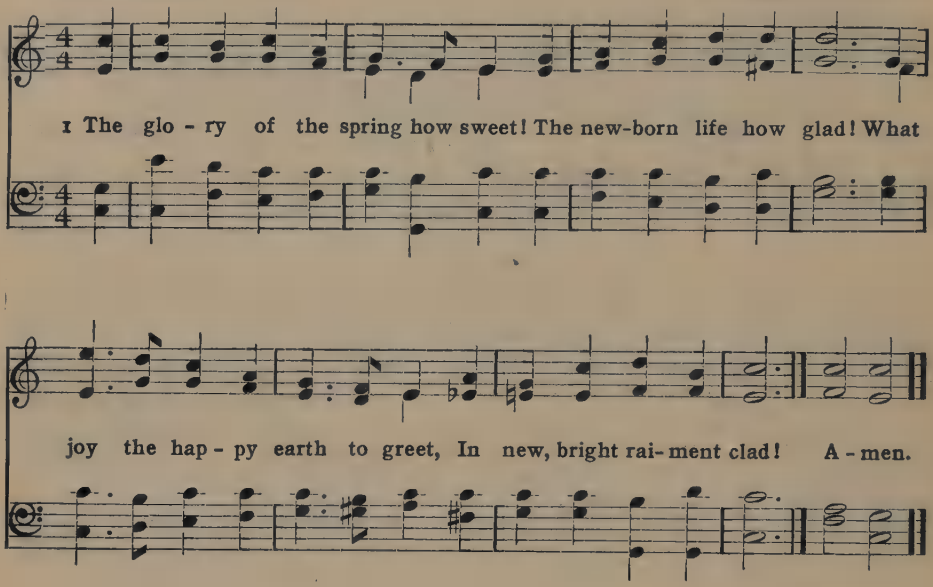
8

To thee, who art with God the Son
And God the Father ever One,
Sing we Alleluia!

167 Miss F. R. Havergal, 1872

ST. SAVIOUR C. M.

F. G. Baker, 1840-1872


1 The glo - ry of the spring how sweet! The new-born life how glad! What
joy the hap - py earth to greet, In new, bright rai - ment clad! A - men.

"Thou sendest forth thy Spirit, they are created; and Thou renewest the face of the earth."

2

Divine Renewer, thee I bless;
I greet thy going forth;
I love thee in the loveliness
Of thy renewèd earth.

3

But O these wonders of thy grace,
These nobler works of thine,
These marvels sweeter far to trace,
These new births more divine,

4

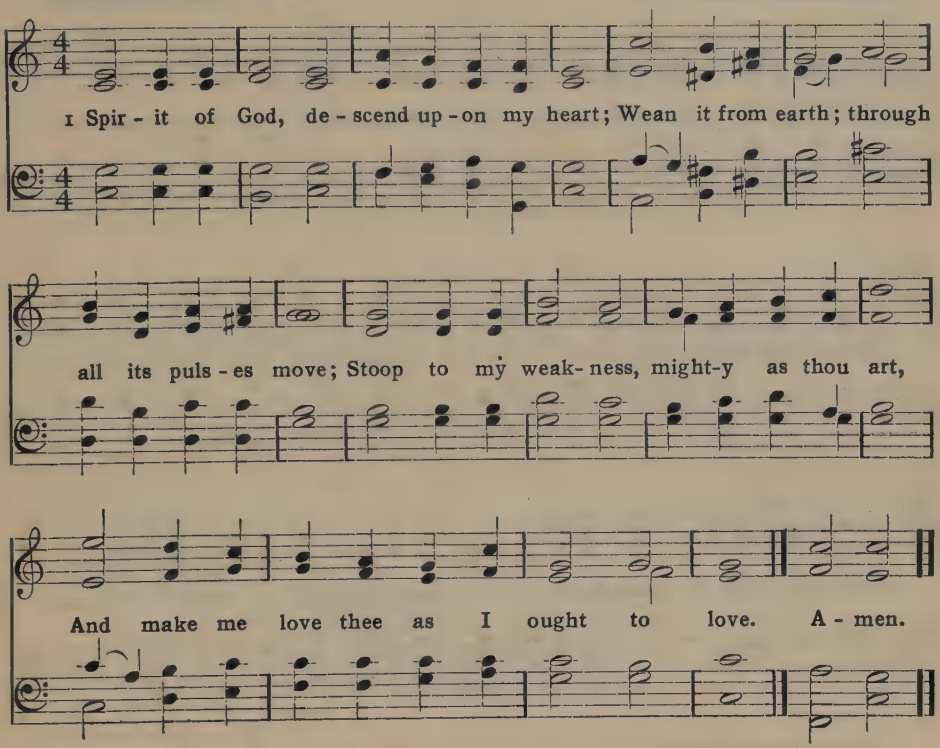
This new-born glow of faith so strong,
This bloom of love so fair,
This new-born ecstasy of song
And fragrancy of prayer!

5

Creator Spirit, work in me
These wonders sweet of thine;
Divine Renewer, graciously
Renew this heart of mine.

168 T. H. Gill, 1867

MORECAMBE 10s. 4 l. Frederick C. Atkinson, c. 1870


1 Spir - it of God, de - scend up - on my heart; Wean it from earth; through
all its puls - es move; Stoop to my weak - ness, might - y as thou art,
And make me love thee as I ought to love. A - men.

2

I ask no dream, no prophet-ecstasies;
No sudden rending of the veil of clay;
No angel-visitant, no opening skies;
But take the dimness of my soul away.

3

Hast thou not bid us love thee, God and King?
All, all thine own, soul, heart, and strength, and mind;
I see thy cross—there teach my heart to cling:
O let me seek thee, and O let me find.

4

Teach me to feel that thou art always nigh;
Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear,
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;
Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.

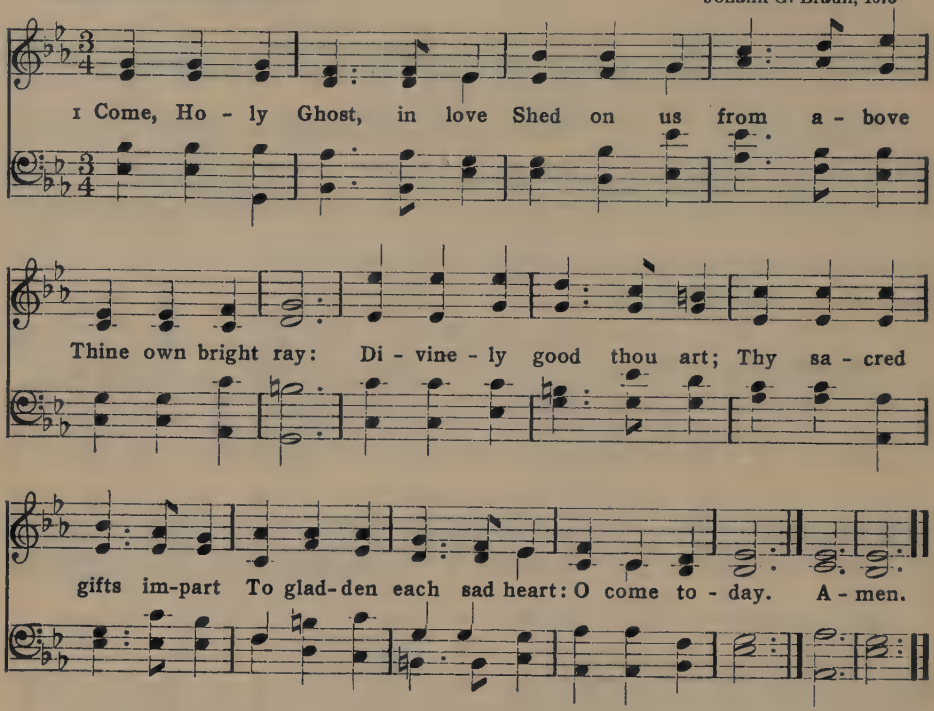
5

Teach me to love thee as thine angels love,
One holy passion filling all my frame;
The baptism of the heaven-descended Dove,
My heart an altar, and thy love the flame.

George Croly, 1854

BRAUN 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

Johann G. Braun, 1675


1 Come, Ho - ly Ghost, in love Shed on us from a - bove
Thine own bright ray: Di - vine - ly good thou art; Thy sa - cred
gifts im-part To glad-den each sad heart: O come to - day. A - men.

2

Come, tenderest Friend and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know;
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow;
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,—
Cheer us this hour.

3 *Veni Sanctus Spiritus*

Come, Light serene, and still
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast:
We know no dawn but thine;
Send forth thy beams Divine
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.

4

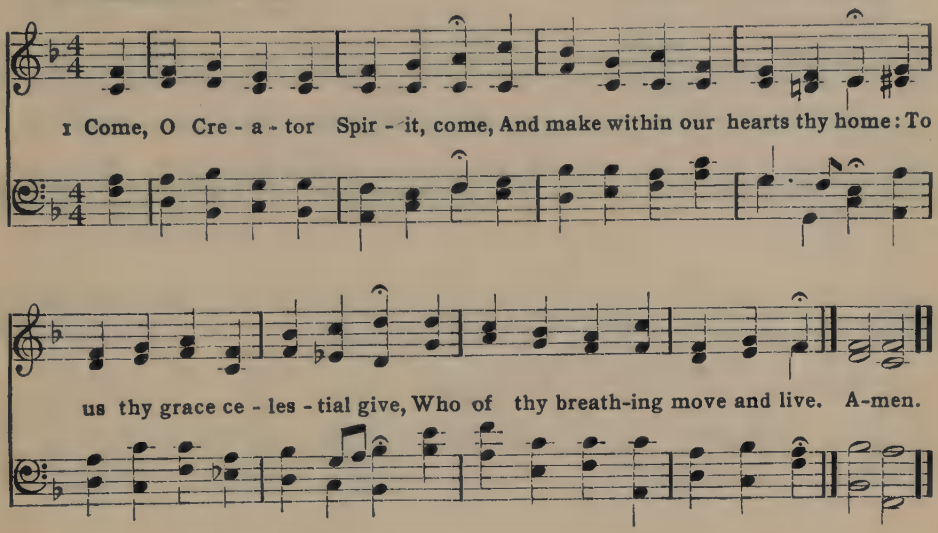
Exalt our low desires;
Extinguish passion's fires;
Heal every wound:
Our stubborn spirits bend,
Our icy coldness end,
Our devious steps attend,
While heavenward bound.

5

Come, all the faithful bless:
Let all who Christ confess
His praise employ;
Give virtue's rich reward;
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy.

170 Anon. (Latin 13th Cent.): Tr. Ray Palmer, 1858

WOOLMER'S L. M. Frederick A. G. Ouseley, 1825-1889


1 Come, O Cre - a - tor Spir - it, come, And make within our hearts thy home: To
us thy grace ce - les - tial give, Who of thy breath-ing move and live. A-men.

Veni Creator Spiritus

2

O Comforter, that name is thine,
Of God most high the gift divine:
The well of life, the fire of love,
Our soul's anointing from above.

3

Thou dost appear in sevenfold dower
The gift of God's almighty power:
The Father's promise making rich
With saving truth our mortal speech.

4

Our senses with thy light inflame:
Our hearts to heavenly love reclaim:
Our bodies poor infirmity
With strength perpetual fortify.

5

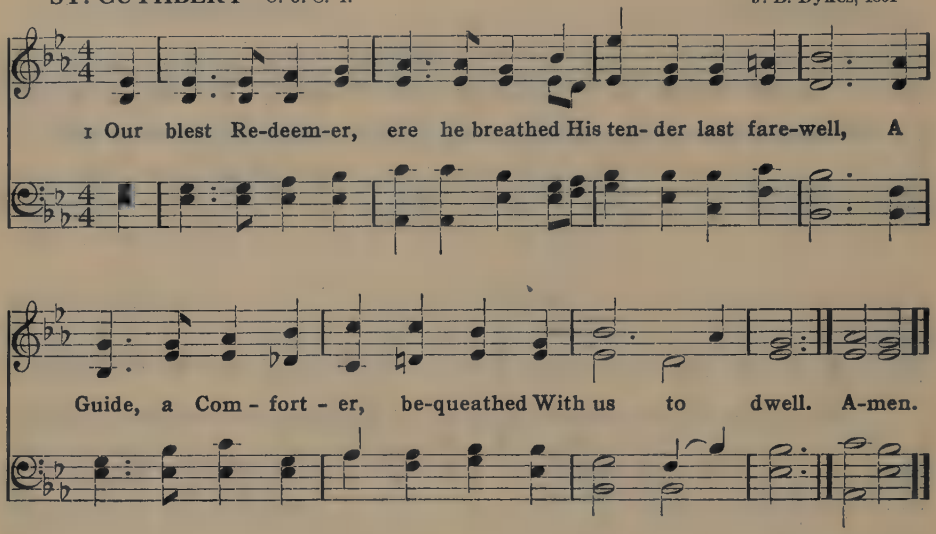
Our earthly foes afar repel,
Give us henceforth in peace to dwell;
And so to us, with thee for guide,
No ill shall come, no harm betide.

6

May we by thee the Father learn,
And know the Son, and thee discern,
Who art of both; and so adore
In perfect faith for evermore.

From the Latin before the 10th Cent.
Tr. Yattendon Hymnal, 1899

ST. CUTHBERT 8. 6. 8. 4. J. B. Dykes, 1861



Acts ii: 2-4

2

He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue,
All-powerful as the wind he came,
As viewless, too.

3

He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

4

And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

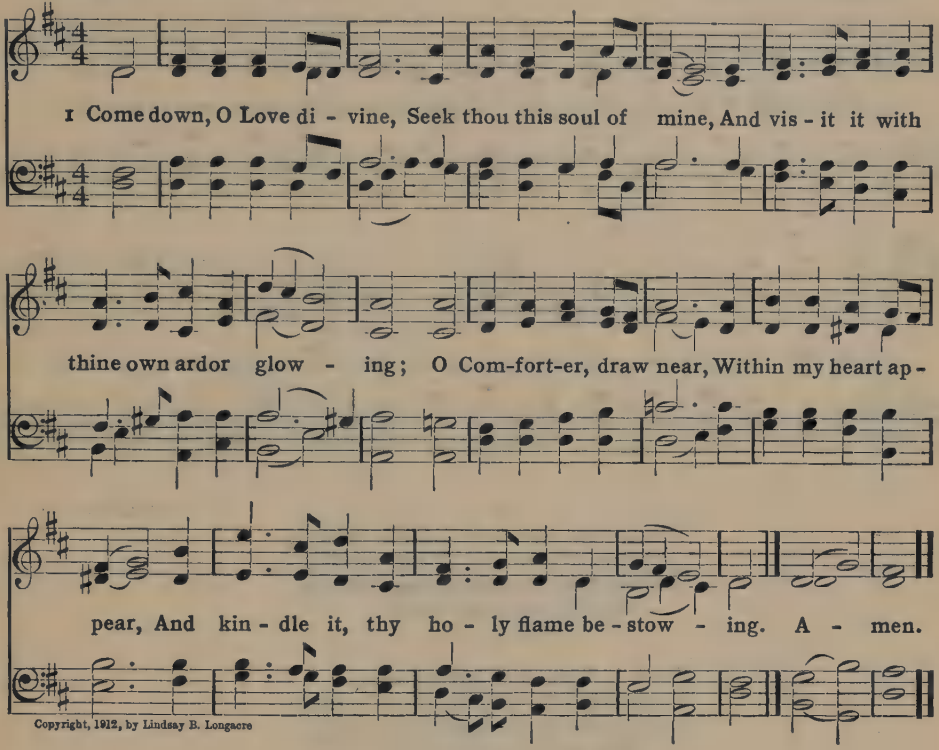
5

And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his alone.

6

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
O make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And worthier thee.

172 Harriet Auber, 1829

WARREN 6. 6. 11. 6. 6. 11. Lindsay B. Longacre

1 Come down, O Love di - vine, Seek thou this soul of mine, And vis - it it with
thine own ardor glow - ing; O Com-fort-er, draw near, Within my heart ap -
pear, And kin - dle it, thy ho - ly flame be - stow - ing. A - men.

Copyright, 1912, by Lindsay B. Longacre

2

O let it freely burn,
Till earthly passions turn
To dust and ashes in its heat consuming;
And let thy glorious light
Shine ever on my sight,
And clothe me round, the while my path illuming.

3

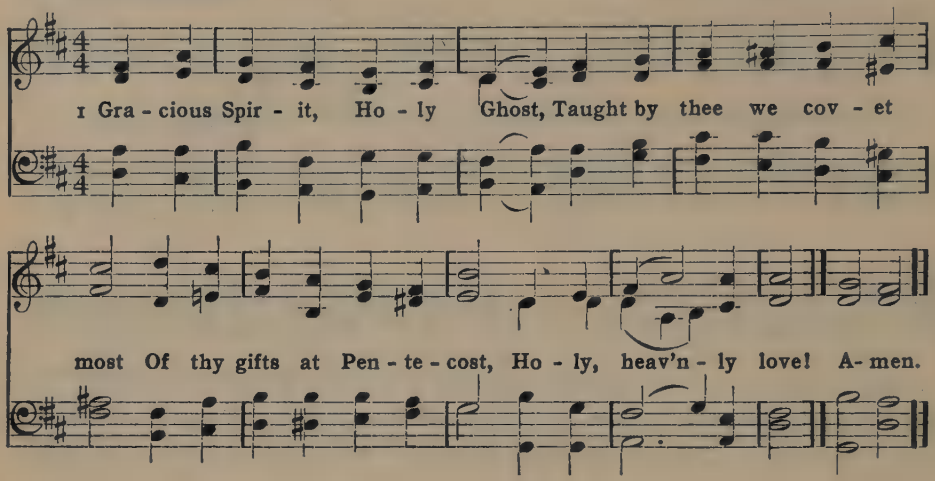
Let holy charity
Mine outward vesture be,
And lowliness become mine inner clothing;
True lowliness of heart,
Which takes the humbler part,
And o'er its own shortcomings weeps with loathing.

4

And so, the yearning strong,
With which the soul will long,
Shall far outpass the power of human telling;
For none can guess its grace,
Till he become the place
Wherein the Holy Spirit makes his dwelling.

173 Bianco da Siena, d. 1434: Tr. R. F. Littledale

HUDDERSFIELD 7. 7. 7. 5. Walter Parratt, 1841—



2 *1 Corinthians xii*

Faith, that mountains could remove,
Tongues of earth or heaven above,
Knowledge, all things, empty prove,
Without heavenly love.

3

Love is kind, and suffers long;
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong;
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore, give us love.

4

Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
Therefore, give us love.

5

Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright;
Therefore, give us love.

6

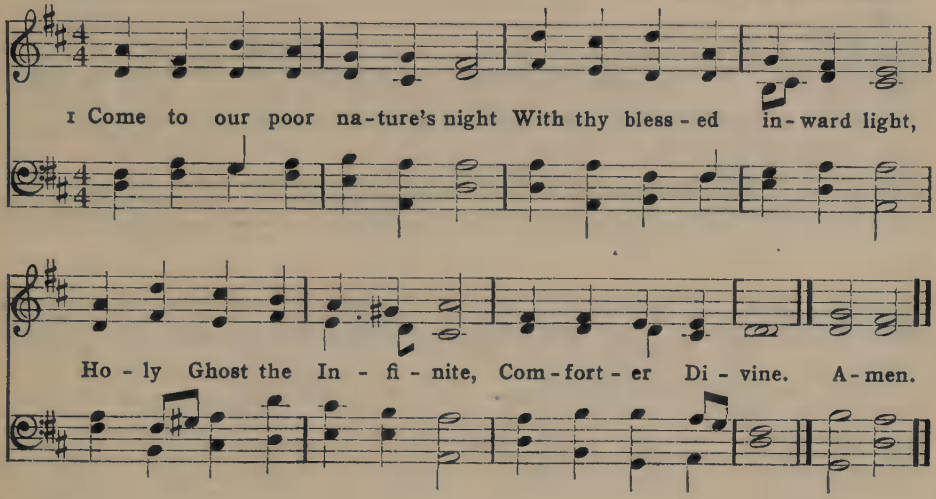
Faith and hope and love we see,
Joining hand in hand, agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

7

From the overshadowing
Of thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us who to thee sing
Holy, heavenly love.

174 Christopher Wordsworth, 1862

CAPETOWN 7. 7. 7. 5. Adapted from F. Filitz, 1804-1876



2
We are sinful—cleanse us Lord;
Sick and faint, thy strength afford;
Lost, until by thee restored,
Comforter Divine.

3
Like the dew thy peace distil;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine.

4
Gentle, awful, holy Guest
Make thy temple in each breast;
There thy presence be confessed,
Comforter Divine.

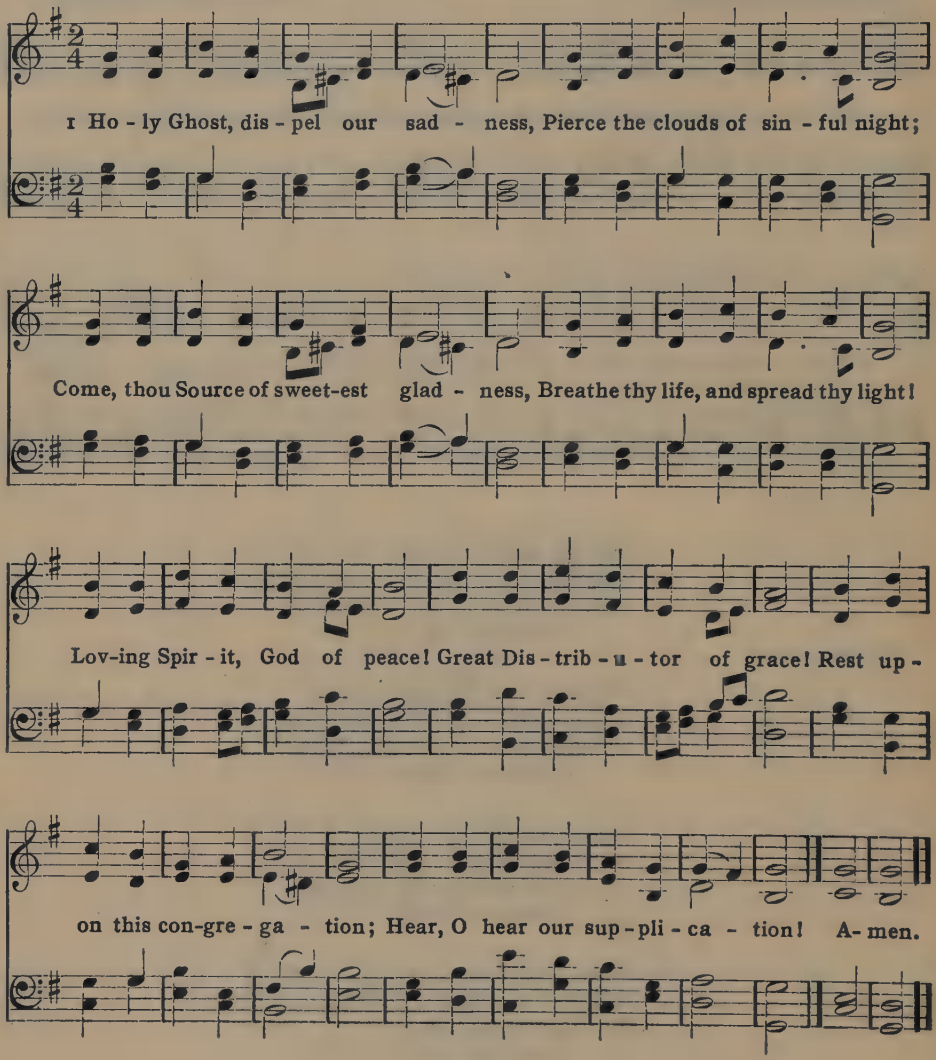
5
With us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine.

6
In us, "Abba, Father," cry,
Earnest of the bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter Divine.

7
Search for us the depths of God;
Upwards by the starry road,
Bear us to thy high abode,
Comforter Divine.

175 G. Rawson, 187-

COBLENTZ 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. 8. 8. Claude Goudimel, 1510-1572


1 Ho - ly Ghost, dis - pel our sad - ness, Pierce the clouds of sin - ful night;
Come, thou Source of sweet-est glad - ness, Breathe thy life, and spread thy light!
Lov-ing Spir - it, God of peace! Great Dis - trib - u - tor of grace! Rest up -
on this con-gre - ga - tion; Hear, O hear our sup - pli - ca - tion! A - men.

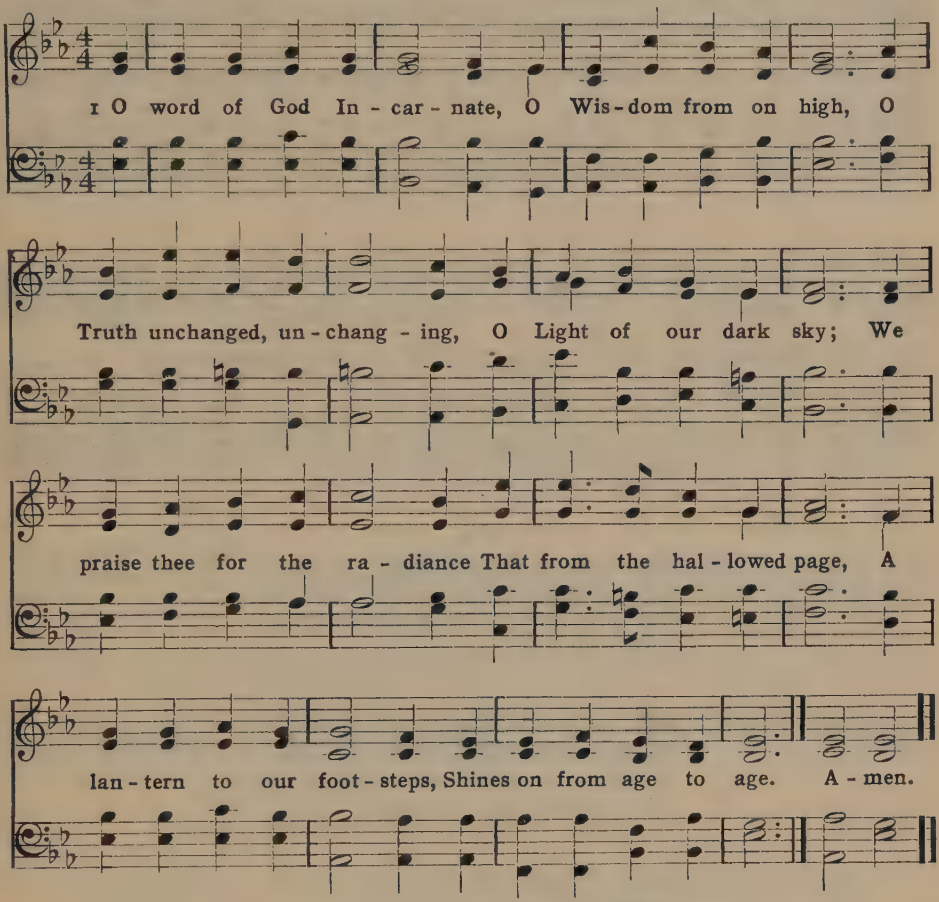
2

From that height which knows no measure,
As a gracious shower descend,
Bringing down the richest treasure
Men can wish or God can send!
O thou glory shining down
From the Father and the Son,
Grant us thy illumination!
Rest upon this congregation!

P. Gerhardt, 1648:
176 Tr. J. C. Jacobi, 1722, and others.

Inspiration

AURELIA 7. 6. 8 l. S. S. Wesley, 1864


1 O word of God In - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high, O
Truth unchanged, un - chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky; We
praise thee for the ra - diance That from the hal - lowed page, A
lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age. A - men.

2

The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift Divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket,
Where gems of truth are stored;
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ, the living Word.

3

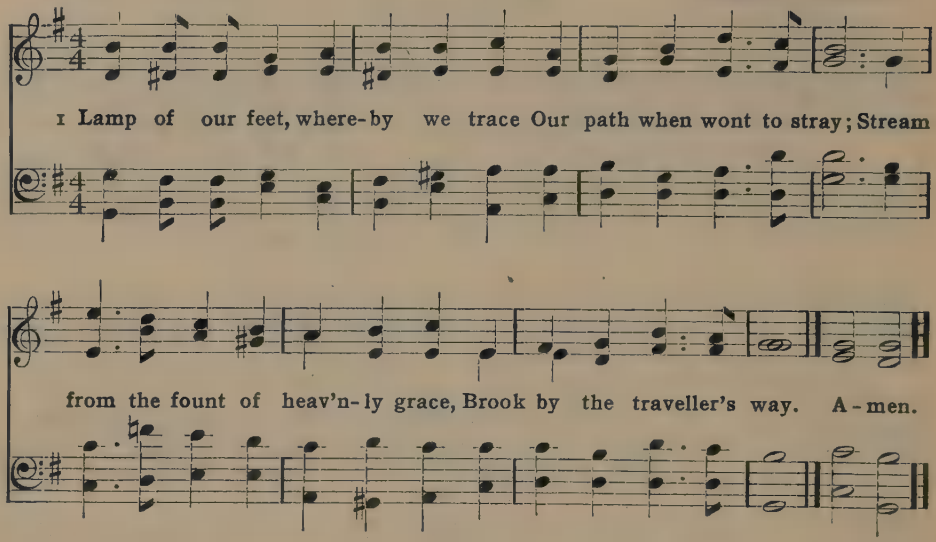
It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world.
It is the chart and compass
That o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
Still guides, O Christ, to thee.

4

O make thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of purest gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light, as of old.
O teach thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see thee face to face.

W. W. How, 1867

NOX PRÆCESSIT C. M. J. Baptiste Calkin, 1875


1 Lamp of our feet, where-by we trace Our path when wont to stray; Stream
from the fount of heav'n-ly grace, Brook by the traveller's way. A-men.

2

Bread of our souls, whereon we feed;
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky;

3

Pillar of fire, through watches dark,
Or radiant cloud by day;
When waves would whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay;

4

Word of the ever-living God,
Will of his glorious Son:—
Without thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?

5

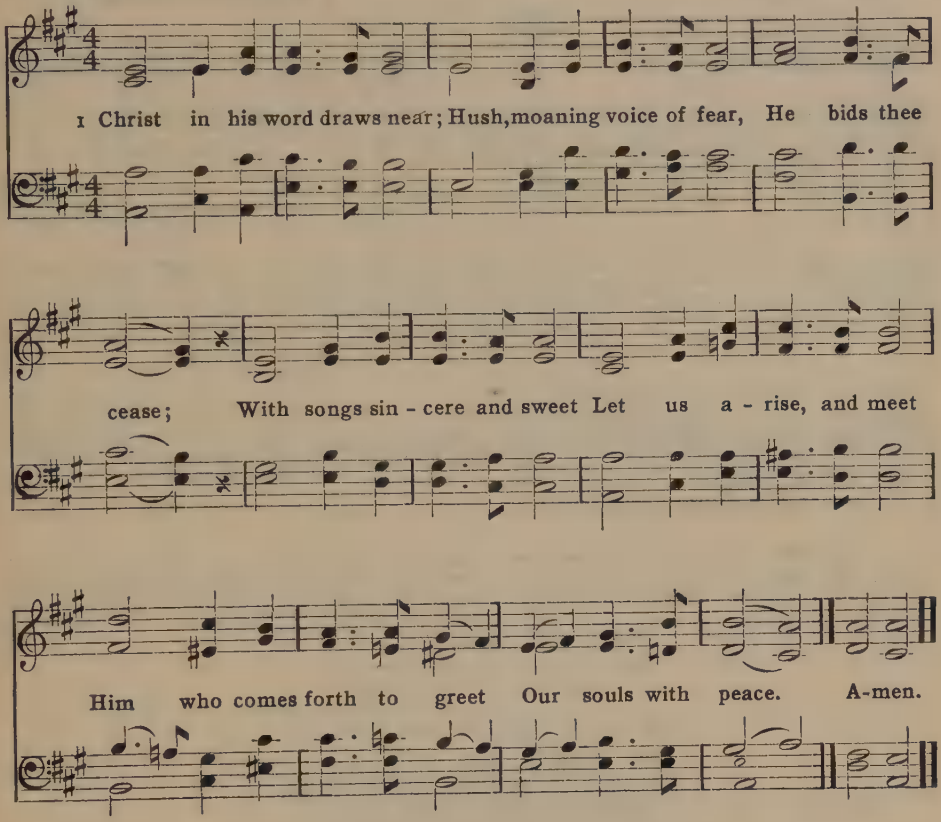
Yet to unfold thy hidden worth,
Thy mysteries to reveal,
That Spirit which first gave thee forth
Thy volume must unseal.

6

And we, if we aright would learn
The wisdom it imparts,
Must to its heavenly teaching turn
With simple, childlike hearts.

178 Bernard Barton, 1836

BETHEL 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4. John H. Cornell, 1872


1 Christ in his word draws near; Hush, moaning voice of fear, He bids thee
cease; With songs sin - cere and sweet Let us a - rise, and meet
Him who comes forth to greet Our souls with peace. A-men.

2

Rising above thy care,
Meet him as in the air,
O weary heart:
Put on joy's sacred dress;
Lo, as he comes to bless,
Quite from thy weariness
Set free thou art.

3

For works of love and praise
He brings thee summer days,
Warm days and bright;
Winter is past and gone,
Now he, salvation's Sun,
Shineth on every one
With mercy's light.

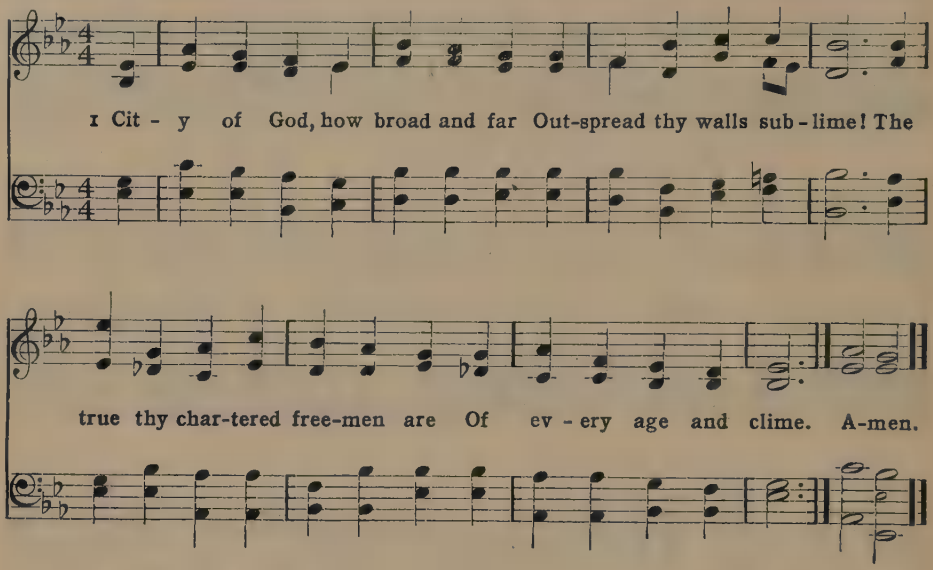
4

From the bright sky above
Clad in his robes of love,
'Tis he, our Lord!
Dim earth itself grows clear,
As his light draweth near:
O let us hush and hear
His holy word.

179 T. T. Lynch, 1855

The Church

ST. FRANCES C. M. G. A. Löhr, 1861



2

One holy Church, one army strong,
One steadfast high intent,
One working band, one harvest-song,
One King Omnipotent!

3

How purely hath thy speech come down
From man's primeval youth;
How grandly hath thine empire grown
Of freedom, love, and truth!

4

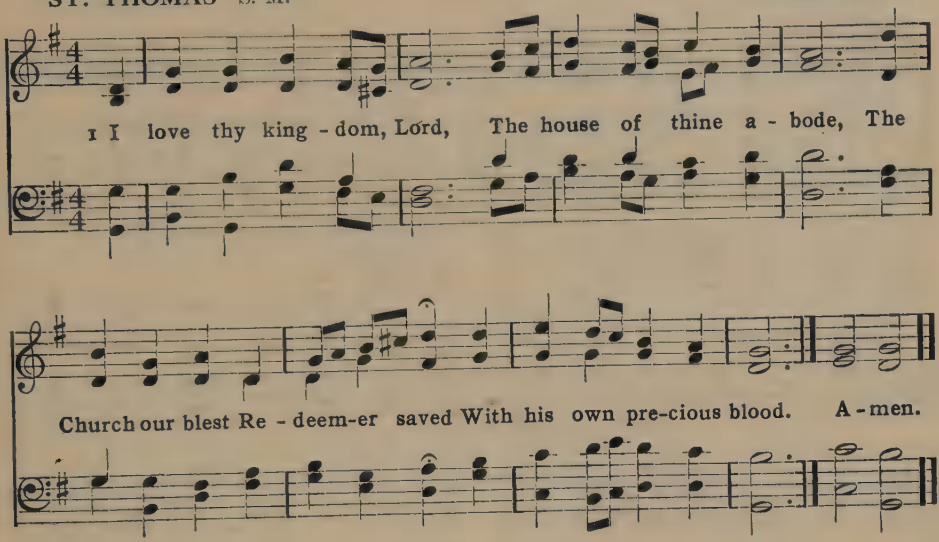
How gleam thy watchfires through the night
With never-fainting ray!
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day!

5

In vain the surge's angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands:
Unharmed upon th' eternal Rock
Th' eternal city stands.

180 Samuel Johnson, 1864

ST. THOMAS S. M. A. Williams, 1762



2
I love thy Church, O God:
Her walls before thee stand
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3
For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4
Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

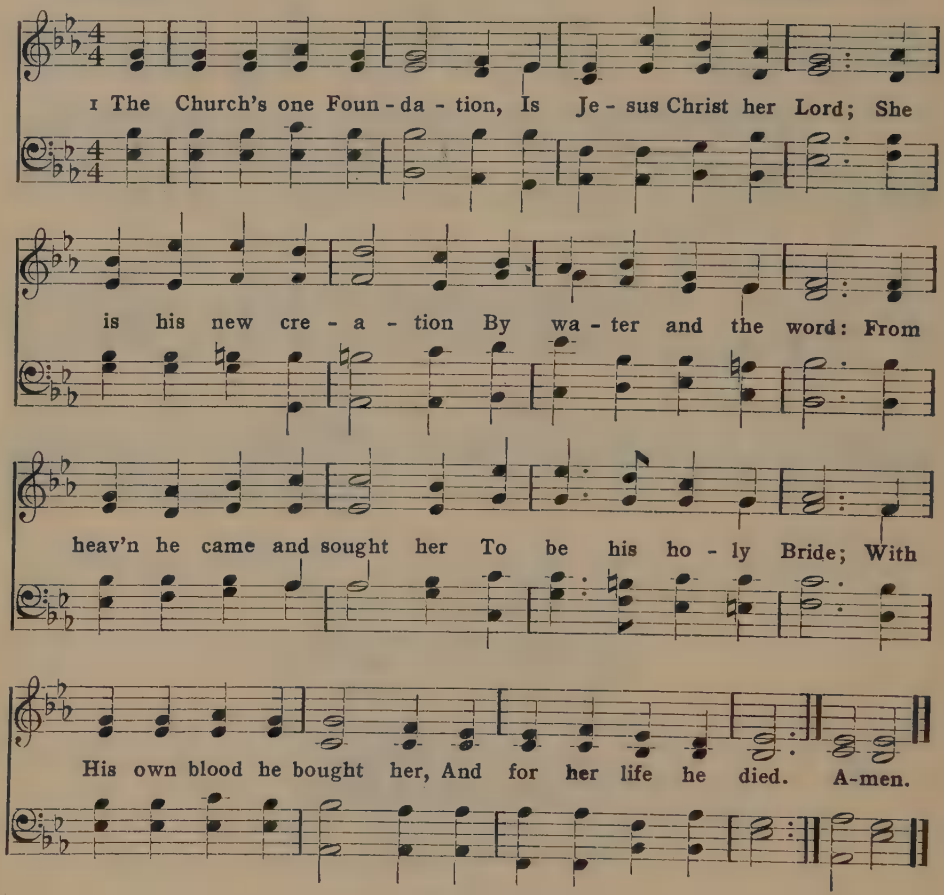
5
Jesus, thou Friend Divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

6
Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

181 Timothy Dwight, 1800

AURELIA 7. 6. 8 1.

S. S. Wesley, 1864


1 The Church's one Foun - da - tion, Is Je - sus Christ her Lord; She
is his new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word: From
heav'n he came and sought her To be his ho - ly Bride; With
His own blood he bought her, And for her life he died. A-men.

"*The Holy Catholic Church: the communion of saints*"

2

Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3

Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distressed,
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4

'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

5

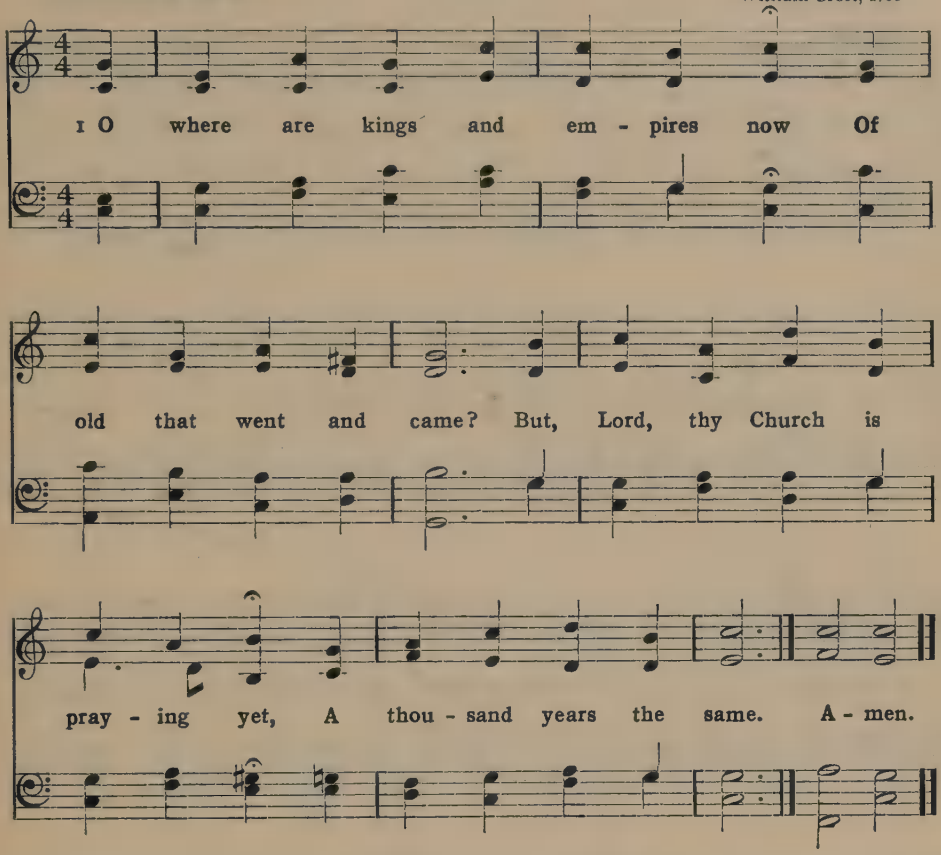
Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we,
Like them the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with thee.

182

Samuel J. Stone, 1866

ST. ANNE C. M.

William Croft, 1708


1 O where are kings and em - pires now Of
old that went and came? But, Lord, thy Church is
pray - ing yet, A thou - sand years the same. A - men.

2

We mark her goodly battlements
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

3

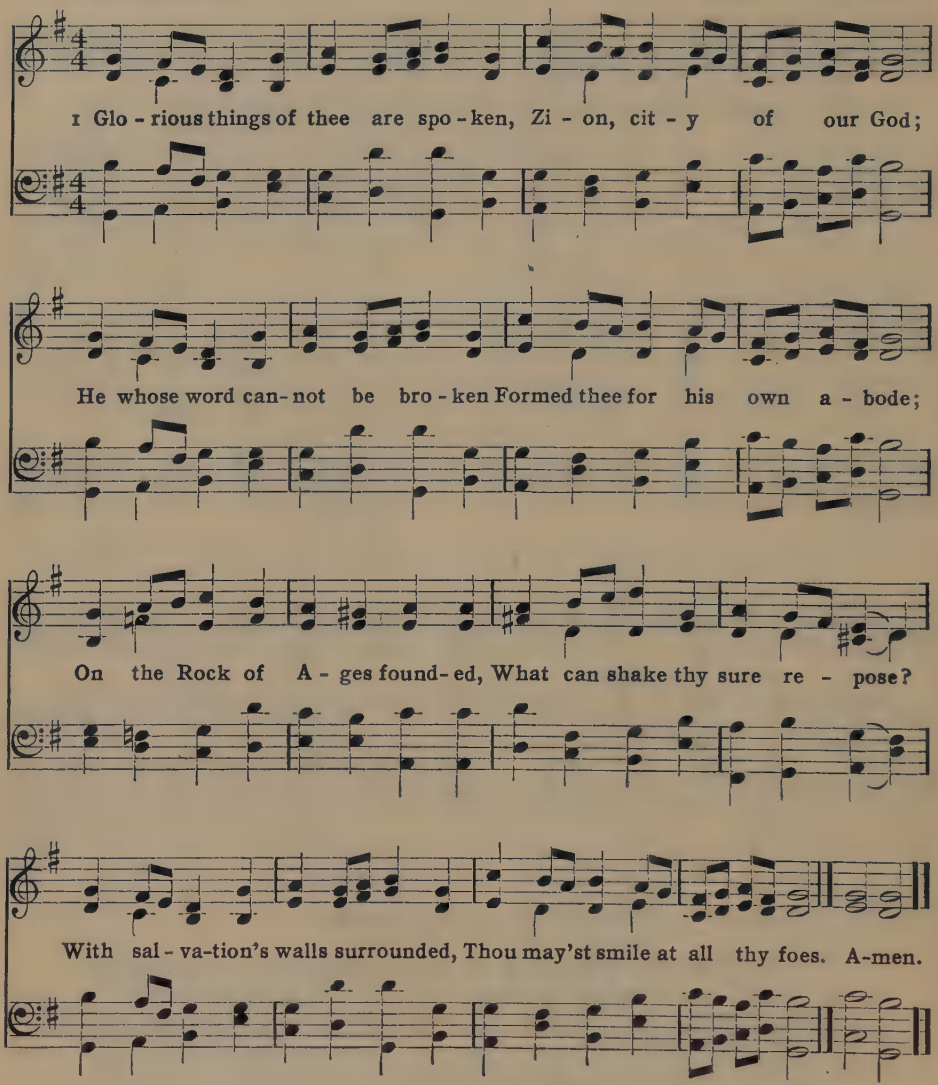
For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy Church, O God;
Though earthquake shocks are threatening her
And tempests are abroad,

4

Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands;
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

183 A. Cleveland Coxe, 1837, alt. and arr.

IN BABILONE 8. 7. 8 l. First Tune Dutch Traditional Melody


1 Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
He whose word can - not be bro - ken Formed thee for his own a - bode;
On the Rock of A - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
With sal - va-tion's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes. A-men.

The City of God
Isaiah xxxiii : 20-21

2

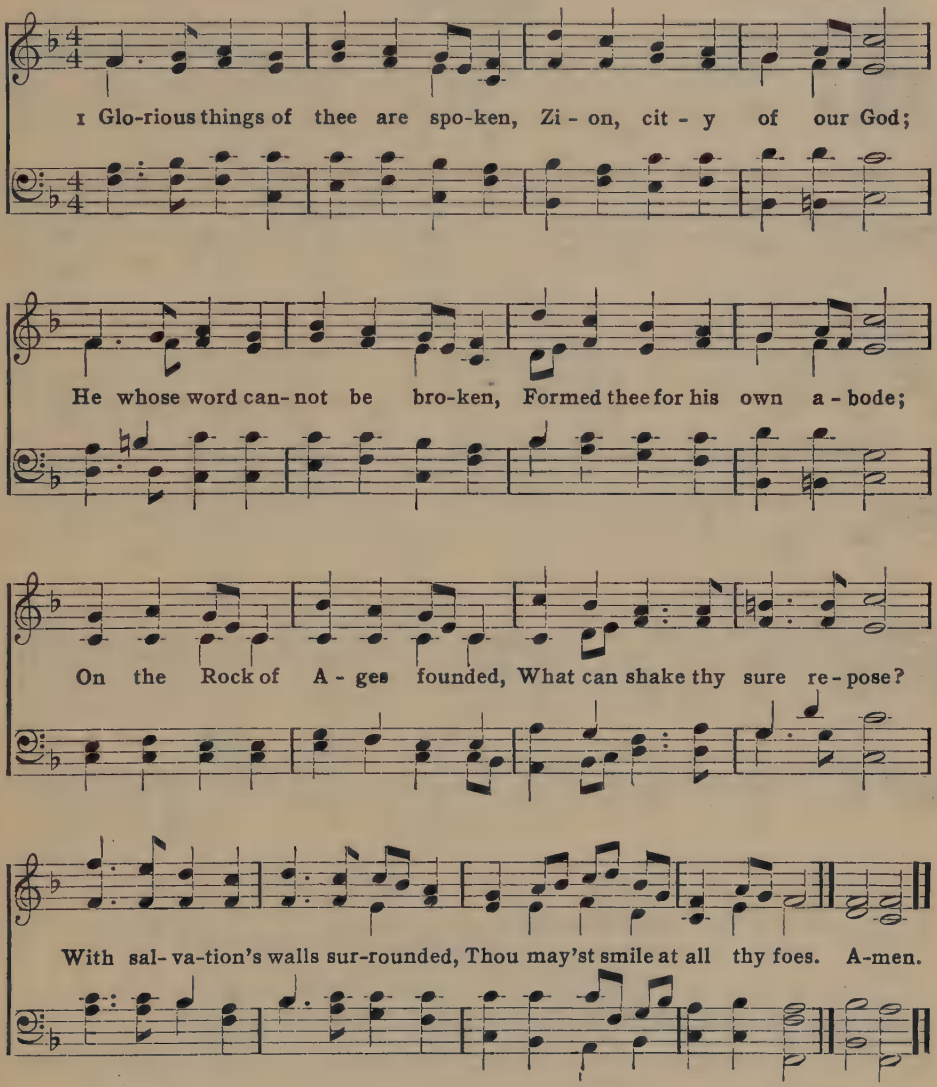
See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3

Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when thy pray.

John Newton, 1779

AUSTRIA 8. 7. 81. Second Tune F. J. Haydn, 1797


1 Glo-rious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
He whose word can-not be bro-ken, Formed thee for his own a - bode;
On the Rock of A - ges founded, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
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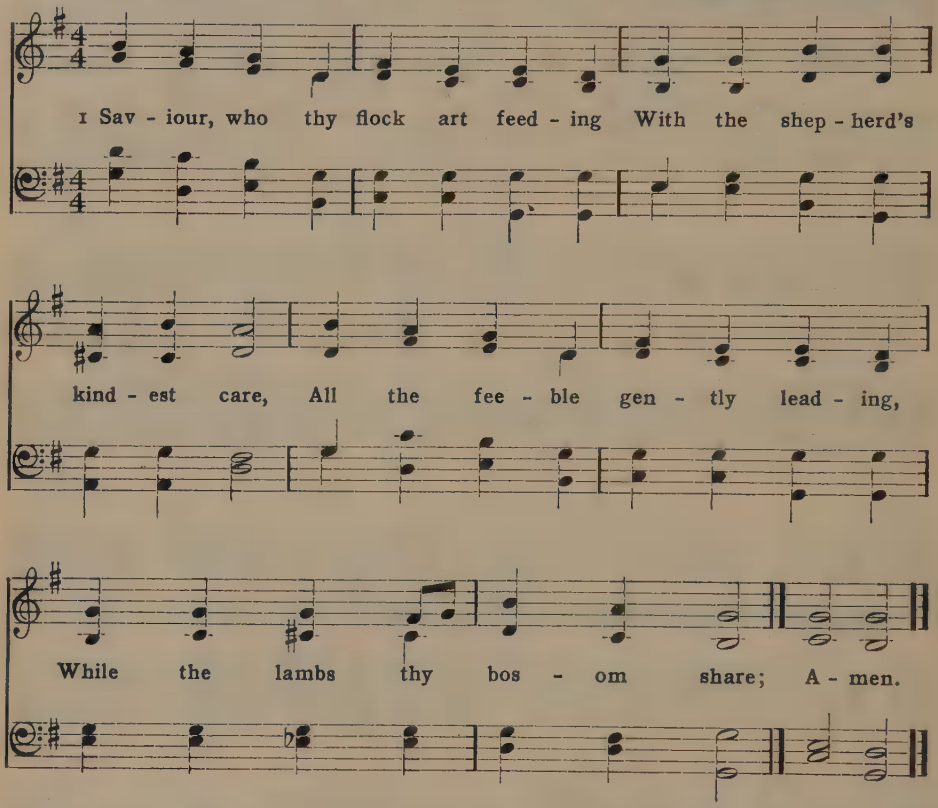
John Newton, 1779

Baptism

BROCKLESBURY 8. 7. 4 l. Charlotte A. Barnard, 1868


1 Sav - iour, who thy flock art feed - ing With the shep - herd's
kind - est care, All the fee - ble gen - tly lead - ing,
While the lambs thy bos - om share; A - men.

2

Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm;
There, we know, thy word believing,
Only there secure from harm.

3

Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them through life's dangerous way.

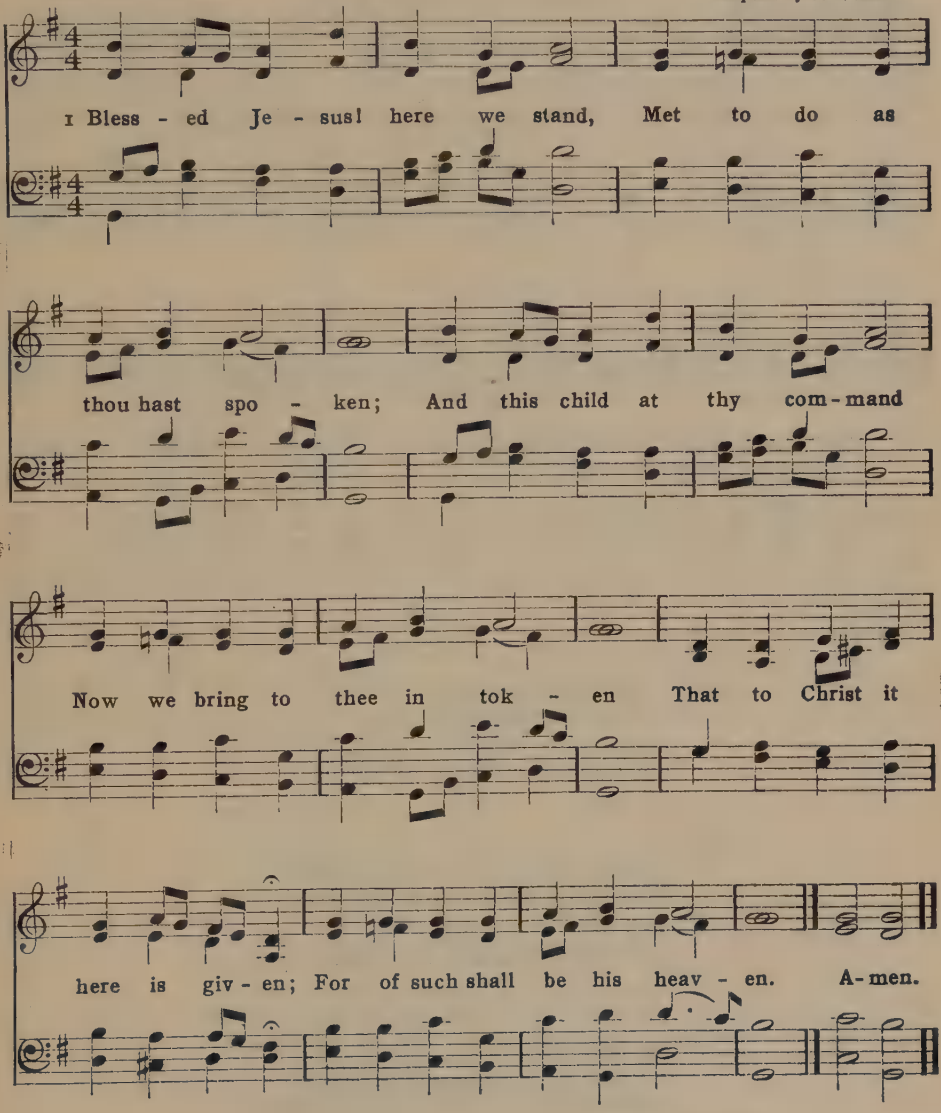
4

Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

180 Wm. A. Mühlenberg, 1826

LIEBSTER JESU 7. 8. 7. 8. 8. 8.

Melody by J. R. Ahle, 1625-73
Adapted by J. S. Bach


1 Bless - ed Je - sus! here we stand, Met to do as
thou hast spo - ken; And this child at thy com - mand
Now we bring to thee in tok - en That to Christ it
here is giv - en; For of such shall be his heav - en. A - men.

2

Therefore hasten we to thee,
Take the pledge we bring, O take it;
Let us here thy glory see,
And in tender pity make it
Now thy child and leave it never,
Thine on earth and thine forever.

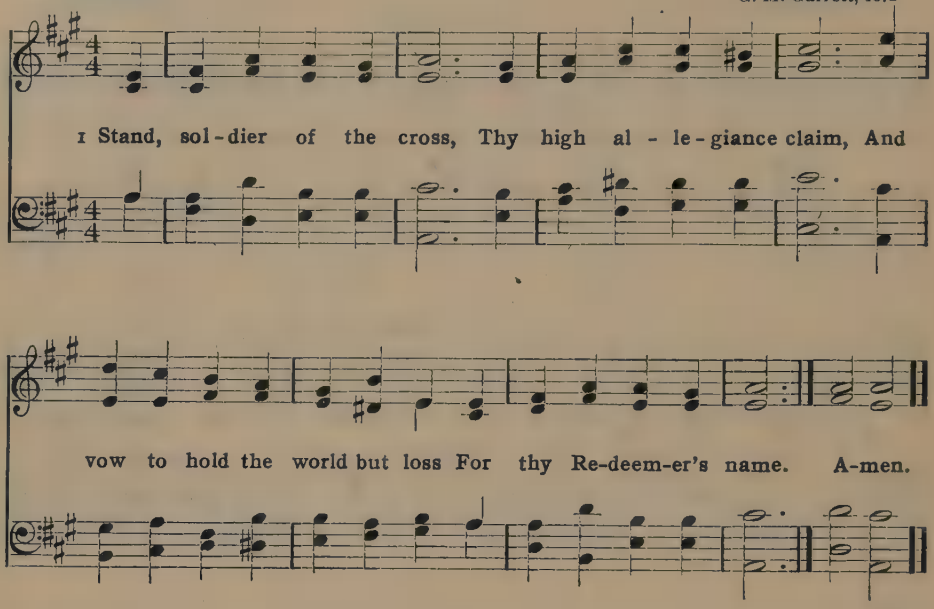
3

Now upon thy heart it lies,
What our hearts so dearly treasure;
Heavenward lead our burdened sighs,
Pour thy blessing without measure;
Write the name we now have given,
Write it in the book of heaven.

187 B. Schmolke, 1709, tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858

CRUCIS S. M.

G. M. Garrett, 1872



2

Arise, and be baptized,
And wash thy sins away;
Thy league with God be solemnized,
Thy faith avouched to-day.

3

No more thine own, but Christ's,—
With all the saints of old,
Apostles, seers, evangelists,
And martyr throngs enrolled,—

4

In God's whole armor strong,
Front hell's embattled powers:
The warfare may be sharp and long,
The victory must be ours.

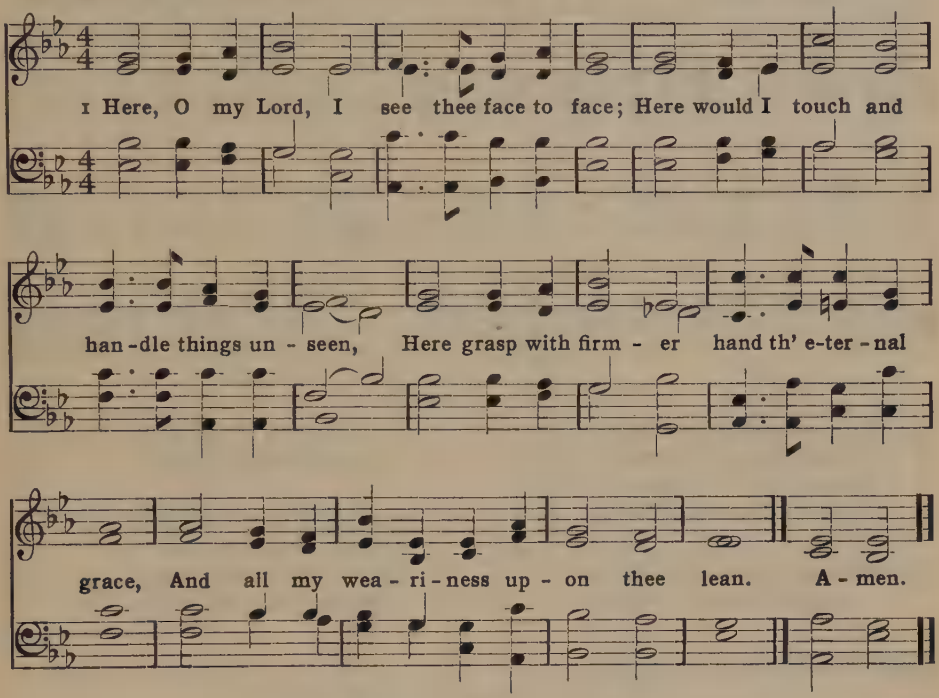
5

O bright the conqueror's crown,
The song of triumph sweet,
When faith casts every trophy down
At our great Captain's feet.

188 E. H. Bickersteth, 1870

The Lord's Supper

PENITENTIA 10s. 4 l. Edward Dearle, 1874


1 Here, O my Lord, I see thee face to face; Here would I touch and
han-dle things un-seen, Here grasp with firm-er hand th' e-ter-nal
grace, And all my wea-ri-ness up-on thee lean. A-men.

2

Here would I feed upon the bread of God,
Here drink with thee the royal wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3

This is the hour of banquet and of song;
This is the heavenly table spread for me:
Here let me feast, and feasting, still prolong
The brief, bright hour of fellowship with thee.

4

Too soon we rise: the symbols disappear;
The feast, though not the love is past and gone:
The bread and wine remove, but thou art here,
Nearer than ever, still my Shield and Sun.

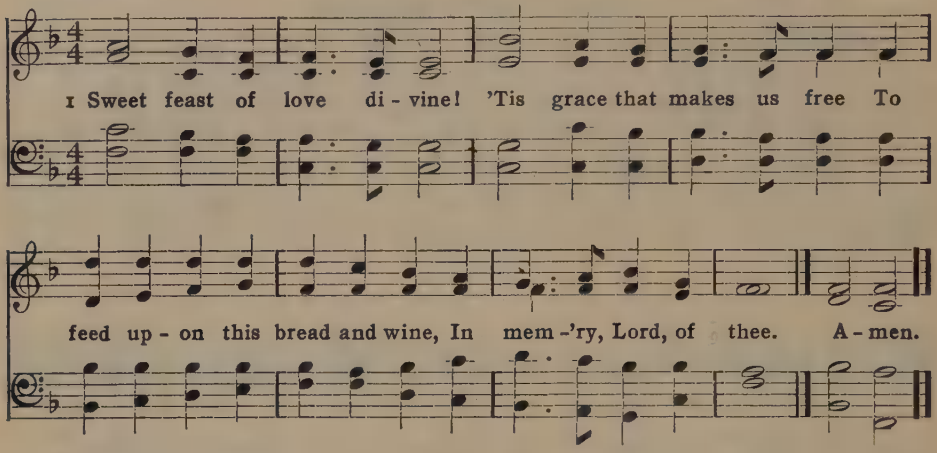
5

Feast after feast thus comes, and passes by;
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

189 Horatius Bonar, 1855

AGAPÉ S. M.

J. B. Calkin, 1827-1905



2

Here every welcome guest
Waits, Lord, from thee to learn
The secrets of thy Father's breast,
And all thy grace discern.

3

Here conscience ends its strife,
And faith delights to prove
The sweetness of the bread of life,
The fulness of thy love.

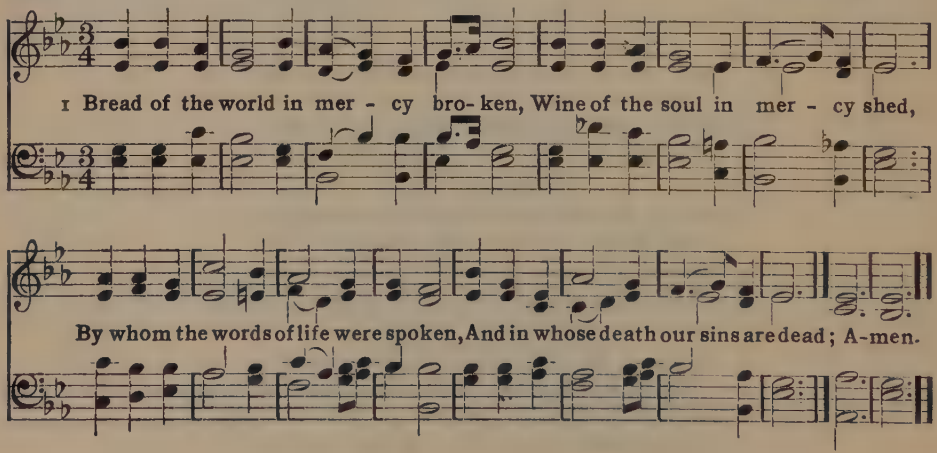
4

That blood that flowed for sin
In symbol here we see,
And feel the blessèd pledge within
That we are loved of thee.

Edward Denny, 1839

188 EUCHARISTIC HYMN 9. 8. 4 1.

J. S. B. Hodges, 1869

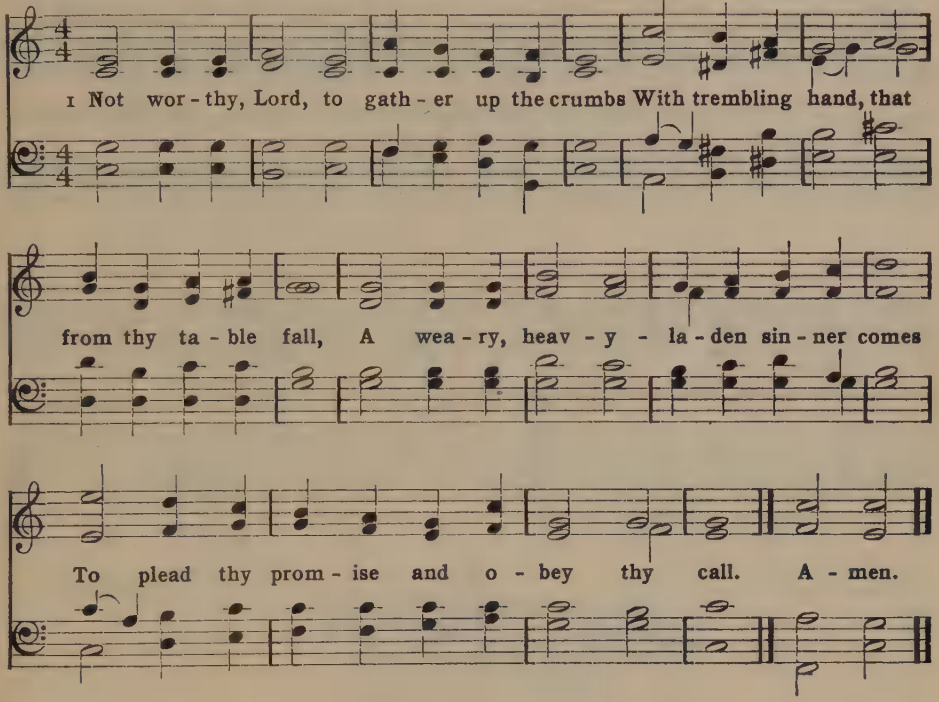

1 Bread of the world in mer - cy bro- ken, Wine of the soul in mer - cy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken, And in whose death our sins are dead; A-men.

2

Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be thy feast to us the token
That by thy grace our souls are fed.

Reginald Heber, 1783-1826

MORECAMBE 10s. 4 l. Frederick C. Atkinson, c. 1870


1 Not wor - thy, Lord, to gath - er up the crumbs With trembling hand, that
from thy ta - ble fall, A wea - ry, heav - y - la - den sin - ner comes
To plead thy prom - ise and o - bey thy call. A - men.

2 *Matt. xv: 27*

I am not worthy to be thought thy child,
Nor sit the last and lowest at thy board;
Too long a wanderer and too oft beguiled,
I only ask one reconciling word.

3

One word from thee, my Lord, one smile, one look,
And I could face the cold, rough world again;
And with that treasure in my heart could brook
The wrath of devils and the scorn of men.

4

And is not mercy thy prerogative—
Free mercy, boundless, fathomless, Divine?
Me, Lord, the chief of sinners, me forgive,
And thine the greater glory, only thine.

5

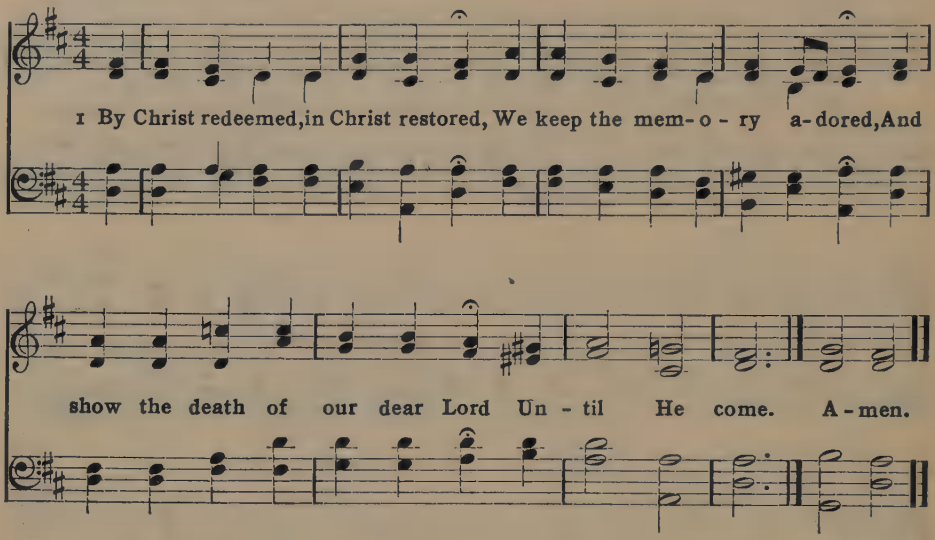
I hear thy voice; thou bid'st me come and rest;
I come, I kneel, I clasp thy piercèd feet;
Thou bid'st me take my place, a welcome guest
Among thy saints, and of thy banquet eat.

6

My praise can only breathe itself in prayer,
My prayer can only lose itself in thee;
Dwell thou for ever in my heart, and there,
Lord, let me sup with thee; sup thou with me.

191 E. H. Bickersteth, 1872

IN MEMORIAM 8. 8. 8. 4. F. C. Maker, 1876



2 *1 Corinthians xi: 26*

His body broken in our stead
Is here in this memorial bread,
And so our feeble love is fed
Until he come.

3

The streams of his dread agony,
His life-blood shed for us, we see;
The wine shall tell the mystery
Until he come.

4

And thus that dark betrayal night
With the last advent we unite
By one blest chain of loving rite
Until he come:

5

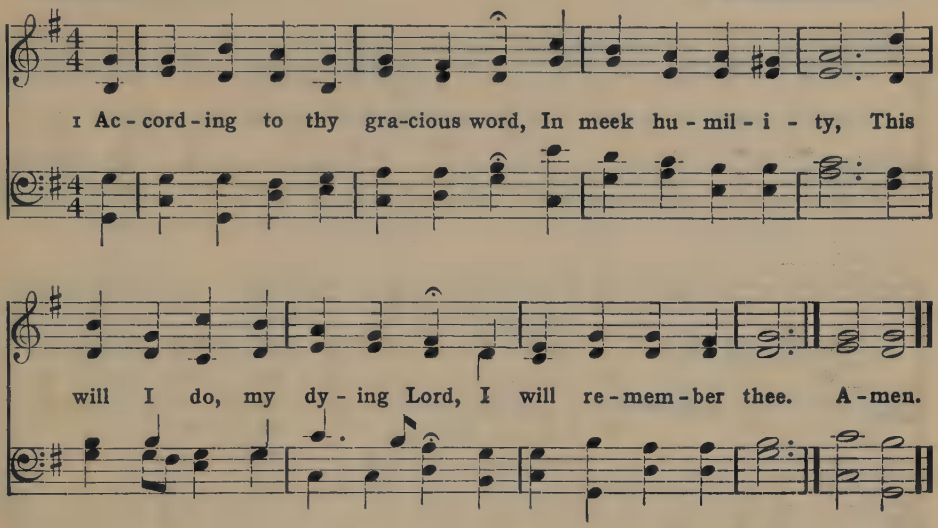
Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And, with the great commanding word,
The Lord shall come.

6

O blessèd hope! with this elate
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But, strong in faith, in patience wait
Until he come.

192 George Rawson, 1876

ABBEY C. M. Scottish Psalter, 1615



"This do in remembrance of me."
Luke xxii: 19

2
Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3
Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

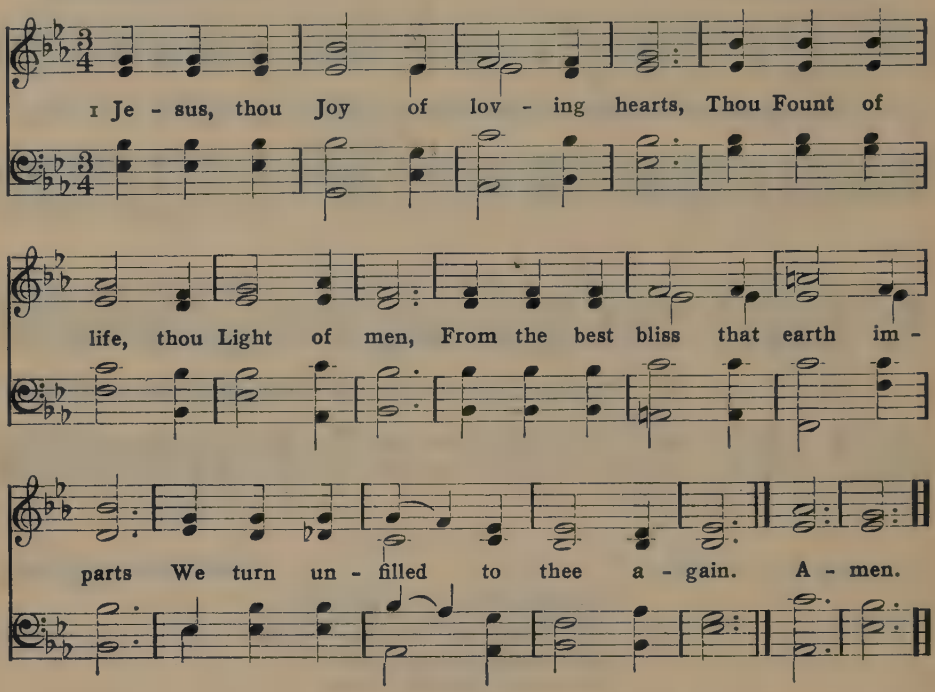
4
When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember thee;

5
Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me:
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

6
And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

193 James Montgomery, 1825

HESPERUS L. M. Henry Baker, 1866


1 Je - sus, thou Joy of lov - ing hearts, Thou Fount of
life, thou Light of men, From the best bliss that earth im -
parts We turn un - filled to thee a - gain. A - men.

2 *From "Jesu Dulcis Memoria."*

Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on thee call;
To them that seek thee thou art good,
To them that find thee, all in all.

3

We taste thee, O thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon thee still;
We drink of thee, the Fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from thee to fill.

4

Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold thee fast.

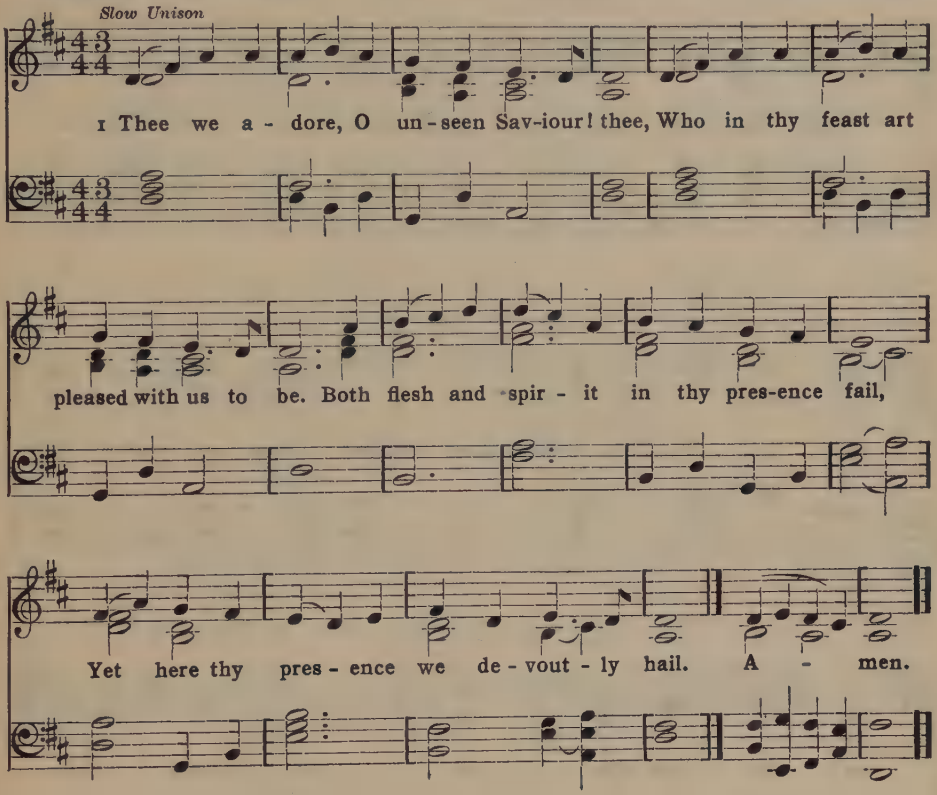
5

O Jesus, ever with us stay,
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world thy holy light.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1150;
Tr. Ray Palmer, 1858

ADORO TE. 10s. 4 l. Plain Song Melody (from the Solesmes Version)

Slow Unison


1 Thee we a - dore, O un - seen Sav-iour! thee, Who in thy feast art
pleased with us to be. Both flesh and spir - it in thy pres-ence fail,
Yet here thy pres - ence we de - vout - ly hail. A - men.

2

O blest memorial of our dying Lord,
Who living bread to men doth here afford!
O may our souls for ever feed on thee,
And thou, O Christ, forever precious be.

3

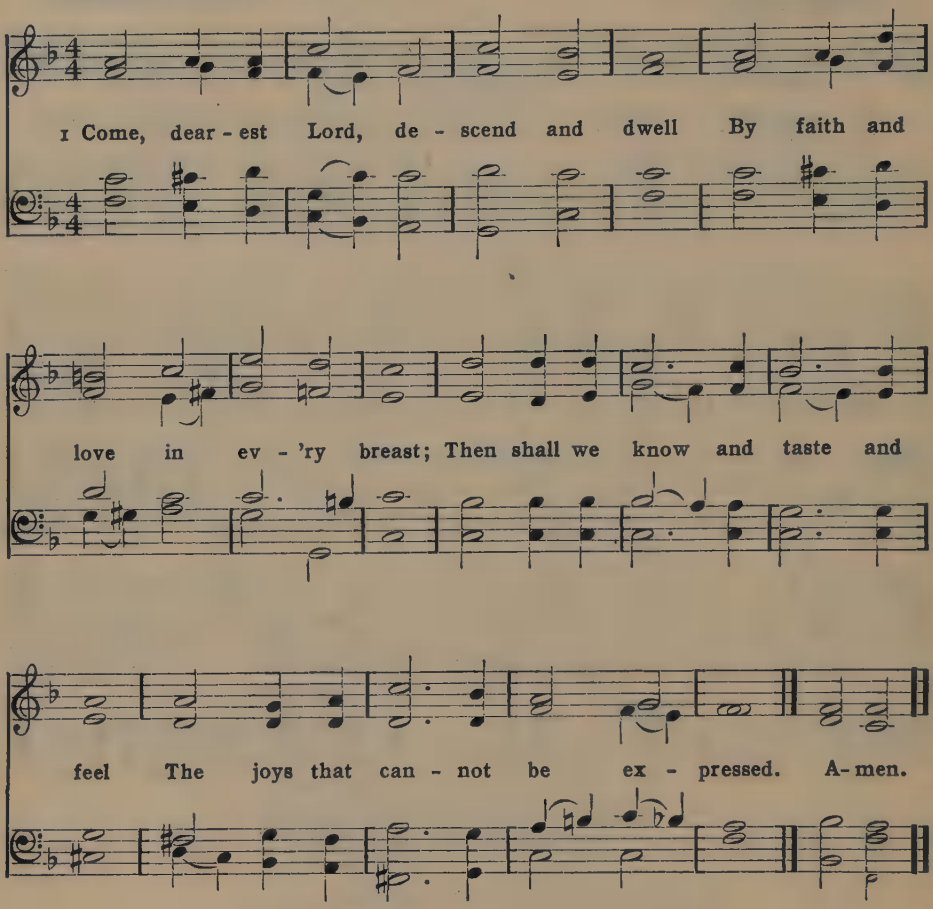
Fountain of goodness, Jesu, Lord and God,
Cleanse us, unclean, with thy most cleansing blood;
Increase our faith and love, that we may know
The hope and peace which from thy presence flow.

4

O Christ, whom now beneath a veil we see,
May what we thirst for soon our portion be,
To gaze on thee unveiled, and see thy face,
The vision of thy glory and thy grace.

Thomas Aquinas, 1227-74;
Tr. J. R. Woodford, 1861

SWEDEN L. M. Henry Hiles, 1868


1 Come, dear - est Lord, de - scend and dwell By faith and
love in ev - 'ry breast; Then shall we know and taste and
feel The joys that can - not be ex - pressed. A- men.

Ephesians iii: 17–21

2

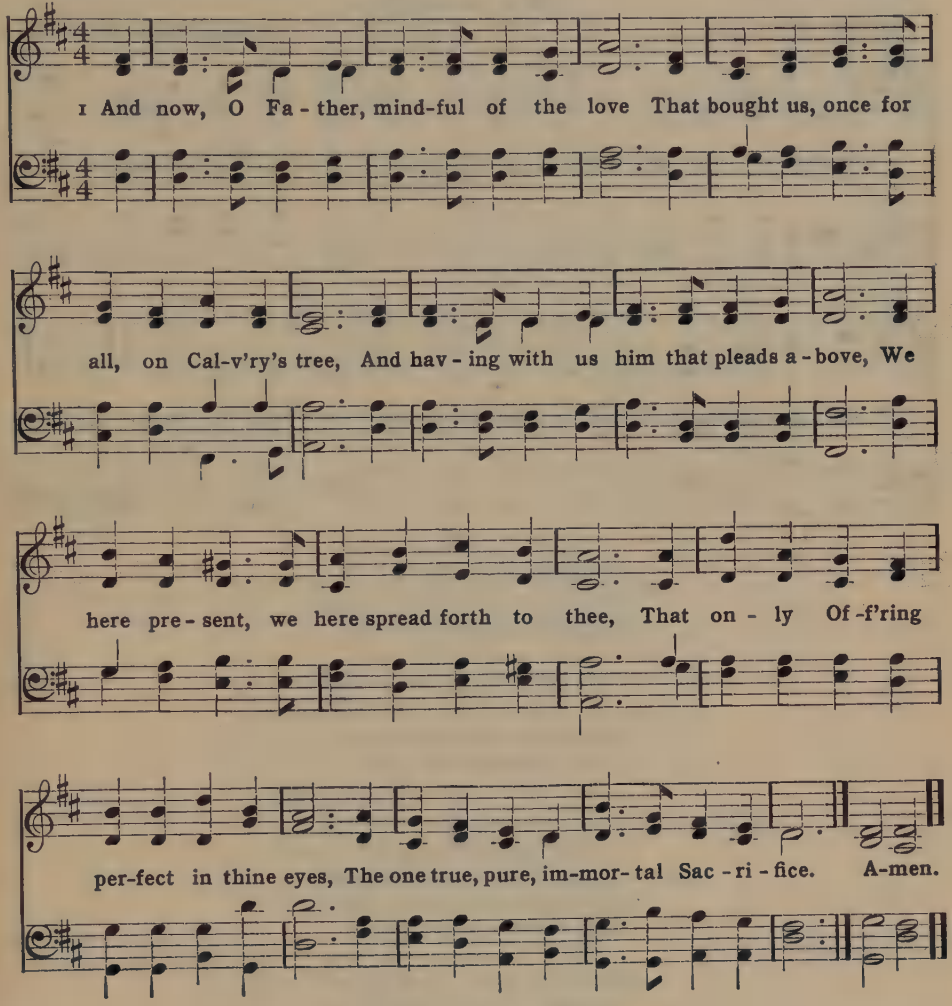
Come, fill our hearts with inward strength;
Make our enlarged souls possess
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of thine unmeasurable grace.

3

Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done
By all the Church, through Christ his Son.

 Isaac Watts, 1709

UNDE ET MEMORES 10s. 6 l. W. H. Monk, 1885


1 And now, O Fa - ther, mind-ful of the love That bought us, once for
all, on Cal-v'ry's tree, And hav - ing with us him that pleads a - bove, We
here pre - sent, we here spread forth to thee, That on - ly Of -f'ring
per-fect in thine eyes, The one true, pure, im-mor- tal Sac - ri - fice. A-men.

2

Look, Father, look on his anointed face,
And only look on us as found in him;
Look not on our misusings of thy grace,
Our prayer so languid, and our faith so dim:
For lo! between our sins and their reward
We set the Passion of thy Son our Lord.

3

And then for those, our dearest and our best,
By this prevailing presence we appeal;
O fold them closer to thy mercy's breast,
O do thine utmost for their souls' true weal:
From tainting mischief keep them white and clear,
And crown thy gifts with strength to persevere.

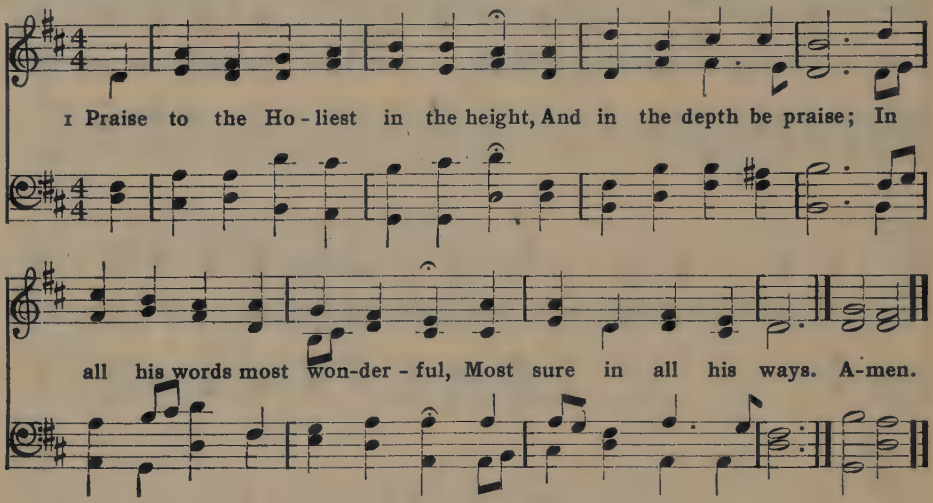
4

And so we come; O draw us to thy feet,
Most patient Saviour, who canst love us still;
And by this Food, so awful and so sweet,
Deliver us from every touch of ill:
In thine own service make us glad and free,
And grant us never more to part with thee.

William Bright, 1874

The Gospel

SONG 67 C. M. Orlando Gibbons, 1583-1625


1 Praise to the Ho-liest in the height, And in the depth be praise; In
all his words most won-der-ful, Most sure in all his ways. A-men.

2
O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

3
O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against their foe,
Should strive and should prevail;

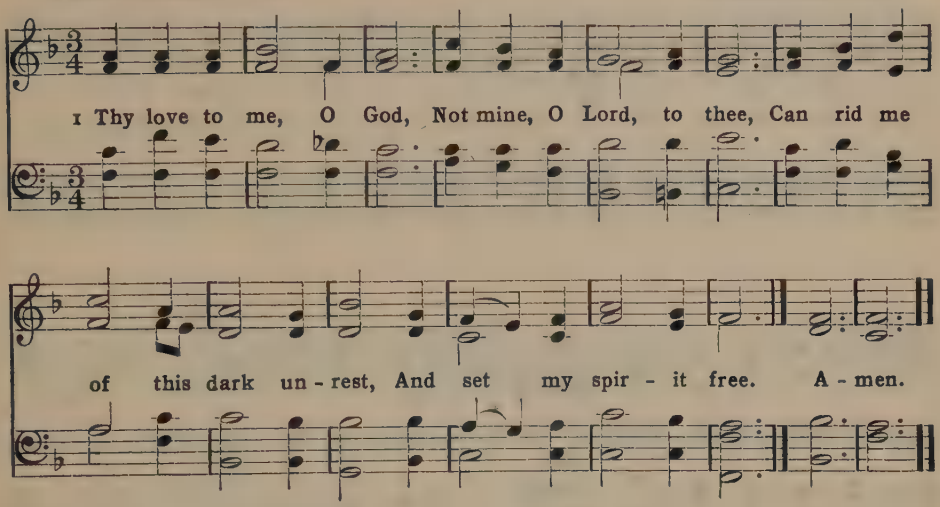
4
And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's presence, and his very Self
And essence all-Divine.

5
O generous love! that he, who smote
In Man for man the foe,
The double agony in Man
For man should undergo;

6
And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach his brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

7
Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all his words most wonderful,
Most sure in all his ways.

198 J. H. Newman, 1865

TRENTHAM S. M. Robert Jackson, 1842—

1 John iv : 10

2

Thy grace alone, O God,
To me can pardon speak;
Thy power alone, O Son of God,
Can this sore bondage break.

3

I bless the Christ of God;
I rest on love Divine;
And, with unfaltering lip and heart,
I call this Saviour mine.

4

His cross dispels each doubt;
I bury in his tomb
Each thought of unbelief and fear,
Each lingering shade of gloom.

5

I praise the God of grace;
I trust his truth and might;
He calls me his, I call him mine,
My God, my joy, my light.

6

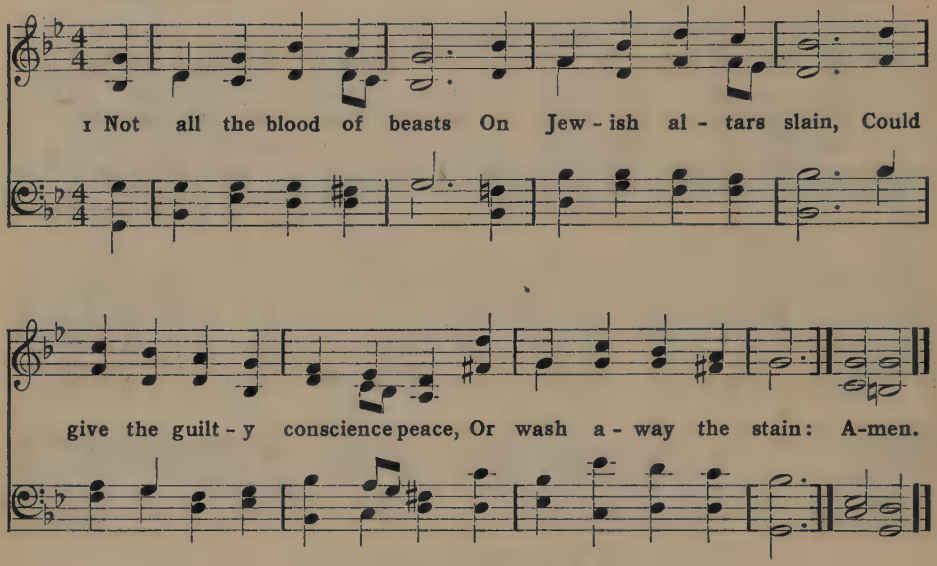
'Tis he who saveth me,
And freely pardon gives;
I love because he loveth me,
I live because he lives.

7

My life with him is hid,
My death has passed away,
My clouds have melted into light,
My midnight into day.

199 Horatius Bonar, 1861

ST. BRIDE S. M. Samuel Howard, 1762



Christ our Sacrifice.—Hebrews ix: 11-14
Galatians iii: 13

2

But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away,
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

3

My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4

My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursèd tree,
And knows her guilt was there.

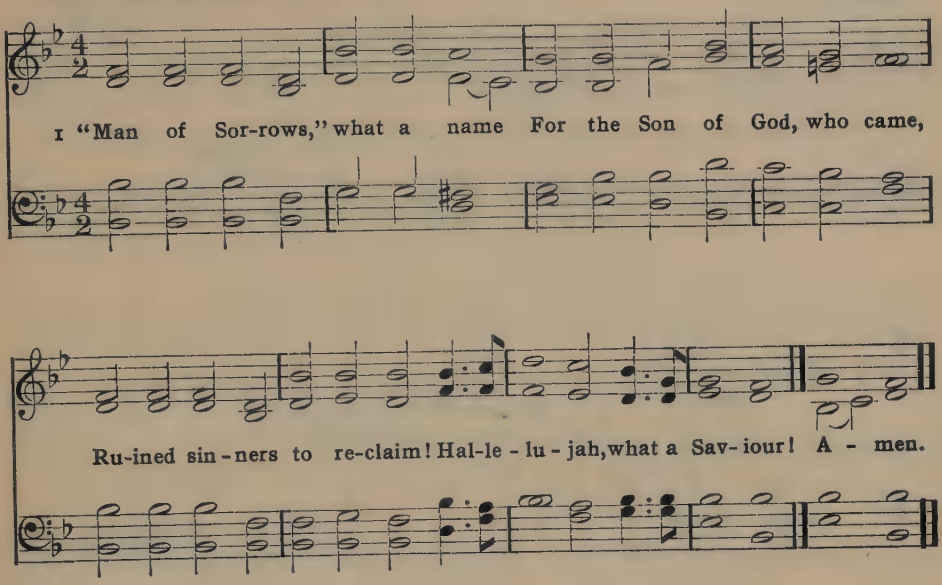
5

Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

200 Isaac Watts, 1709

MAN OF SORROWS 7. 7. 7. 8.

P. P. Bliss



2

Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In my place condemned he stood;
Sealed my pardon with his blood;
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

3

Guilty, vile, and helpless, we;
Spotless Lamb of God was he:
"Full atonement!" can it be?
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

4

Lifted up was he to die,
"It is finished," was his cry,
Now in heaven exalted high:
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

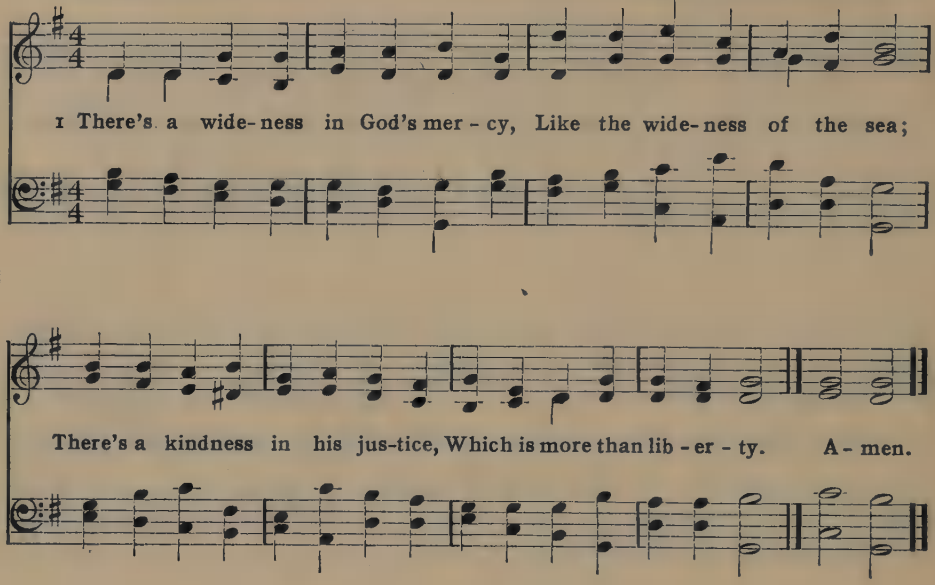
5

When he comes, our glorious King,
All his ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing;
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

201

P. P. Bliss, 1836-1876

STUTTGART 8. 7. 4 l. Psalmodia Sacra, Gotha, 1715


1 There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
There's a kindness in his jus-tice, Which is more than lib-er-ty. A-men.

2

There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

3

For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

4

There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour,
There is healing in his blood.

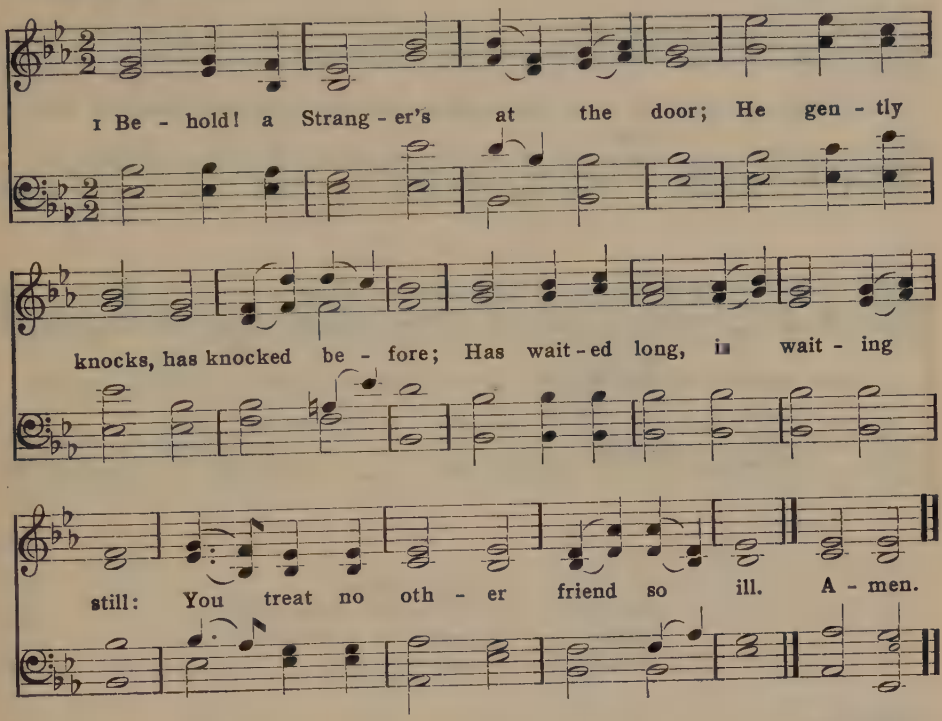
5

If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would all be sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

202 F. W. Faber, 1854

BERA L. M.

J. E. Gould, 1849


1 Be - hold! a Strang - er's at the door; He gen - tly
knocks, has knocked be - fore; Has wait - ed long, is wait - ing
still: You treat no oth - er friend so ill. A - men.

Revelation iii : 20

2

But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will, the very Friend you need;
The Man of Nazareth, 'tis He,
With garments dyed at Calvary.

3

O lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and laden hands;
O matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

4

Rise, touched with gratitude Divine;
Turn out his enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5

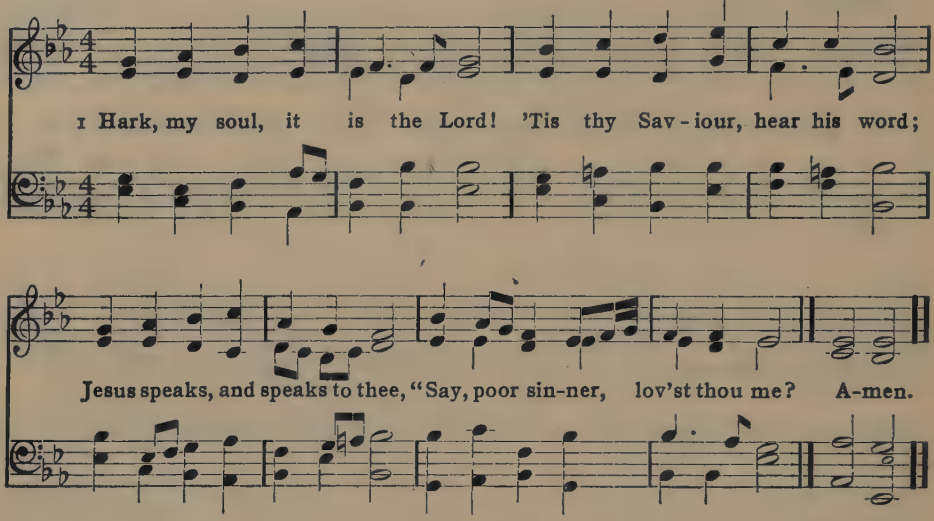
Admit him ere his anger burn;
His feet, departed, ne'er return:
Admit him, or the hour's at hand
When at his door denied you'll stand.

6

Sovereign of souls! Thou Prince of Peace!
O may thy gentle reign increase!
Throw wide the door each willing mind
And be his empire all mankind!

J. Grigg, 1765

SONG 13 7s. 4 l. Orlando Gibbons, 1583–1625


1 Hark, my soul, it is the Lord! 'Tis thy Sav - iour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee, "Say, poor sin-ner, lov'st thou me? A-men.

2 *John xxi: 15-17*

"I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3

"Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4

"Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5

"Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

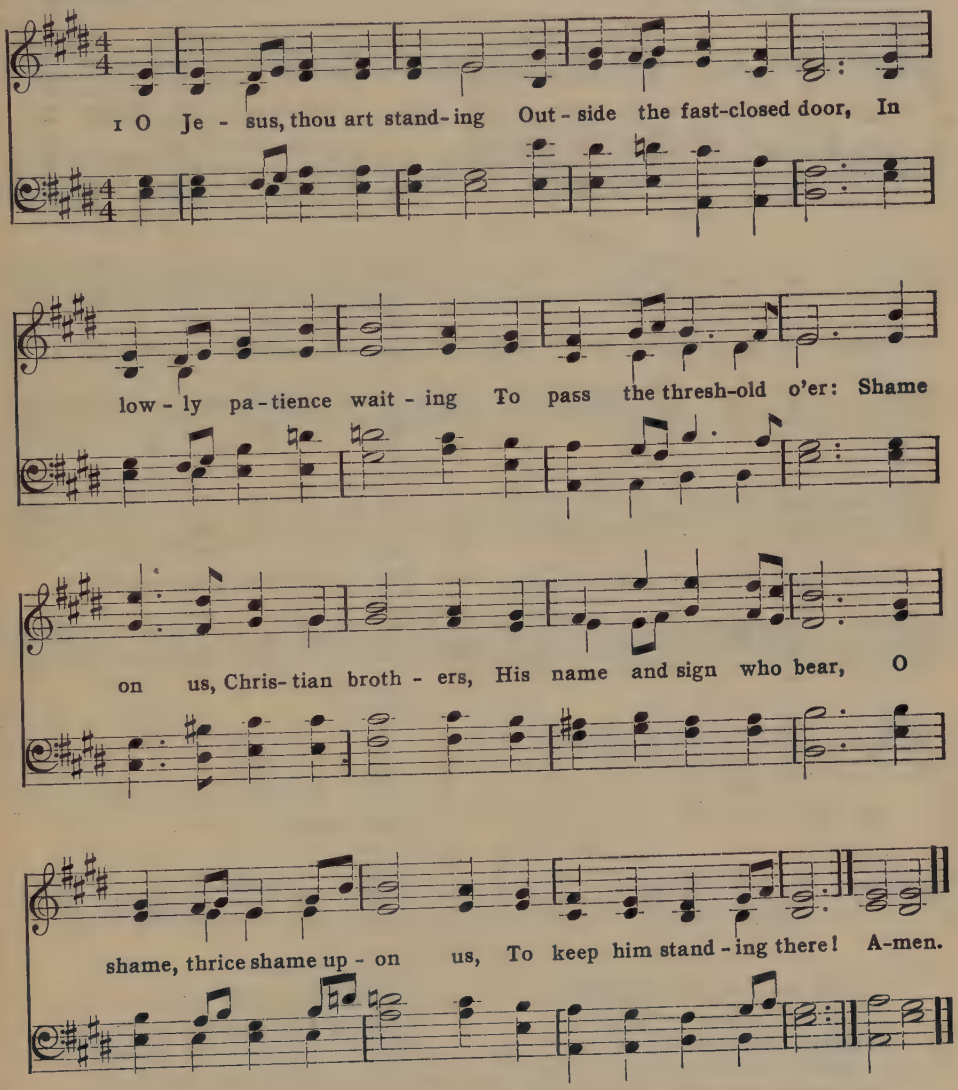
6

Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee and adore;
O for grace to love thee more!

204 W. Cowper, 1768

ST. EDITH 7. 6. 8 l.

J. H. Knecht, 1799, and Edward Husband, 1871


1 O Je - sus, thou art stand-ing Out - side the fast-closed door, In
low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the thresh-old o'er: Shame
on us, Chris-tian broth - ers, His name and sign who bear, O
shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep him stand - ing there! A-men.

Revelation iii: 20

2

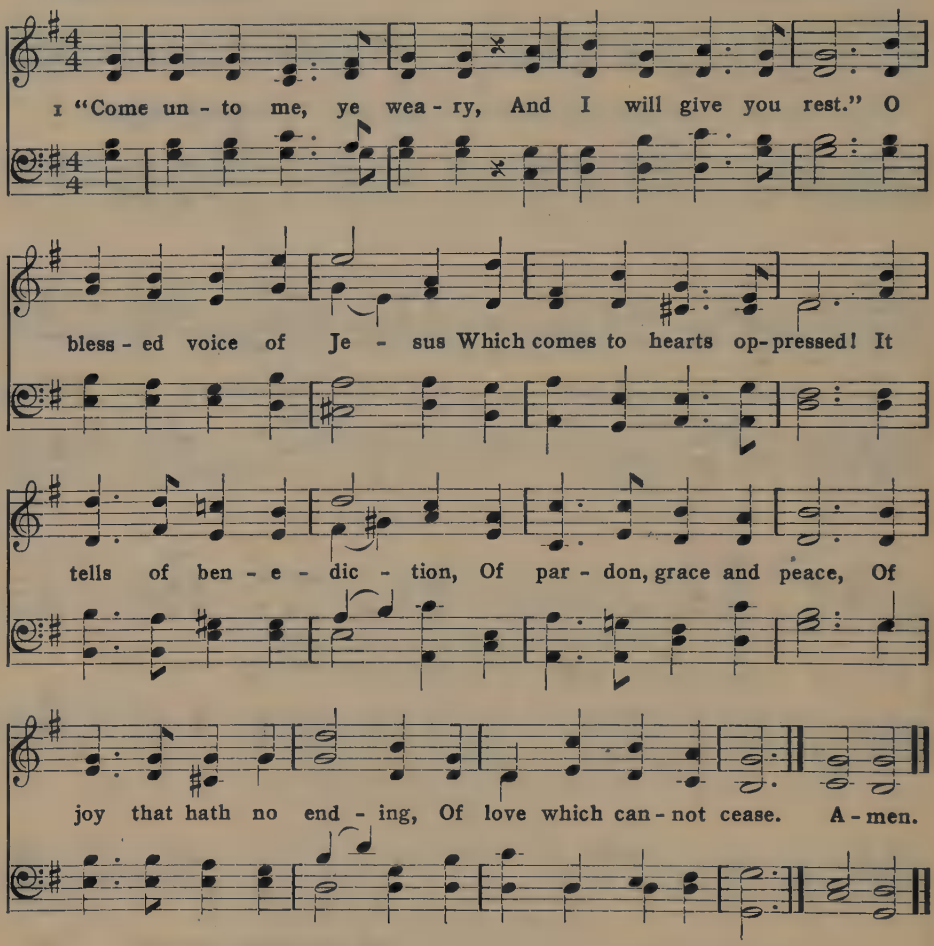
O Jesus, thou art knocking;
And lo, that hand is scarred,
And thorns thy brow encircle,
And tears thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3

O Jesus, thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

W. W. How, 1867

COME UNTO ME 7. 6. 8 l. J. B. Dykes, 1875


1 "Come un - to me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest." O
bless - ed voice of Je - sus Which comes to hearts op-pressed! It
tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par - don, grace and peace, Of
joy that hath no end - ing, Of love which can-not cease. A-men.

2

"Come unto me, dear children,
And I will give you light."
O loving voice of Jesus
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.

3

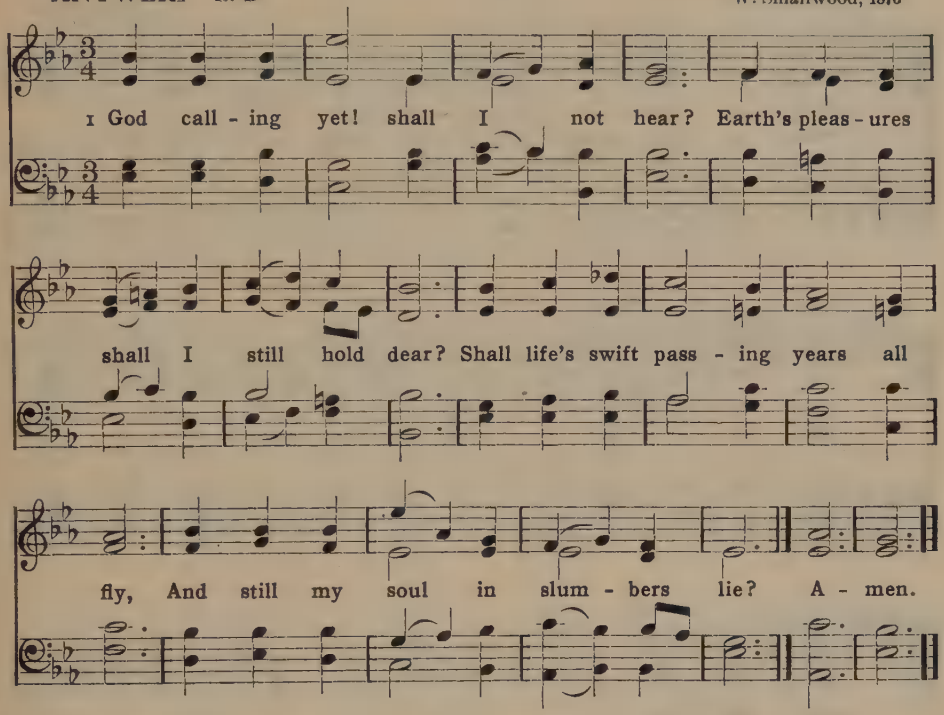
"Come unto me ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
O peaceful voice of Jesus
Which comes to end our strife!
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

4

"And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out."
O patient love of Jesus
Which drives away our doubt;
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to thee.

W. C. Dix, 1867

ANTWERP L. M. W. Smallwood, 1876


1 God call - ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleas - ures
shall I still hold dear? Shall life's swift pass - ing years all
fly, And still my soul in slum - bers lie? A - men.

2 *To-day if ye will hear his voice—Ps. xcv: 7–8*

God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I his loving voice despise,
And basely his kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?

3

God calling yet! and shall he knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare his Spirit grieve?

4

God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but he does not forsake;
He calls me still; my heart, awake!

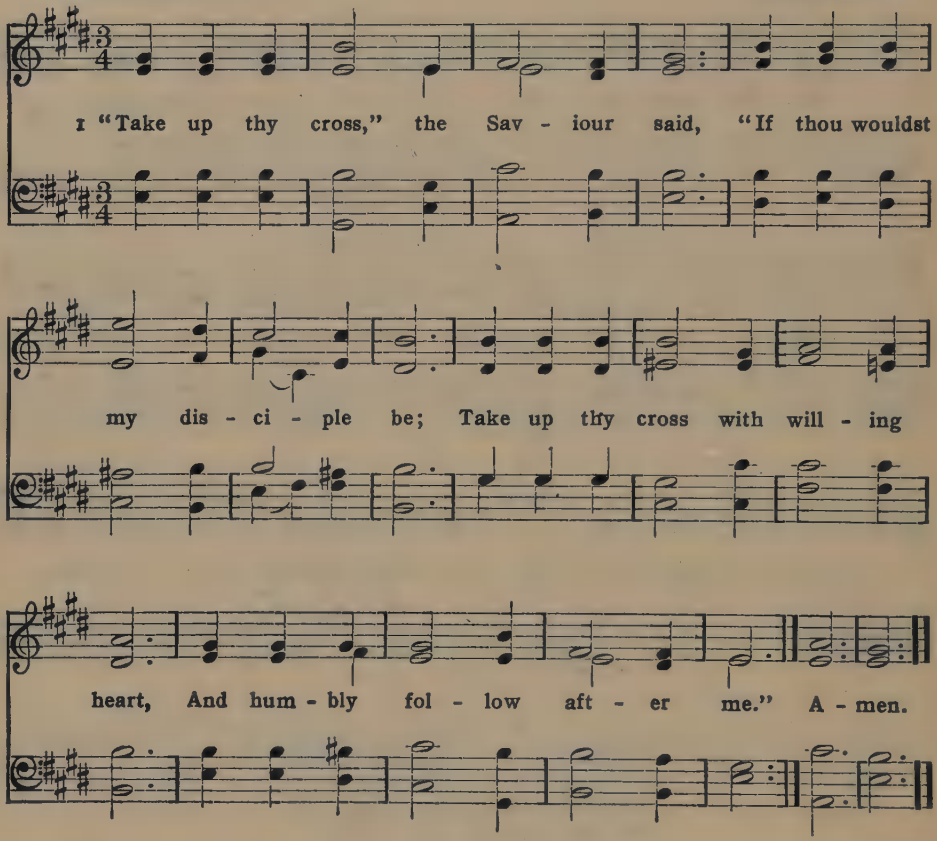
5

God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay;
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

G. Tersteegen, 1735:
Tr. Sarah B. Findlater, 1855, and others

ST. CRISPIN L. M.

G. J. Elvey, 1863


1 "Take up thy cross," the Sav - iour said, "If thou wouldst
my dis - ci - ple be; Take up thy cross with will - ing
heart, And hum - bly fol - low aft - er me." A - men.

2 *Matthew xvi : 24–25*

Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak soul with vain alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

3

Take up thy cross; nor heed the shame,
And let thy foolish pride be still;
Thy Lord refused not e'en to die
Upon a cross, on Calvary's hill.

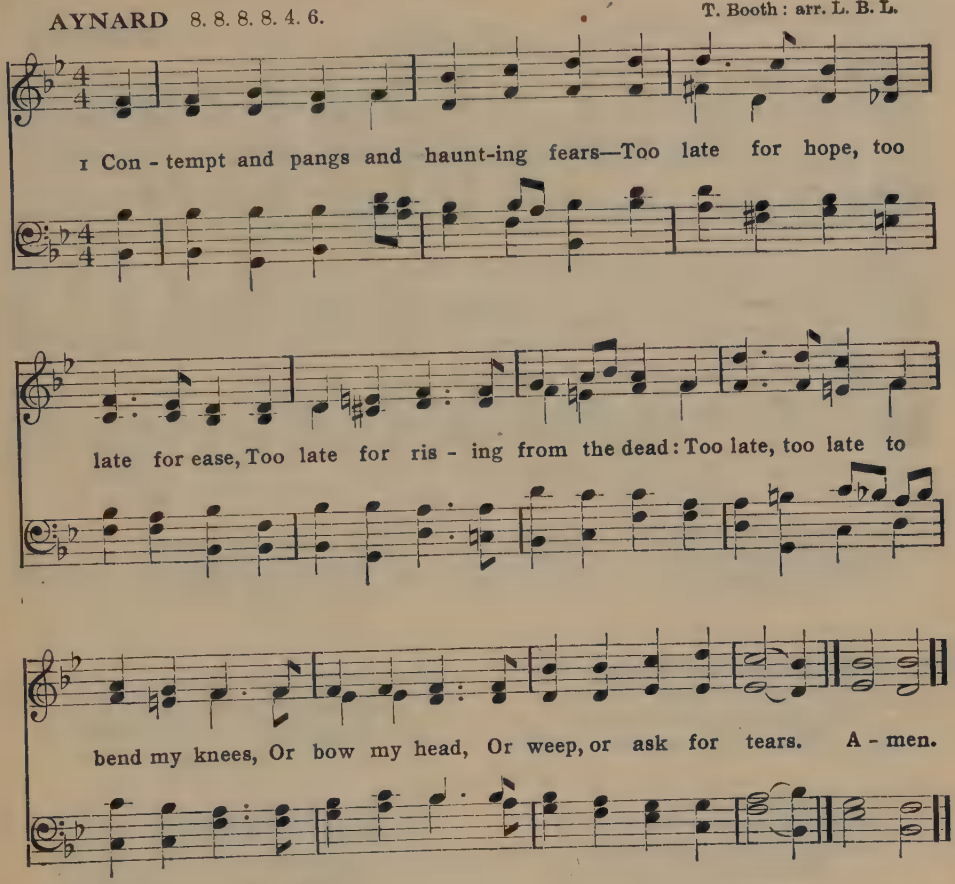
4

Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

208 Charles W. Everest, 1833, and others

AYNARD 8. 8. 8. 8. 4. 6.

T. Booth: arr. L. B. L.


1 Con - tempt and pangs and haunt-ing fears—Too late for hope, too
late for ease, Too late for ris - ing from the dead: Too late, too late to
bend my knees, Or bow my head, Or weep, or ask for tears. A - men.

2

Hark! One I hear who calls to me;
"Give me thy thorn, and grief, and scorn,
Give me thy ruin and regret,
Press on thro' darkness toward the morn:
One loves thee yet:
Have I forgotten thee?"

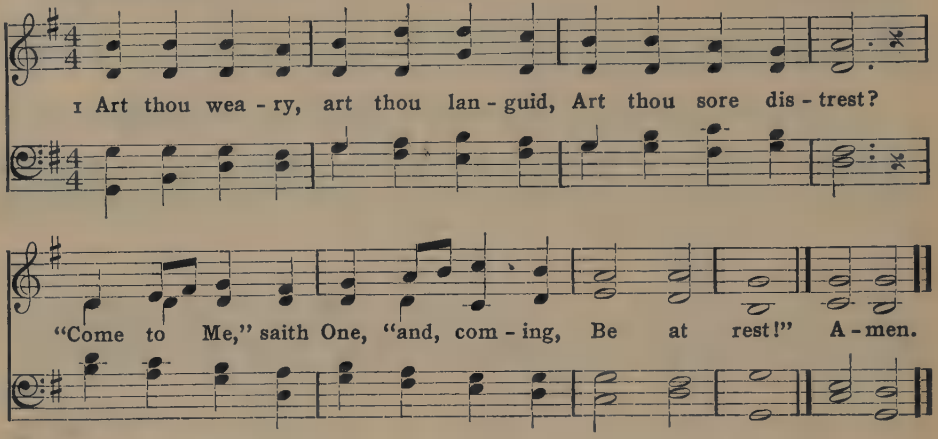
3

Lord, who art thou? Lord is it thou,
My Lord and God, Lord Jesus Christ?
How said I that I sat alone
And desolate and unsufficed?
Surely a stone
Would raise thy praises now.

Christina G. Rossetti, 1830-1894

STEPHANOS 8. 5. 8. 3. First Tune

H. W. Baker, 1868



2

Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my Guide?
"In his feet and hands are wound-prints,
And his side."

3

Is there diadem as Monarch
That his brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

4

If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow; many a labor,
Many a tear."

5

If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past."

6

If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

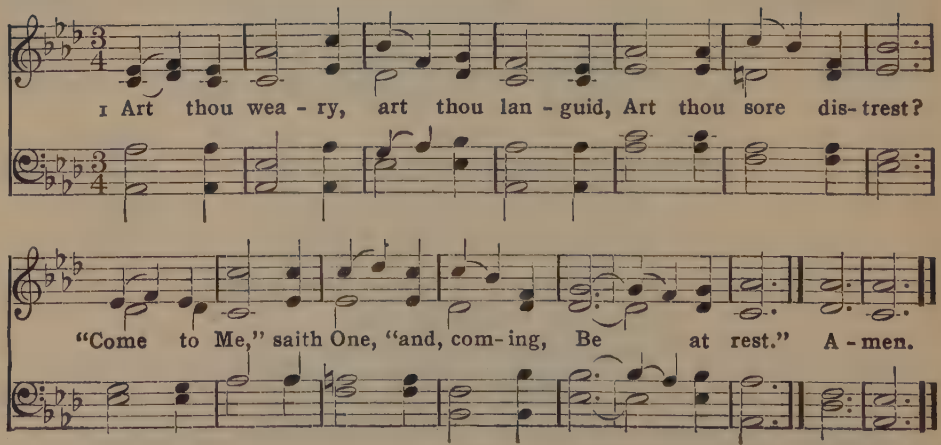
7

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is he sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, 'Yes.'"

J. M. Neale, 1862

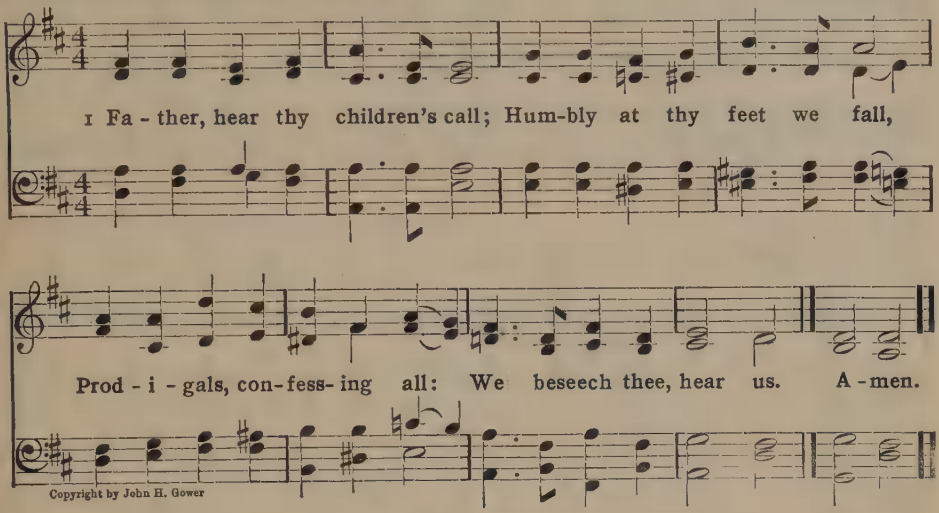
208 BULLINGER 8. 5. 8. 3. Second Tune

E. W. Bullinger, 1877



Repentance

GOWER'S LITANY 7. 7. 7. 6. John H. Gower, 1891


1 Fa - ther, hear thy children's call; Hum-bly at thy feet we fall,
Prod - i - gals, con-fess- ing all: We beseech thee, hear us. A - men.
Copyright by John H. Gower

2

Christ, beneath thy cross we blame
All our life of sin and shame,
Penitent, we breathe thy name:
We beseech thee, hear us.

3

Holy Spirit, grieved and tried,
Oft forgotten and defied,
Now we mourn our stubborn pride:
We beseech thee, hear us.

4

Love that caused us first to be,
Love that bled upon the tree,
Love that draws us lovingly:
We beseech thee, hear us.

5

We thy call have disobeyed,
Into paths of sin have strayed,
And repentance have delayed:
We beseech thee, hear us.

6

Sick, we come to thee for cure,
Guilty, seek thy mercy sure,
Evil, long to be made pure:
We beseech thee, hear us.

7

Blind, we pray that we may see,
Bound, we pray to be made free,
Stained, we pray for sanctity:
We beseech thee, hear us.

8

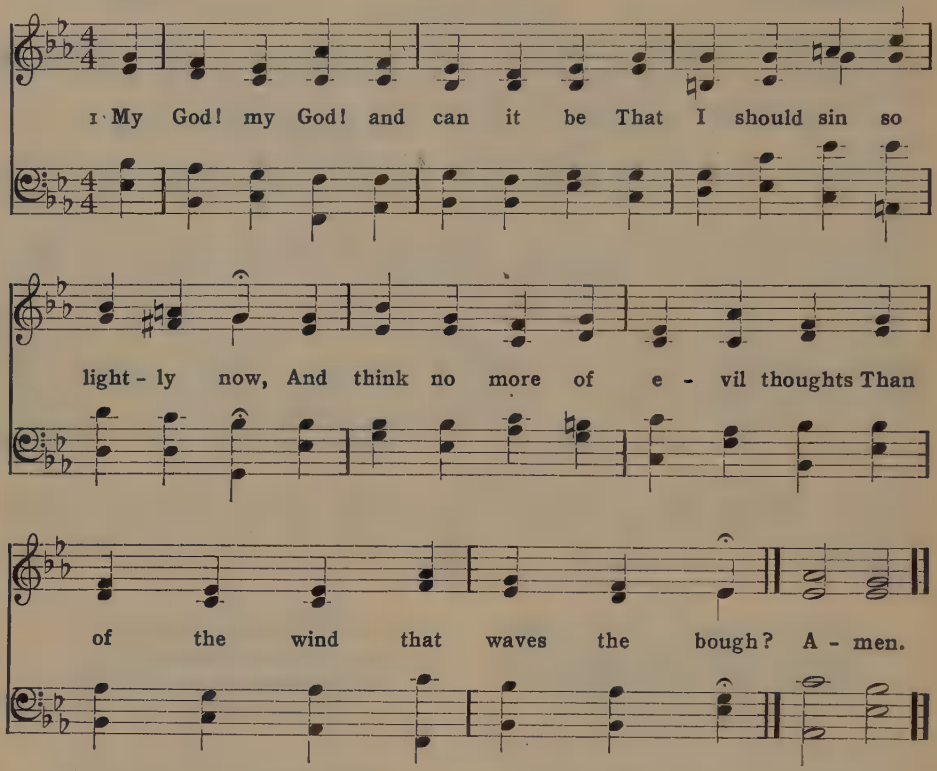
Thou who hear'st each contrite sigh,
Bidding sinful souls draw nigh,
Willing not that one should die,
We beseech thee, hear us.

9

By the love that bids thee spare,
By the heaven thou dost prepare,
By thy promises to prayer,
We beseech thee, hear us.

211 T. B. Pollock, 1875

KIDLINGTON L. M. A. R. Reinagle, 1868


1 My God! my God! and can it be That I should sin so
light - ly now, And think no more of e - vil thoughts Than
of the wind that waves the bough? A - men.

2 *Luke xxii: 41-44*

I walk the earth with lightsome step,
Smile at the sunshine, breathe the air,
Do my own will, nor ever heed
Gethsemane and thy long prayer.

3

Shall it be always thus, O Lord?
Wilt thou not work this hour in me
The grace thy passion merited,
Hatred of self, and love of thee!

4

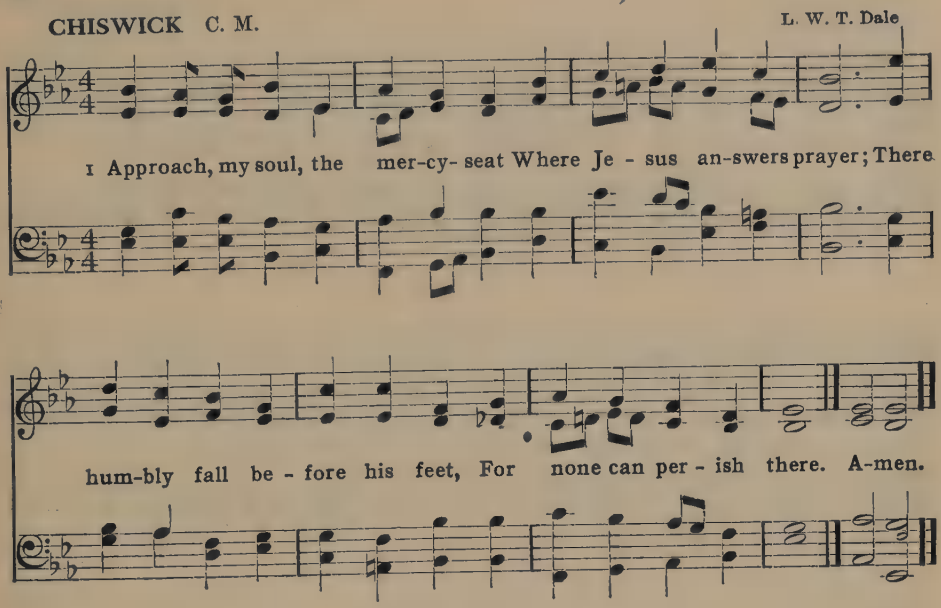
Ever when tempted, make me see,
Beneath the olives' moon-pierced shade,
My Lord, alone, outstretched, and bruised,
And bleeding, on the earth he made;

5

And make me feel it was my sin,
As though no other sins there were,
That was to him who bears the world
A load that he could scarcely bear.

212 F. W. Faber, 1852

CHISWICK C. M. L. W. T. Dale


1 Approach, my soul, the mer-cy-seat Where Je - sus an-swers prayer; There
hum-bly fall be - fore his feet, For none can per - ish there. A-men.

2

Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3

Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4

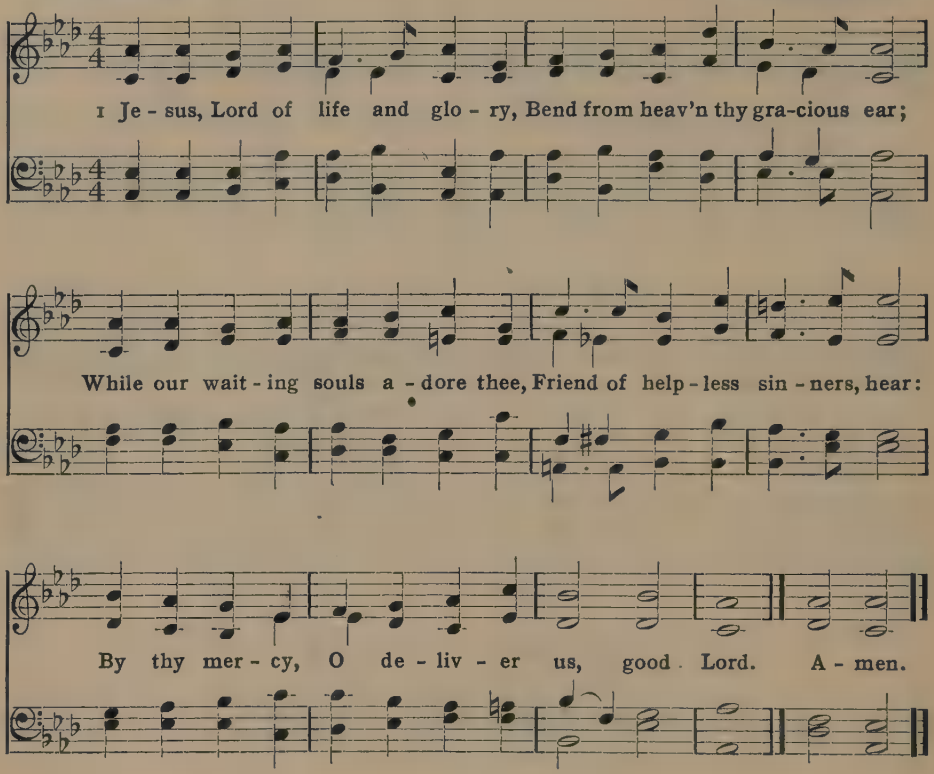
Be thou my Shield and Hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, Thou hast died.

5

O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

J. Newton, 1779

ST. RAPHAEL 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7. E. J. Hopkins, 1862


1 Je - sus, Lord of life and glo - ry, Bend from heav'n thy gra-cious ear;
While our wait - ing souls a - dore thee, Friend of help - less sin - ners, hear:
By thy mer - cy, O de - liv - er us, good Lord. A - men.

2

From the depths of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
By thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

3

When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
By thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

4

When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease,
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peace,
By thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

5

In the weary hours of sickness,
In the times of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When the creature's help is vain,
By thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

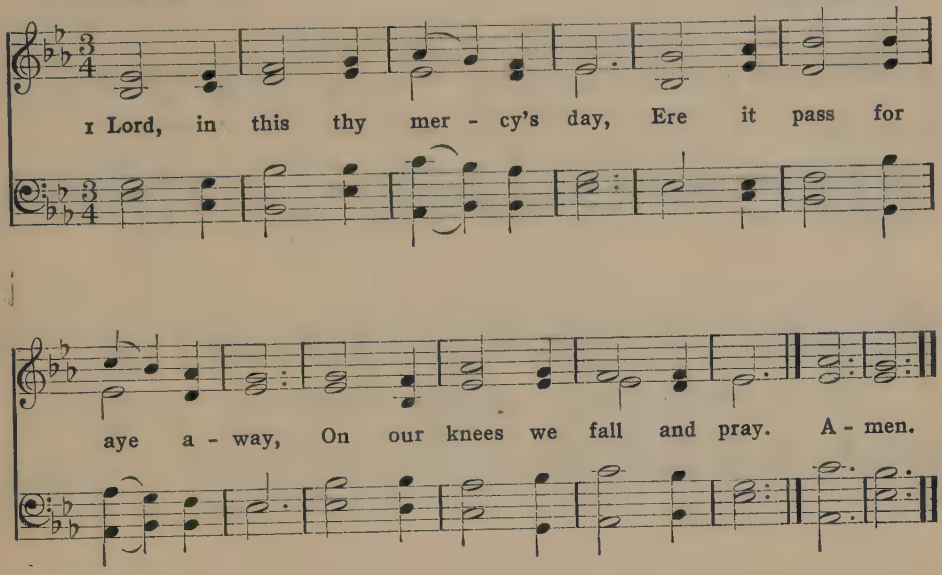
6

In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment day,
May our souls on thee relying,
Find thee still our Rock and Stay:
By thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

214

J. J. Cummins, 1839

ST. PHILIP 7s. 31. W. H. Monk, 1861



2

Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that awful doom appears.

3

Lord, on us thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

4

By thy night of agony,
By thy supplicating cry,
By thy willingness to die;

5

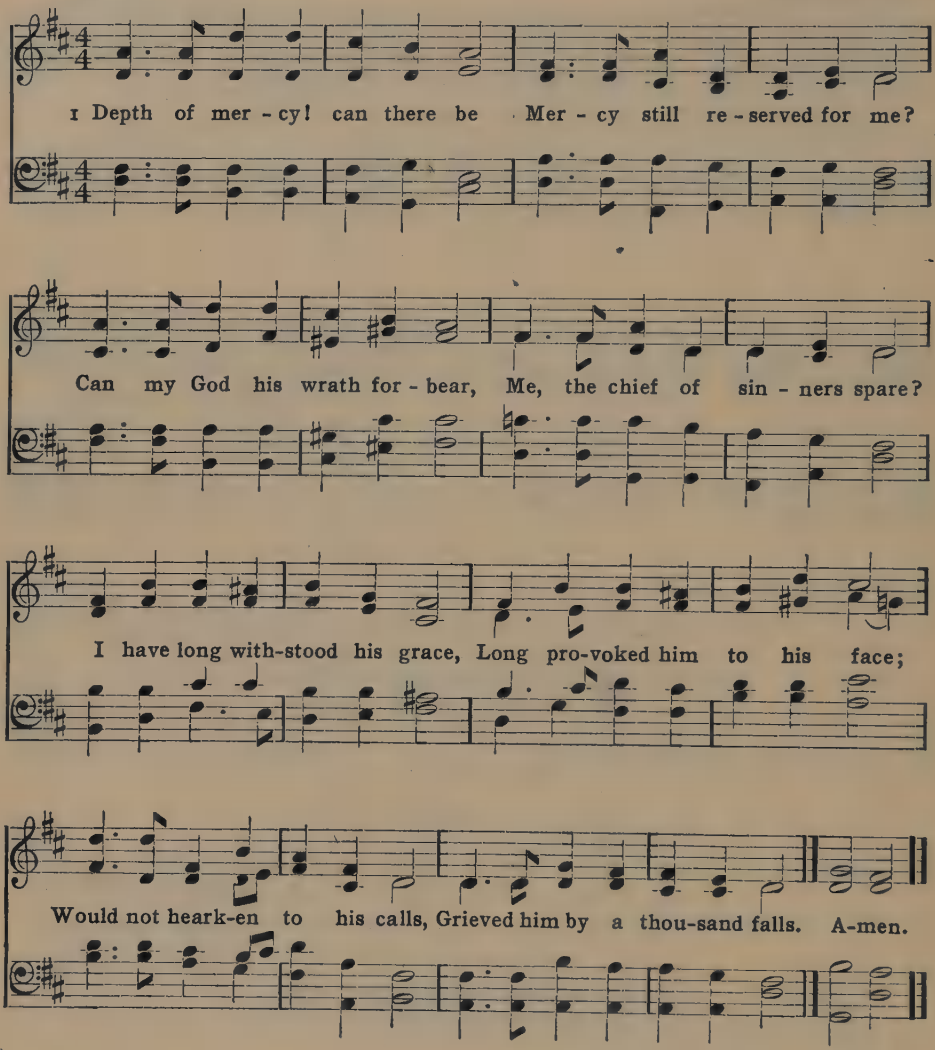
By thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not thy love forgo.

6

Grant us 'neath thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace,
Ere we shall behold thy face.

 Isaac Williams, 1844, and ot

RAMOTH 7s. 8l. J. B. Calkin, 1867


1 Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me?
Can my God his wrath for - bear, Me, the chief of sin - ners spare?
I have long with-stood his grace, Long pro-voked him to his face;
Would not heark-en to his calls, Grieved him by a thou-sand falls. A-men.

2

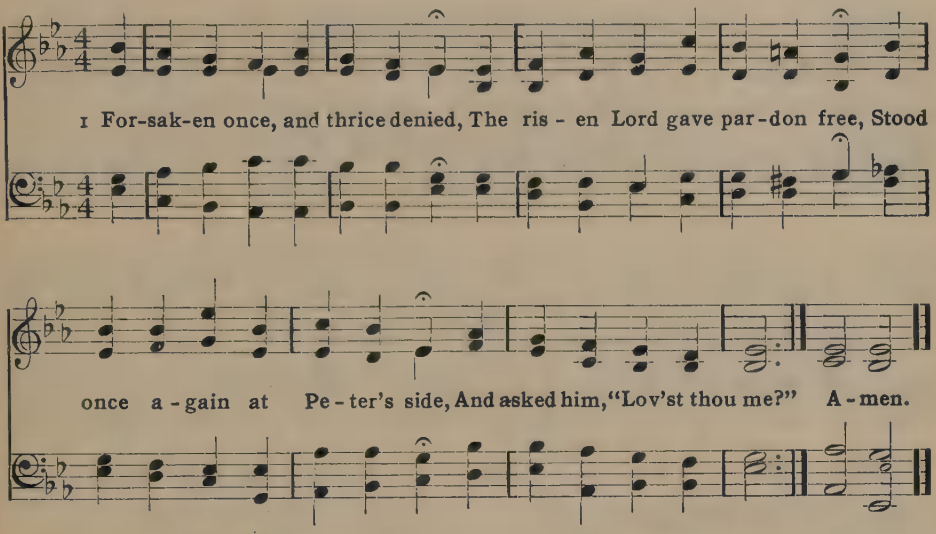
Kindled his relentings are!
Me he now delights to spare,
Cries, how shall I give thee up?
Lets the lifted thunder drop.
Whence to me this wondrous love?
Ask my Advocate above:
See the cause in Jesus' face
Now before the throne of grace.

3

There for me the Saviour stands
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands!
God is love: I know, I feel:
Jesus weeps! but loves me still!
Jesus! answer from above,
Is not all thy nature love?
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Pardon and accept me now.

Charles Wesley, 1740

ERSKINE 8. 8. 8. 6. W. H. Gladstone, 1840-1891


1 For-sak-en once, and thrice denied, The ris - en Lord gave par-don free, Stood
once a - gain at Pe - ter's side, And asked him, "Lov'st thou me?" A - men.

John xxi: 15-17

2

How many times with faithless word
Have we denied his holy name,
How oft forsaken our dear Lord,
And shrunk when trial came!

3

But Peter, when the cock crew clear,
Went out, and wept his broken faith;
Strong as a rock through strife and fear,
He served his Lord till death.

4

How oft his cowardice of heart
We have without his love sincere,
The sin without the sorrow's smart,
The shame without the tear!

5

O oft forsaken, oft denied,
Forgive our shame, wash out our sin;
Look on us from thy Father's side
And let that sweet look win.

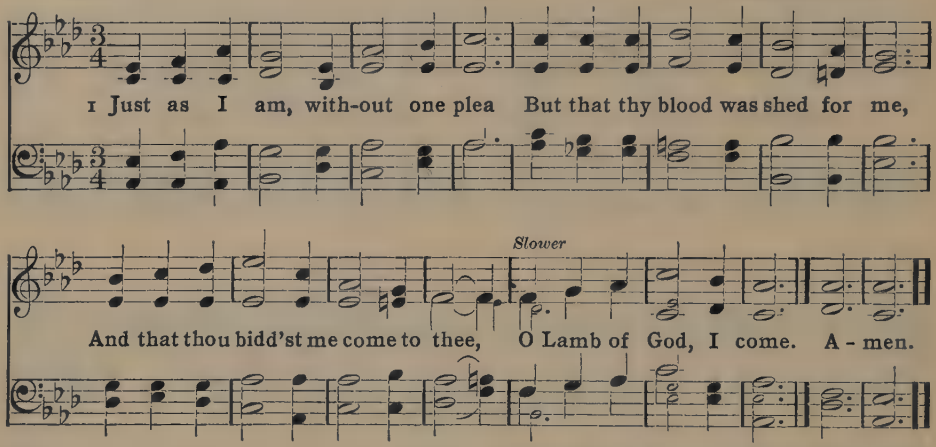
6

Hear when we call thee from the deep,
Still walk beside us on the shore,
Give hands to work, and eyes to weep,
And hearts to love thee more.

217 Mrs. C. F. Alexander, 1823-95

JUST AS I AM 8. 8. 8. 6.

First Tune — Joseph Barnby, 1893


1 Just as I am, with-out one plea But that thy blood was shed for me,
Slower
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come. A - men.

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

2

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

5

Just as I am! thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

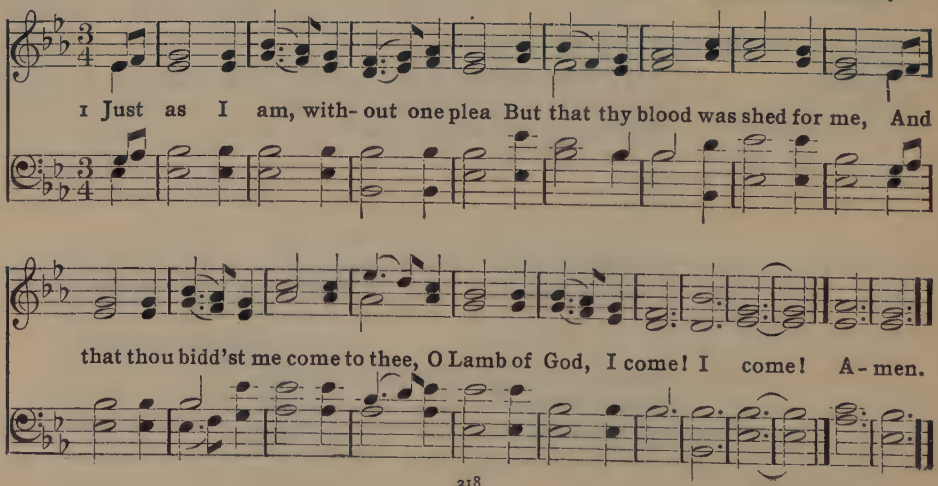
6

Just as I am! thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Charlotte Elliott, 1836

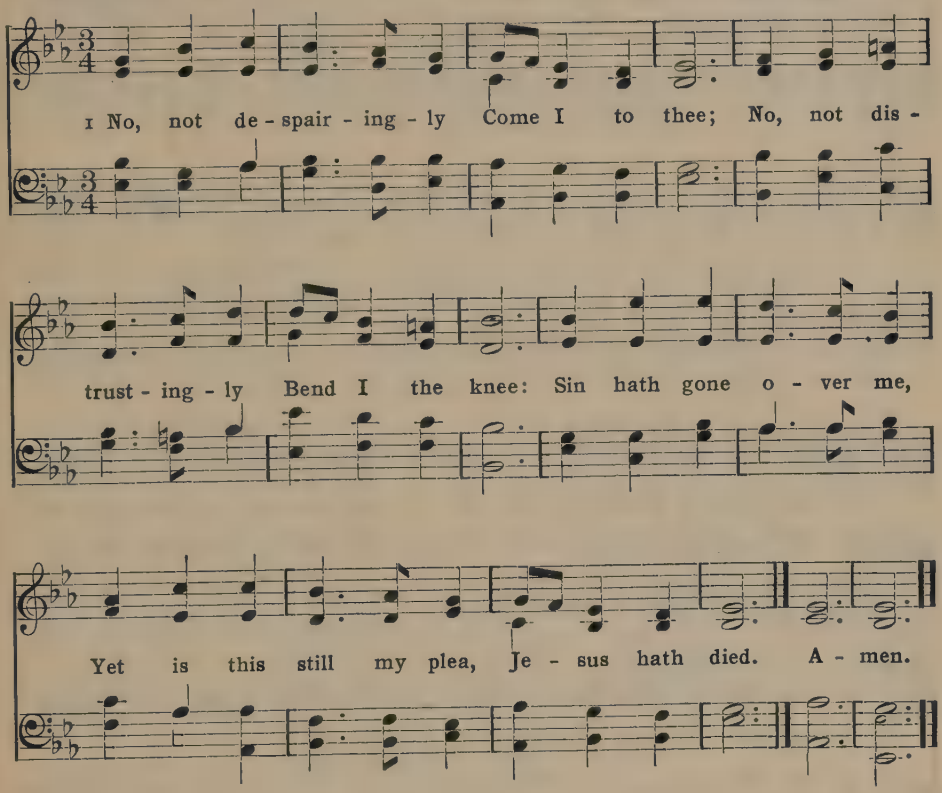
216 WOODWORTH L. M.

Second Tune — William Batchelder Bradbury


1 Just as I am, with- out one plea But that thy blood was shed for me, And
that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come! A - men.

Confession of Christ

NENTHORN 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4. T. L. Hately, 1815-1867


1 No, not de - spair - ing - ly Come I to thee; No, not dis -
trust - ing - ly Bend I the knee: Sin hath gone o - ver me,
Yet is this still my plea, Je - sus hath died. A - men.

2

Lord, I confess to thee
Sadly my sin;
All I am tell I thee,
All I have been:
Purge thou my sin away,
Wash thou my soul this day;
Lord, make me clean.

3

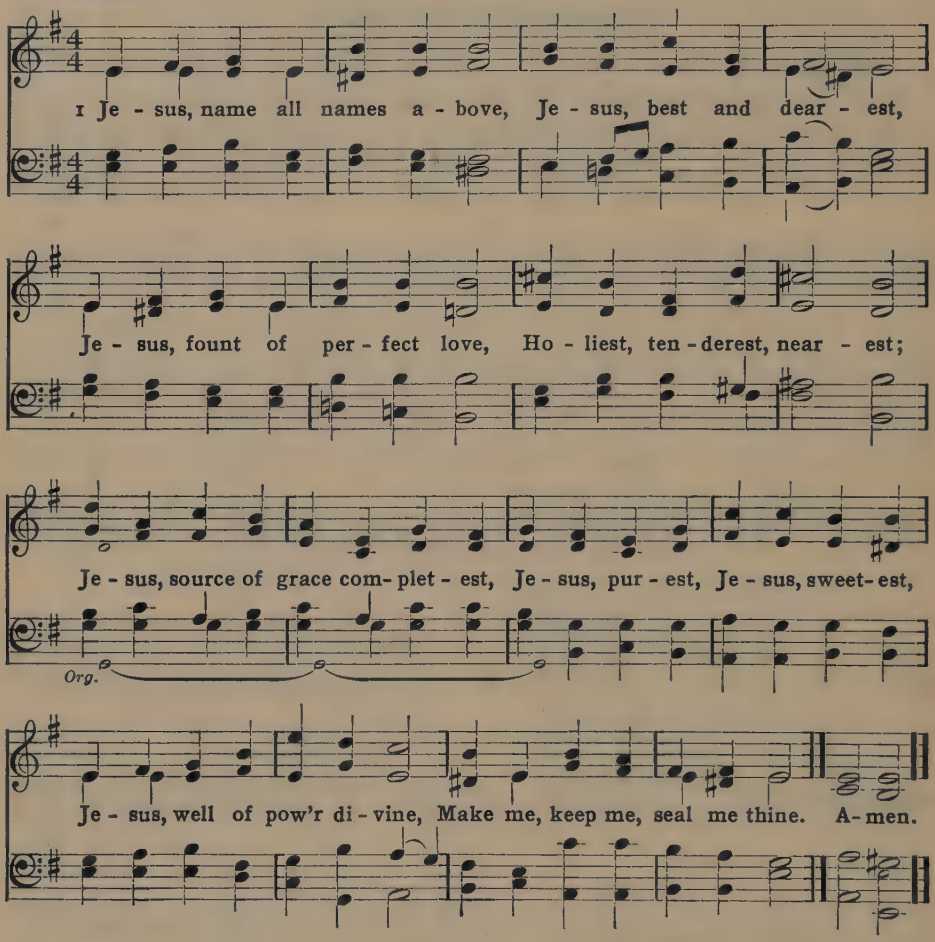
Faithful and just art thou,
Forgiving all;
Loving and kind art thou
When poor ones call:
Lord, let the cleansing blood,
Blood of the Lamb of God,
Pass o'er my soul.

4

Then all is peace and light
This soul within,
Thus shall I walk with thee,
The loved Unseen;
Leaning on thee, my God,
Guided along the road,
Nothing between.

219 H. Bonar, 1866

THEOCISTUS 7. 6. 7. 6. 8. 8. 7. 7. J. B. Calkin, 1872


1 Je - sus, name all names a - bove, Je - sus, best and dear - est,
Je - sus, fount of per - fect love, Ho - liest, ten - derest, near - est;
Je - sus, source of grace com- plet - est, Je - sus, pur - est, Je - sus, sweet- est,
Org.
Je - sus, well of pow'r di - vine, Make me, keep me, seal me thine. A- men.

2

Jesus, open me the gate
Which the sinner entered,
Who, in his last dying state,
Wholly on thee ventured;
Thou, whose wounds are ever pleading,
And thy passion interceding,
From my misery let me rise
To a home in Paradise.

3

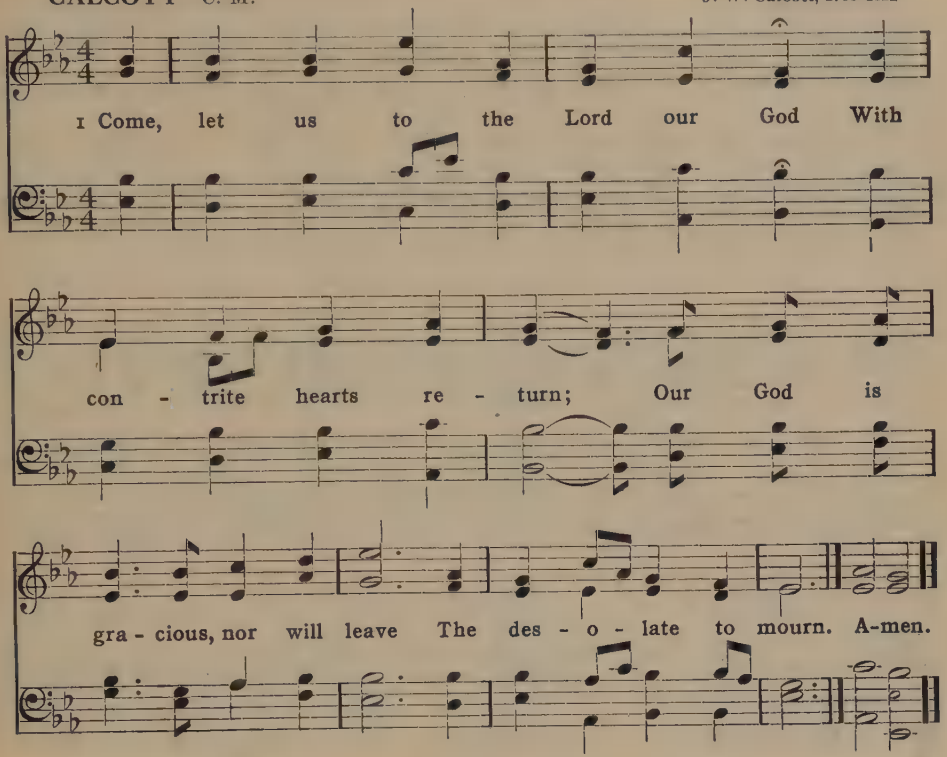
Jesus, crowned with thorns for me,
Scourged for my transgression,
Witnessing, in agony
That thy good confession;
Jesus, clad in purple raiment,
For my evil making payment,
Let not all thy woe and pain,
Let not Calvary, be in vain.

4

When I reach death's bitter sea,
And its waves roll higher,
Help the more forsaking me,
As the storm draws nigher:
Jesus, leave me not to languish,
Helpless, hopeless, full of anguish:
Tell me, "Verily I say,
Thou shalt be with me to-day."

Theocistus of the Studium c. 890;
Tr. J. M. Neale, 1863

CALCOTT C. M. J. W. Calcott, 1766-1821



Hosea vi: 1-3

2

His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave;
And, though his arm be strong to smite,
'Tis also strong to save.

3

Long hath the night of sorrow reigned;
The dawn shall bring us light:
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in his sight.

4

Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know him, and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs his voice.

5

As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round,
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground;

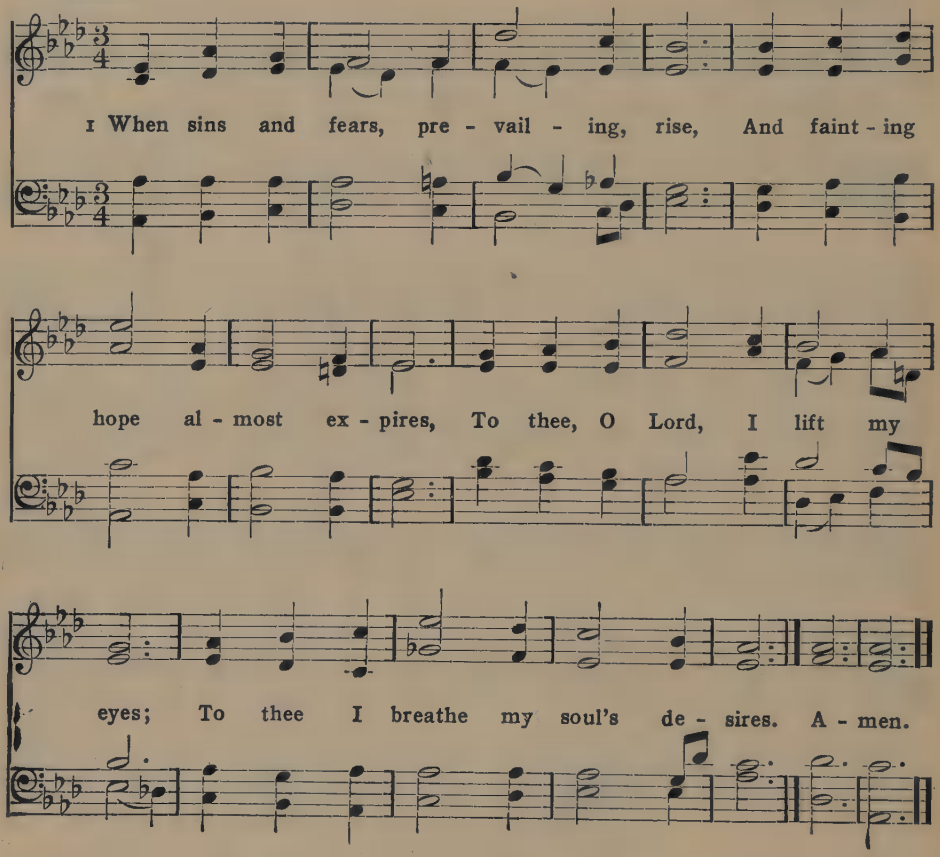
6

So shall his presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

221 J. Morison, 1781, (Scottish Paraphrases)

ABENDS L. M.

H. S. Oakeley, 1873


1 When sins and fears, pre - vail - ing, rise, And faint - ing
hope al - most ex - pires, To thee, O Lord, I lift my
eyes; To thee I breathe my soul's de - sires. A - men.

2

Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort die?
'Tis fixed on thine almighty word—
That word which built the earth and sky.

3

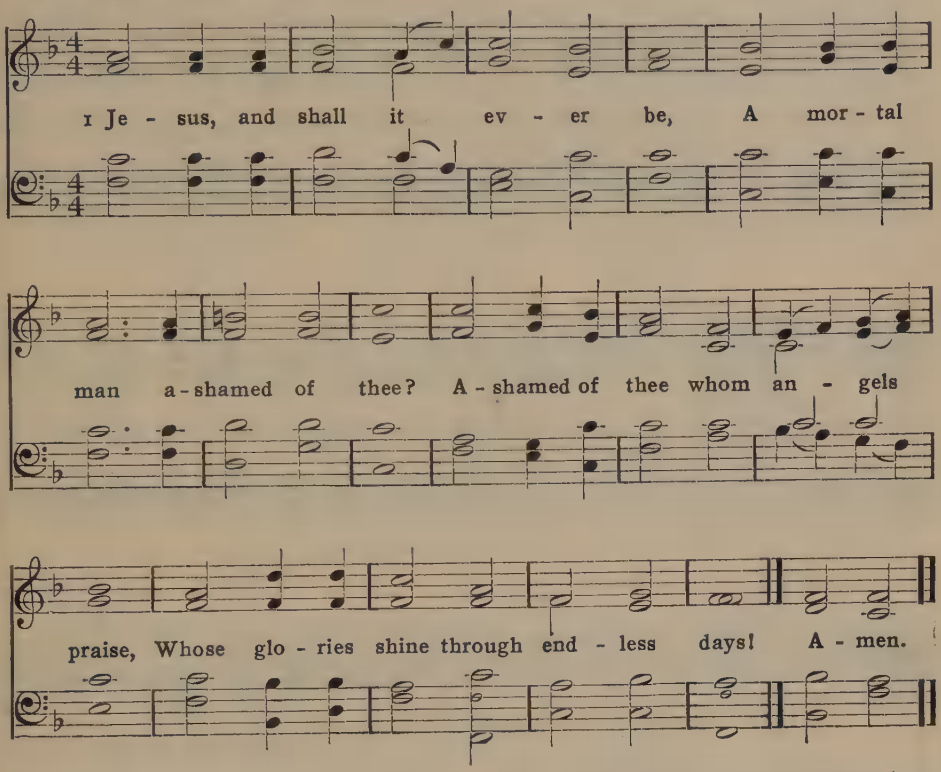
If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here may I build and rest secure.

4

Here, O my soul, thy trust repose;
If Jesus is for ever mine,
Not death itself—that last of foes—
Shall break a union so divine.

222 Anna Steele, 1760

FEDERAL STREET L. M. H. K. Oliver, 1832


1 Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal
man a - shamed of thee? A - shamed of thee whom an - gels
praise, Whose glo - ries shine through end - less days! A - men.

Mark viii : 38

2

Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light Divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3

Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4

Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his Name.

5

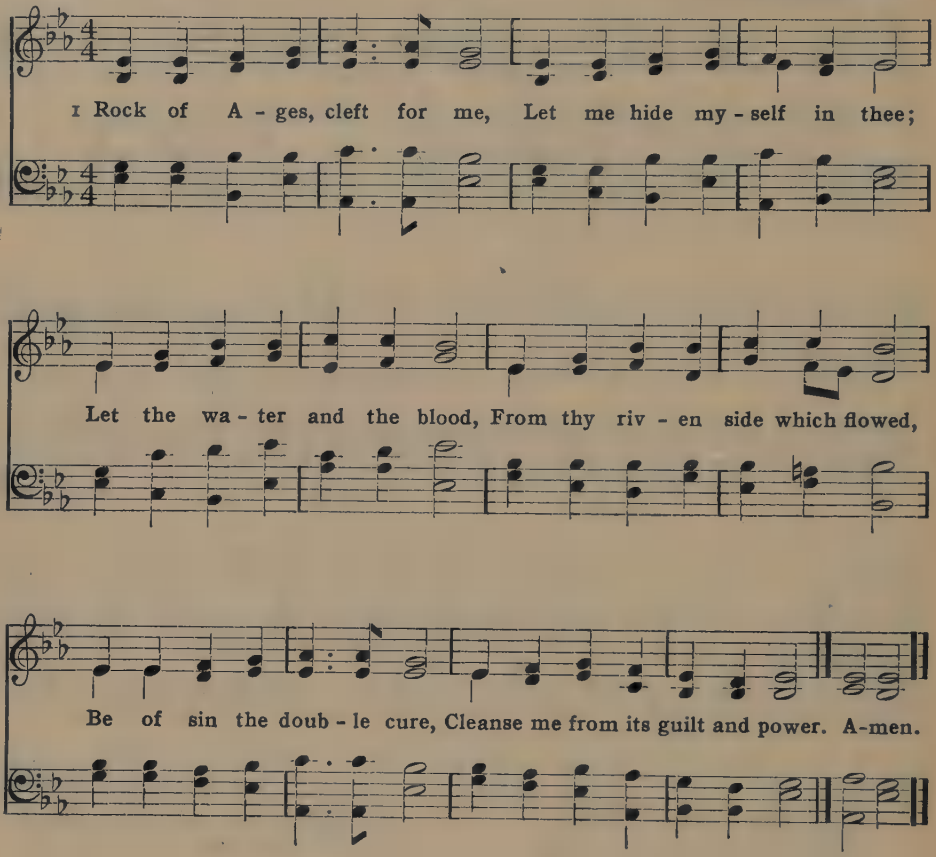
Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6

Till then— nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

223 Joseph Grigg, 1765, and others

REDHEAD NO. 76 7s. 6 l. First Tune Richard Redhead, 1853


1 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy riv - en side which flowed,
Be of sin the doub - le cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power. A-men.

2

Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3

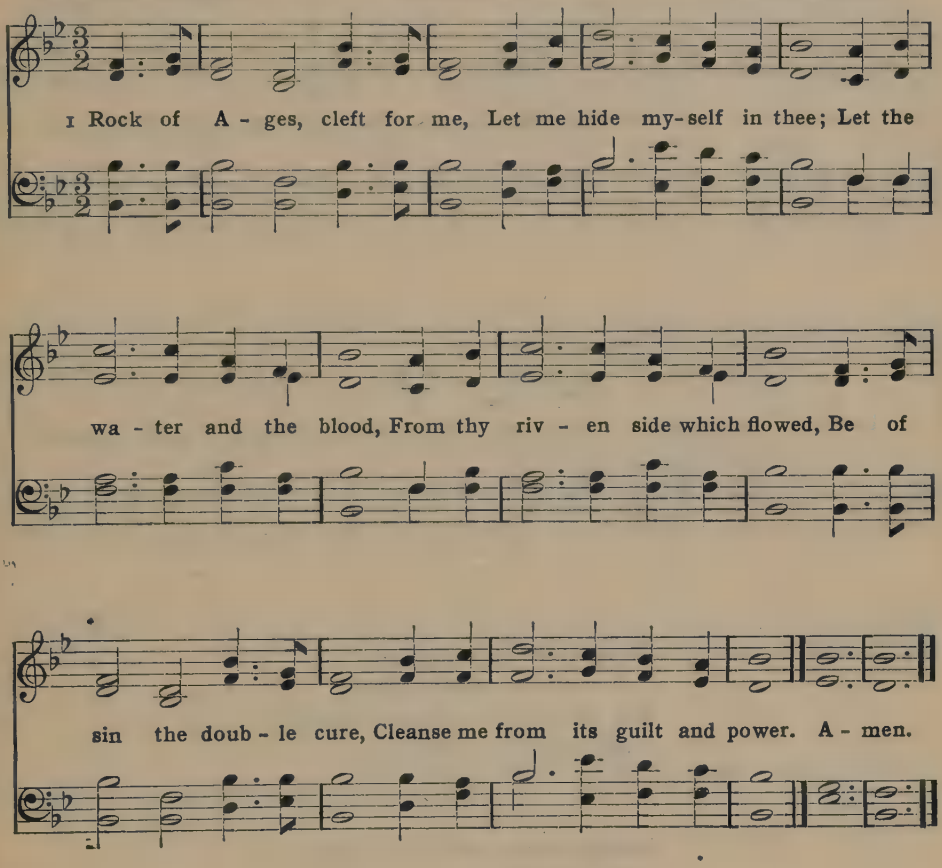
Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

224 A. M. Toplady, 1776 : St. 4, l. 2, alt.

TOPLADY 7s. 6 l. Second Tune Thomas Hastings, 1830


1 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee; Let the
wa - ter and the blood, From thy riv - en side which flowed, Be of
sin the doub - le cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power. A - men.

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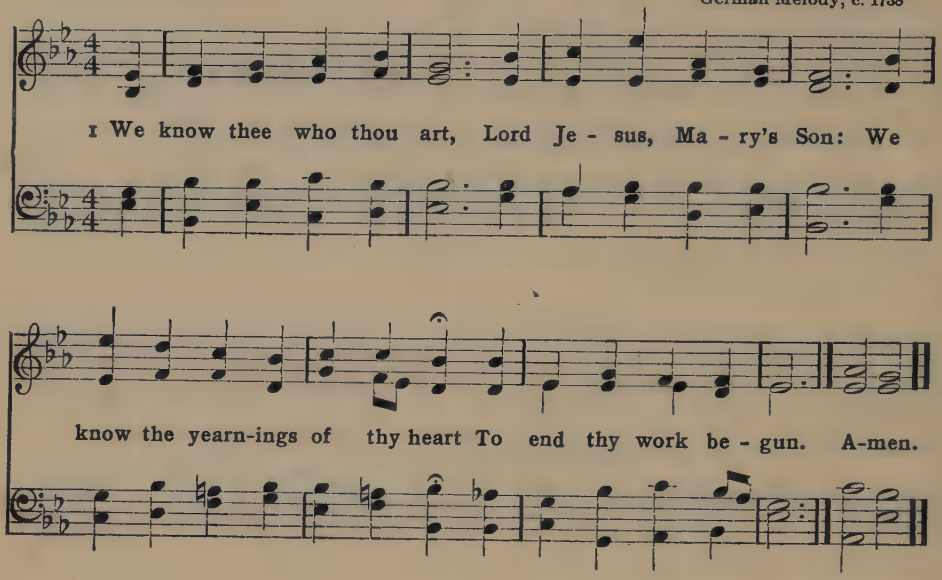
See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

225 A. M. Toplady, 1776: St. 4, l. 2, alt.

FRANCONIA S. M.

German Melody, c. 1738



2

That sacred fount of grace,
'Mid all the bliss of heaven,
Has joy whene'er we seek thy face,
And kneel to be forgiven.

3

Brought home from ways perverse,
At peace thine arms within,
We pray thee, shield us from the curse
Of falling back to sin.

4

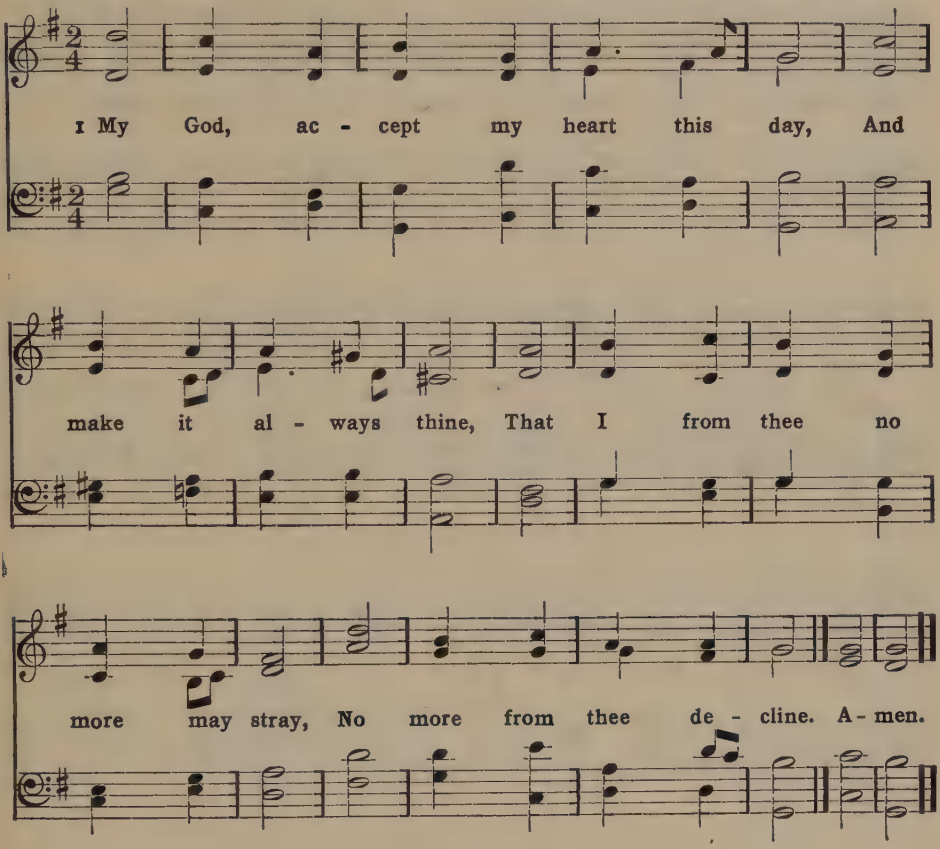
We dare not ask to live
Henceforth from trials free;
But O when next they tempt us, give
More strength to cling to thee.

5

We know thee who thou art,
Our own redeeming Lord;
Be thou by will, and mind, and heart,
Accepted, loved, adored.

226 William Bright, 1865

BRISTOL C. M. Melody from Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621



2

Before the cross of him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
And Christ be all in all.

3

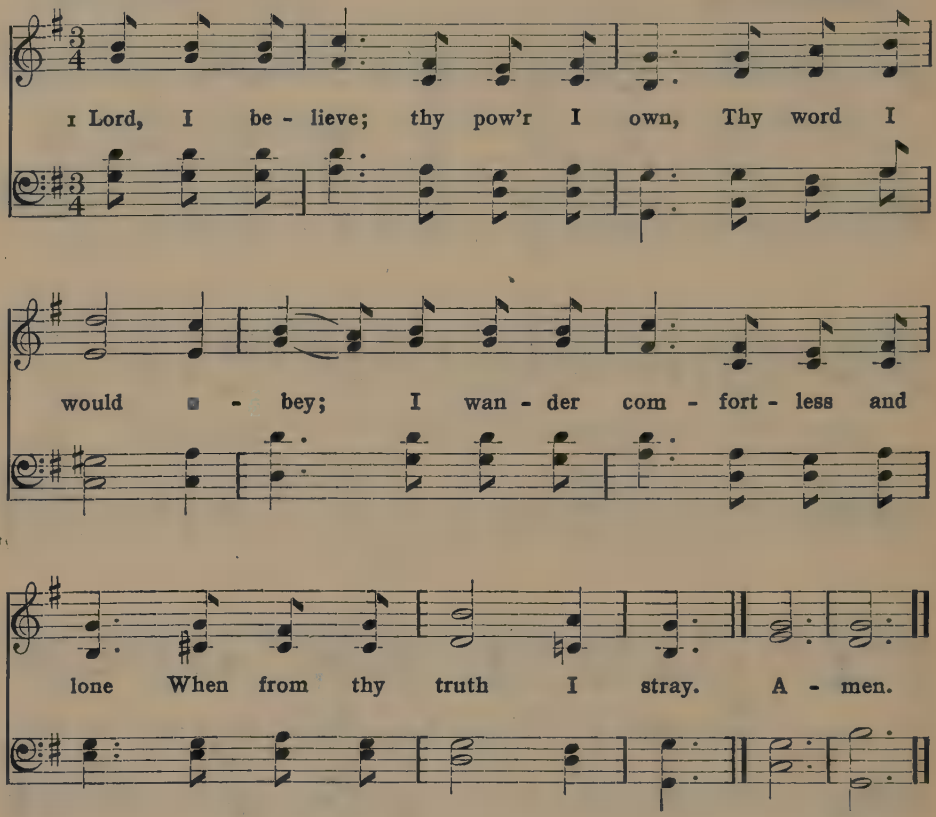
Anoint me with thy heavenly grace
And seal me for thine own;
That I may see thy glorious face,
And worship near thy throne.

4

Let every thought, and work, and word,
To thee be ever given;
Then life shall be thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven!

Matthew Bridges, 1848

ILFRACOMBE C. M. Wilhelm Schultes, 1871



2 *Mark ix: 24*

Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight;
I look to thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.

3

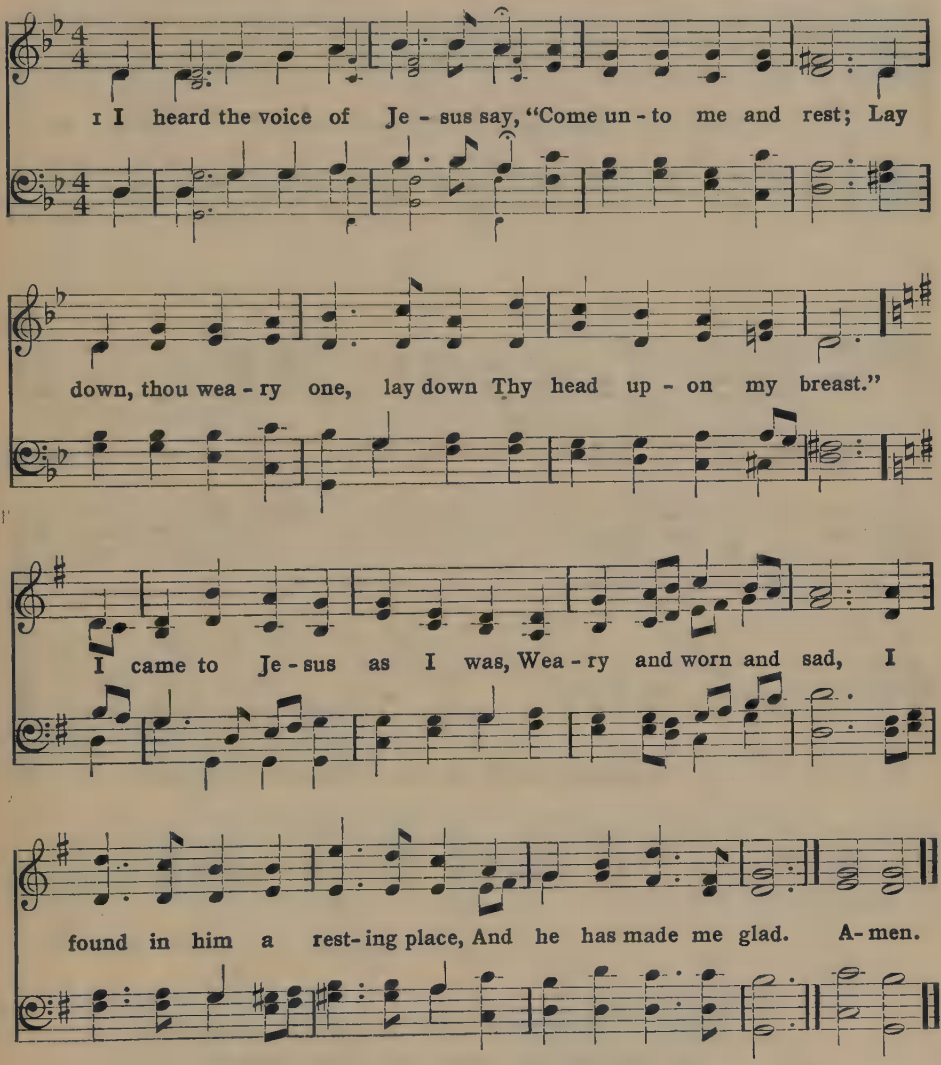
Lord, I believe; but thou dost know
My faith is cold and weak;
Pity my frailty, and bestow
The confidence I seek.

4

Yes, I believe; and only thou
Canst give my soul relief:
Lord, to thy truth my spirit bow;
Help thou mine unbelief.

228 J. R. Wreford, 1837

VOX DILECTI C. M. D. J. B. Dykes, 1868


1 I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest; Lay
down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast."
I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad, I
found in him a rest - ing place, And he has made me glad. A - men.

Matthew xi: 28
John iv: 10; John viii: 12

2

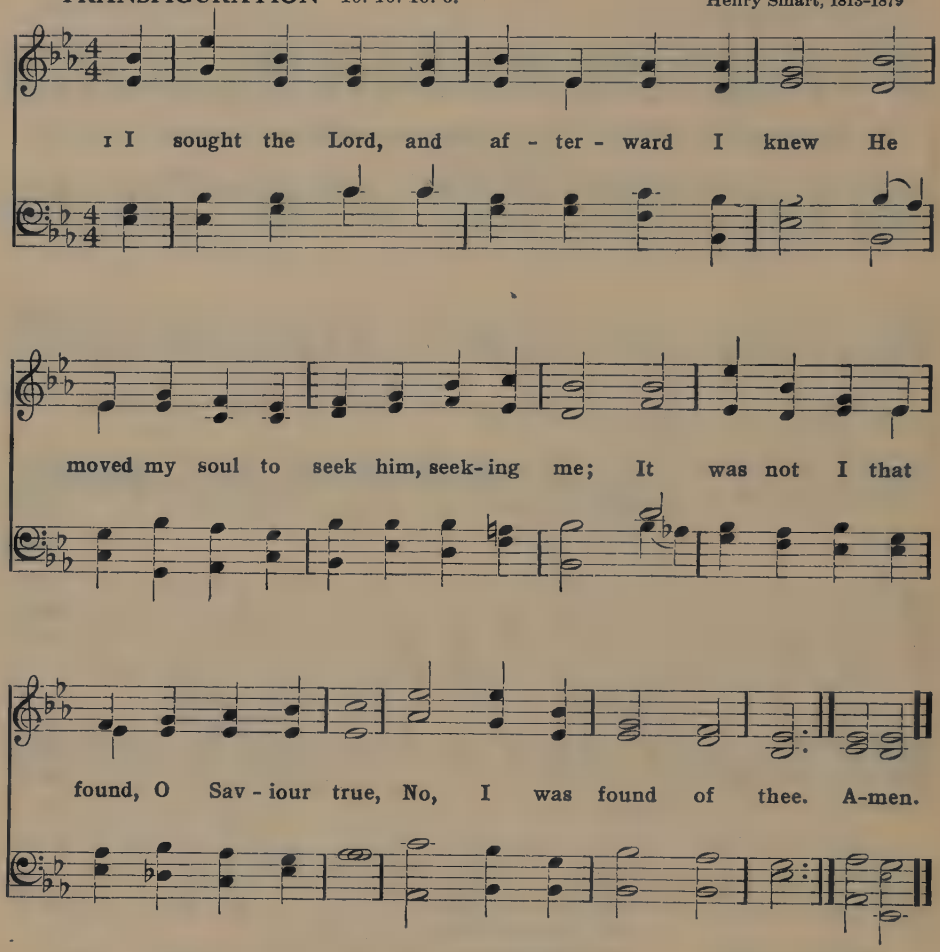
I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

3

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done.

Horatius Bonar, 1846

TRANSFIGURATION 10. 10. 10. 6. Henry Smart, 1813-1879


1 I sought the Lord, and af - ter - ward I knew He
moved my soul to seek him, seek-ing me; It was not I that
found, O Sav - iour true, No, I was found of thee. A-men.

2

Thou didst reach forth thy hand and mine enfold;
I walked and sank not on the storm-vexed sea,—
'Twas not so much that I on thee took hold,
As thou, dear Lord, on me.

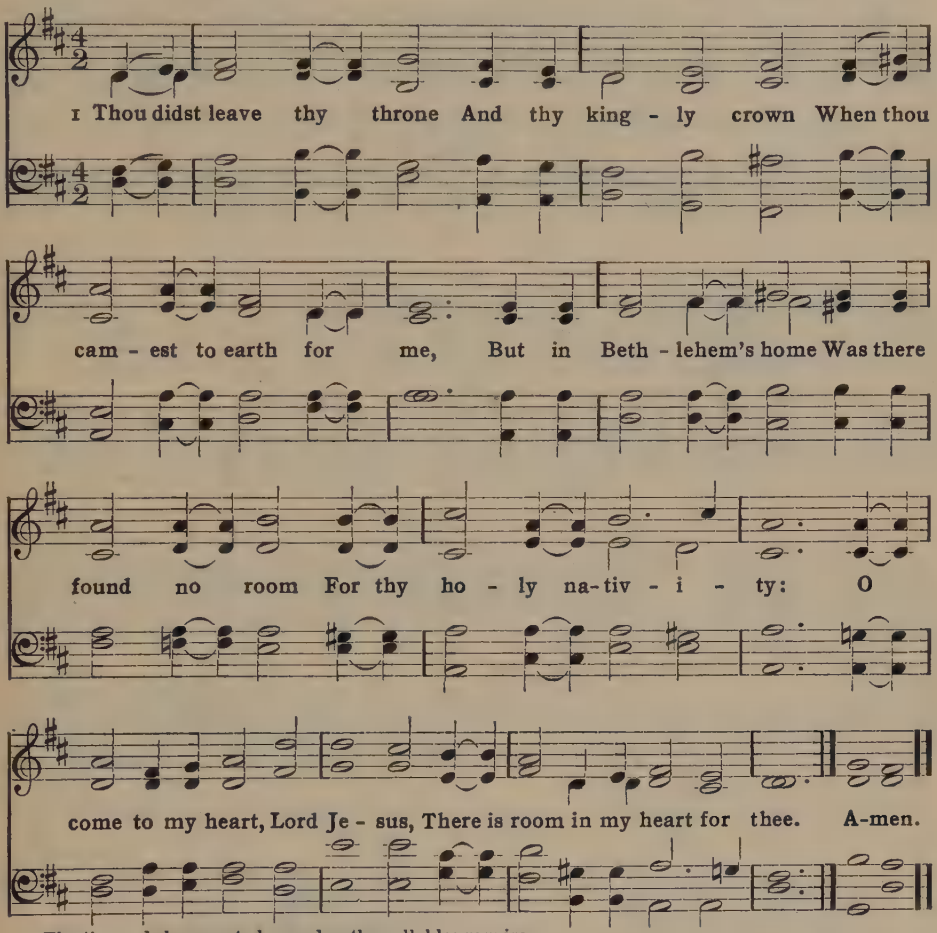
3

I find, I walk, I love, but, O the whole
Of love is but my answer, Lord, to thee;
For thou wert long beforehand with my soul,
Always thou lovedst me.

230 Anon., Pilgrim Hymnal, 1904

MARGARET Irregular

T. R. Matthews, 1826–


1 Thou didst leave thy throne And thy king - ly crown When thou
cam - est to earth for me, But in Beth - lehem's home Was there
found no room For thy ho - ly na-tiv - i - ty: O
come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, There is room in my heart for thee. A-men.

The ties and slurs are to be used as the syllables require

2

Heaven's arches rang
When the angels sang,
Proclaiming thy royal degree;
But of lowly birth
Didst thou come to earth,
And in great humility:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for thee.

3

The foxes found rest,
And the birds their nest,
In the shade of the forest tree;
But thy couch was the sod,
O thou Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for thee.

4

Thou camest, O Lord,
With the living word
That should set thy people free;
But with mocking scorn,
And with crown of thorn,
They bore thee to Calvary:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
Thy cross is my only plea.

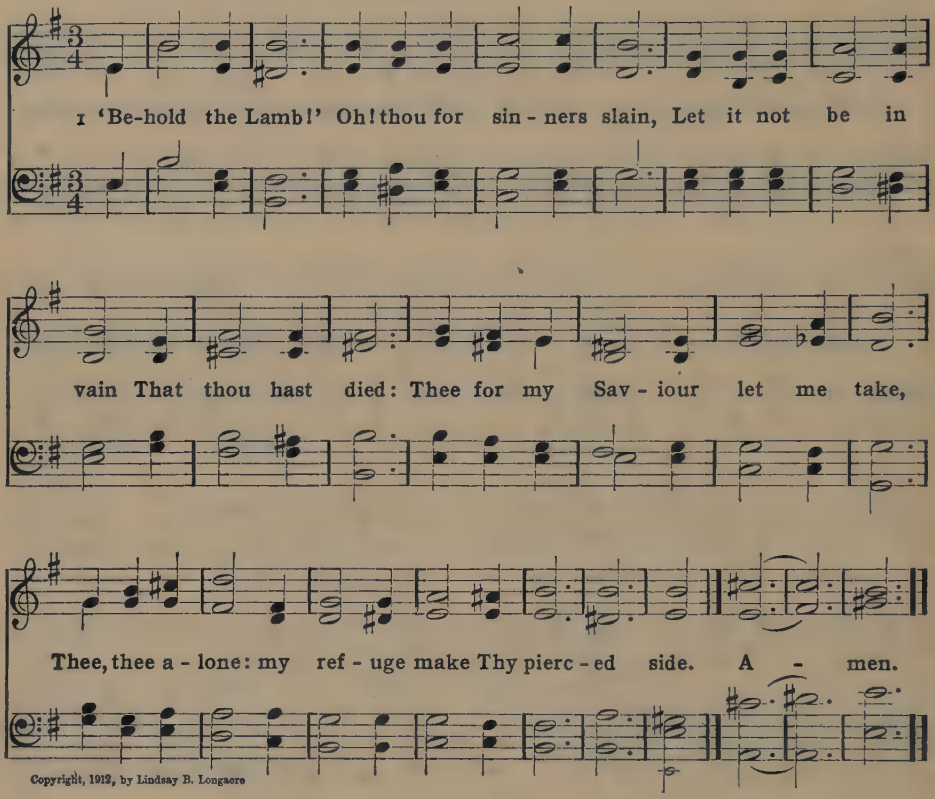
5

When heaven's arches shall ring,
And her choirs shall sing,
At thy coming to victory,
Let thy voice call me home,
Saying, "Yet there is room,
There is room at my side for thee."
And my heart, shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When thou comest and callest for me.

Emily E. S. Elliott, 1864

BEHOLD THE LAMB 4. 6. 6. 4. 8. 8. 4.

Lindsay B. Longacre


1 'Be-hold the Lamb!' Oh! thou for sin - ners slain, Let it not be in
vain That thou hast died: Thee for my Sav - iour let me take,
Thee, thee a - lone: my ref - uge make Thy pierc - ed side. A - men.

Copyright, 1912, by Lindsay B. Longacre

Ecce Agnus Dei
Rev. v: 6-14

2

'Behold the Lamb!'
Into the sacred flood
Of thy most precious blood
My soul I cast;
Wash me and make me pure and clean,
Uphold me through life's changeful scene
Till all be past.

3

'Behold the Lamb!'
All hail! Eternal Word!
Thou universal Lord,
Purge out our leaven:
Clothe us with godliness and good,
Feed us with thy celestial food,
Manna from heaven!

4

'Behold the Lamb!'
Archangels,—fold your wings,—
Seraphs hush all the strings
Of million lyres:
The Victim veiled on earth in love—
Unveiled, enthroned, adored above
All heaven admires!

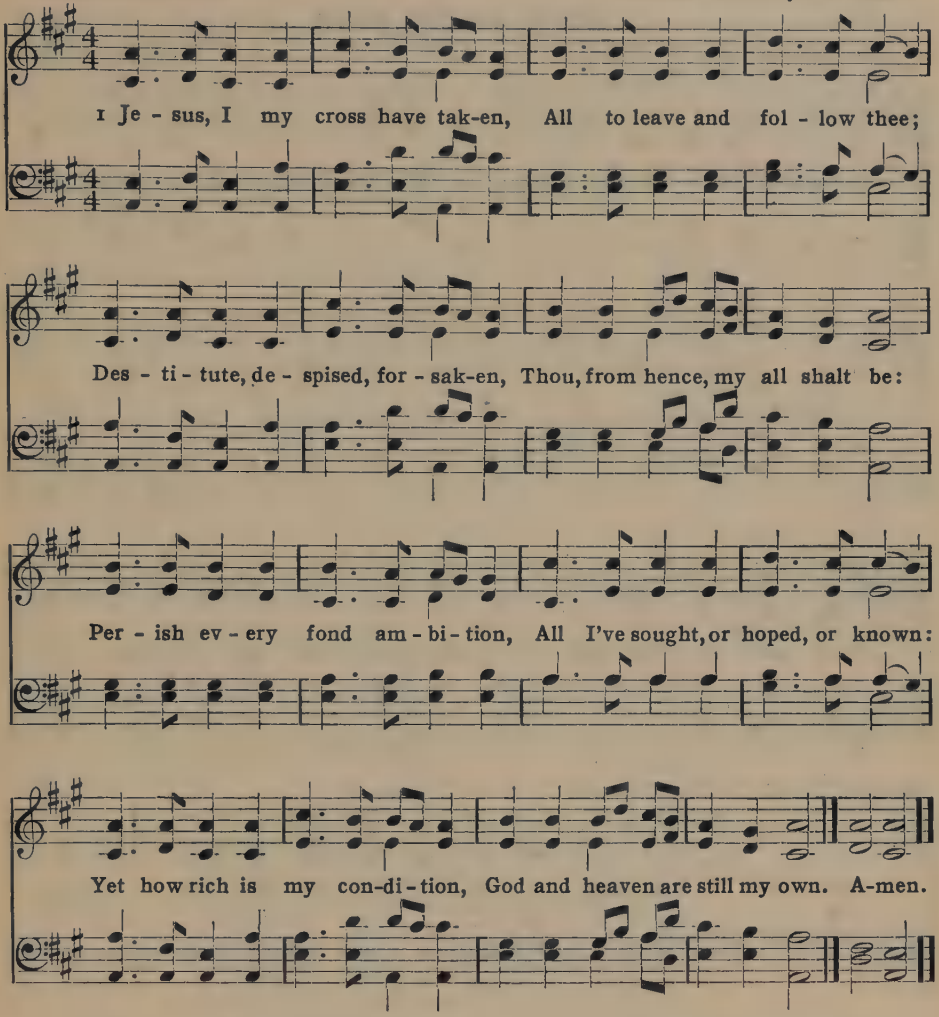
5

'Behold the Lamb!'
Worthy is he alone
Upon the iris throne
Of God above.
One with the Ancient of all Days
One with the Paraclete in praise,
All light, all love.

Matthew Bridges, 1848

ELLESDIE 8. 7. 81.

Arr. from Mozart by H. P. Main


1 Je - sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave and fol - low thee;
Des - ti - tute, de - spised, for - sak-en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Per - ish ev - ery fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known:
Yet how rich is my con-di-tion, God and heaven are still my own. A-men.

Matt. xvi: 24

2

Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest:
O 'tis not in grief to harm me
While thy love is left to me,
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

3

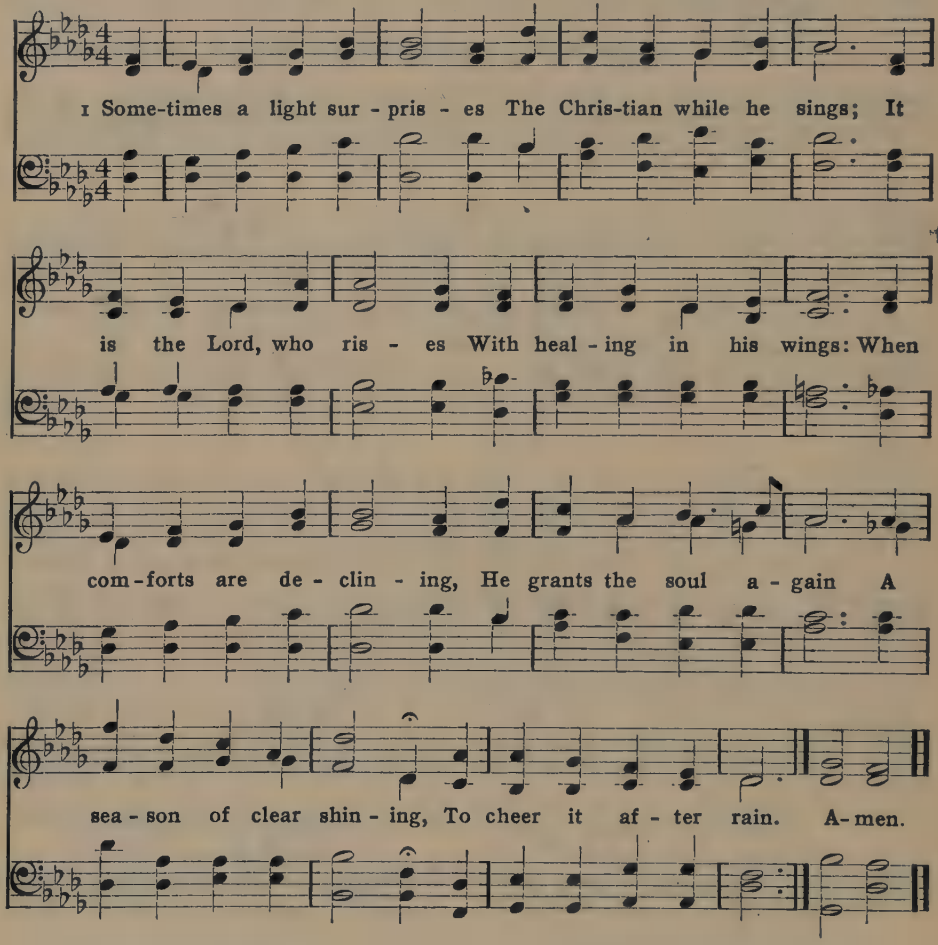
Take, my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear;
Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
What a Father's smile is thine,
What a Saviour died to win thee:
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

4

Haste, then, on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission;
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

H. F. Lyte, 1833

Trust in the Lord

BENTLEY 7. 6. 8 l. John Hullah, 1867

1 Some-times a light sur - pris - es The Chris-tian while he sings; It
is the Lord, who ris - es With heal - ing in his wings: When
com-forts are de - clin - ing, He grants the soul a - gain A
sea - son of clear shin - ing, To cheer it af - ter rain. A-men.

2

In holy contemplation
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3

It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

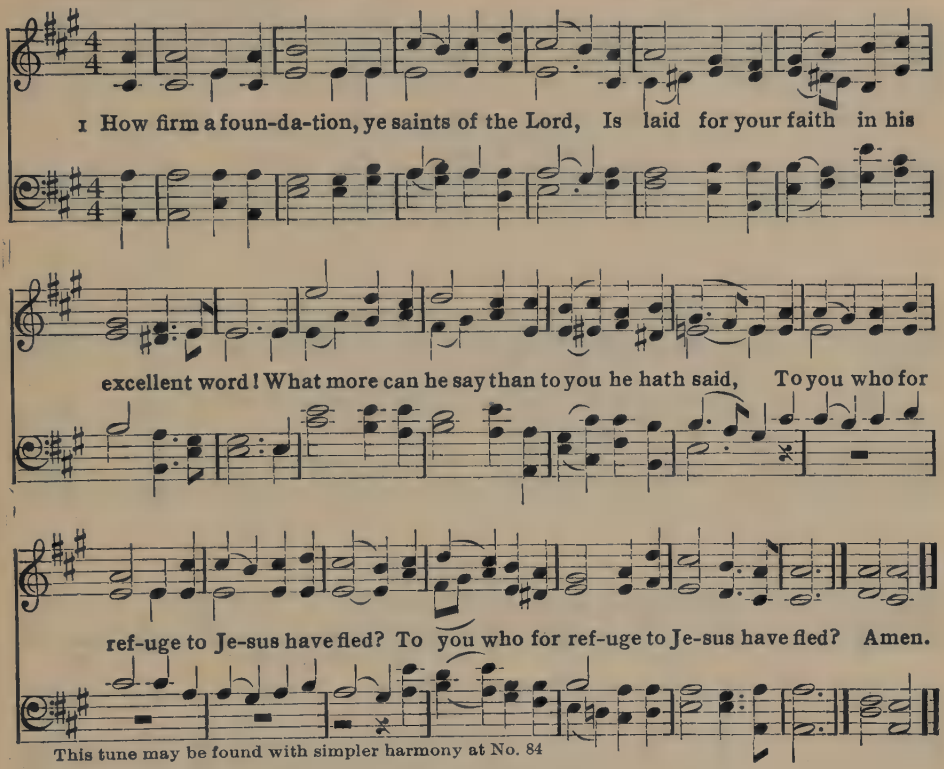
4

Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For, while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

William Cowper, 1779

Trust in the Lord

PORTUGUESE HYMN 11s. 4 l. Unknown: probably 18th Century


1 How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his
excellent word! What more can he say than to you he hath said, To you who for
ref-uge to Je-sus have fled? To you who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled? Amen.

This tune may be found with simpler harmony at No. 84

2

"Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed;
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

3

"When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4

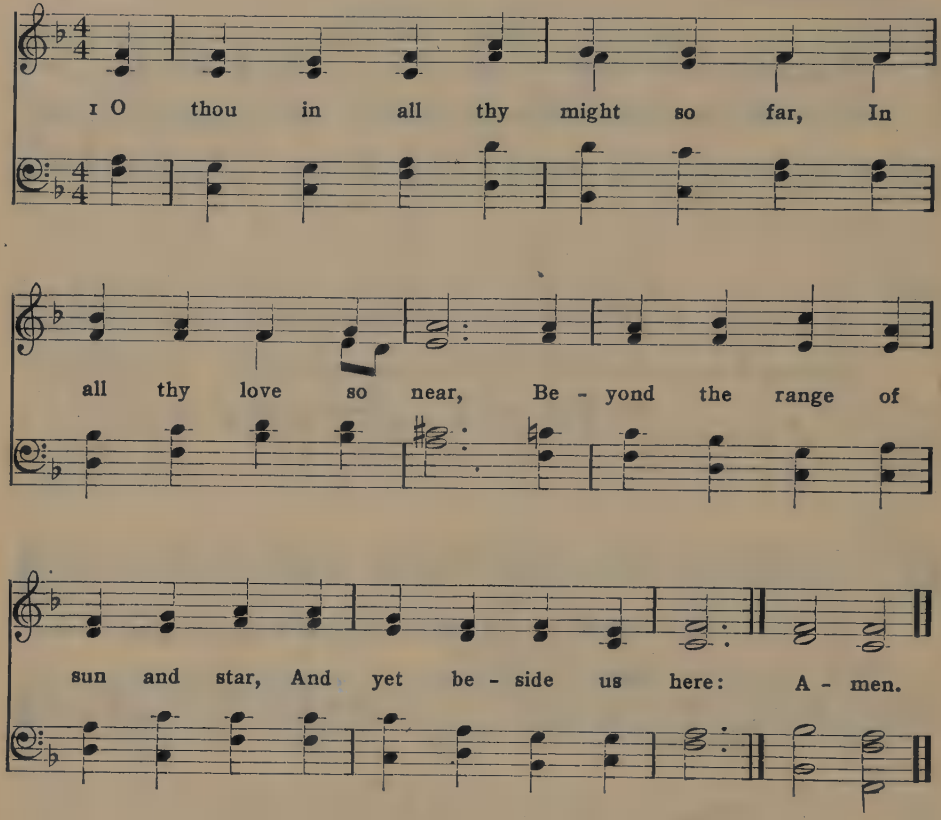
"When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply,
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

"K" in Rippon's Selection, 1787

ST. FLAVIAN C. M. Daye's Psalter, 1562



2

What heart can comprehend thy name,
Or searching find thee out,
Who art within, a quickening flame,
A presence round about?

3

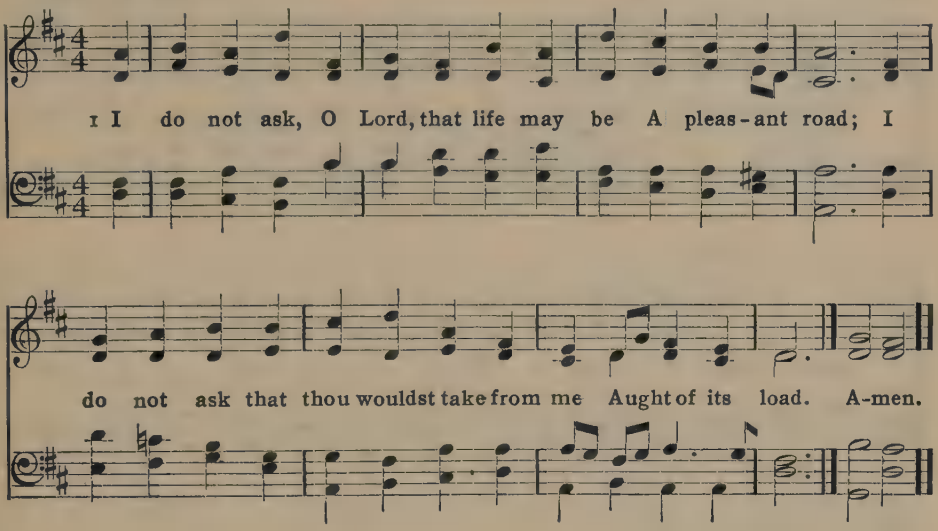
Yet though I know thee but in part,
I ask not, Lord, for more;
Enough for me to know thou art,
To love thee, and adore.

4

And dearer than all things I know
Is childlike faith to me,
That makes the darkest way I go
An open path to thee.

236 F. L. Hosmer, 1876

NEWICK 10. 4. 10. 4. C. Powell



2

I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

3

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead:
Lead me aright,
Though strength should falter and though heart should bleed,
Through peace to light.

4

I do not ask, O Lord, that thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

5

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel thy hand,
And follow thee.

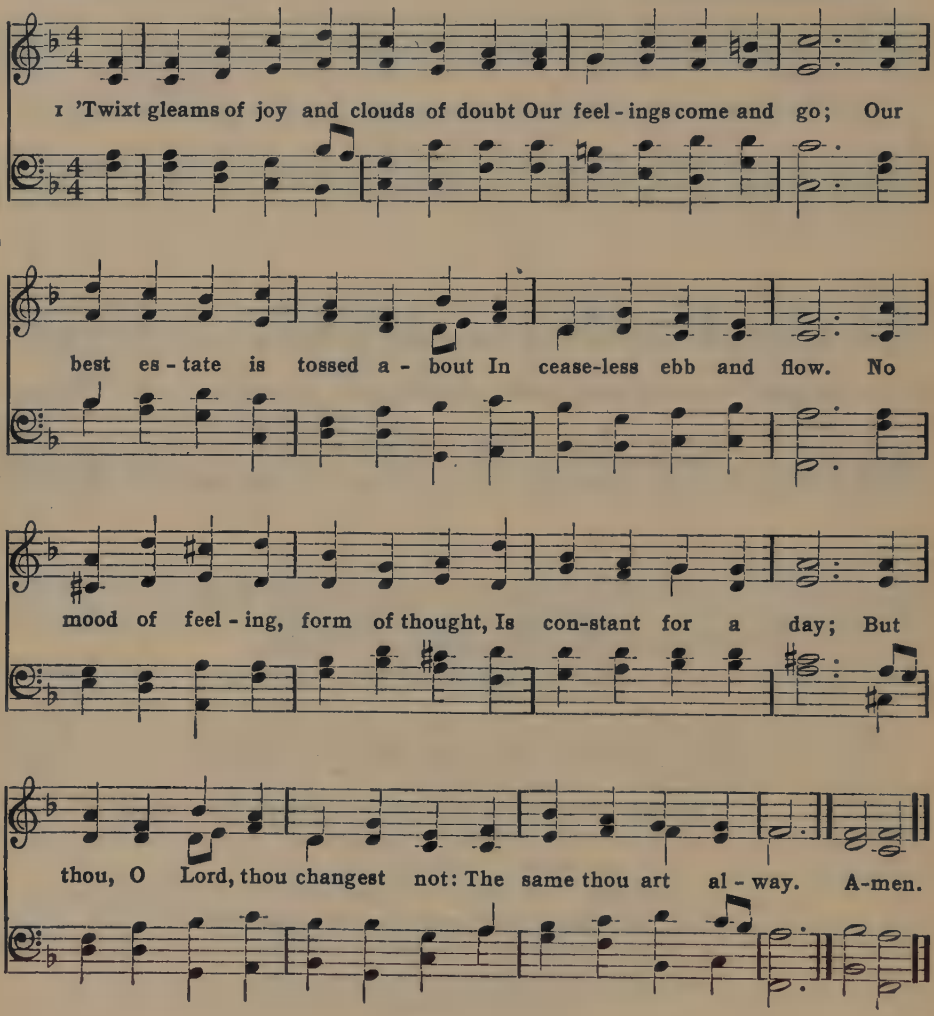
6

Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
Like quiet night:
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,
Through peace to light.

237 Adelaide A. Proctor, 1862

GRETTON C. M. D.

R. Brown-Borthwick, 1840-1894


1 'Twixt gleams of joy and clouds of doubt Our feel - ings come and go; Our
best es - tate is tossed a - bout In cease-less ebb and flow. No
mood of feel - ing, form of thought, Is con-stant for a day; But
thou, O Lord, thou changest not: The same thou art al - way. A-men.

2

I grasp thy strength, make it mine own,
My heart with peace is blest;
I lose my hold, and then comes down
Darkness, and cold unrest.
Let me no more my comfort draw
From my frail hold of thee,
In this alone rejoice with awe—
Thy mighty grasp of me.

3

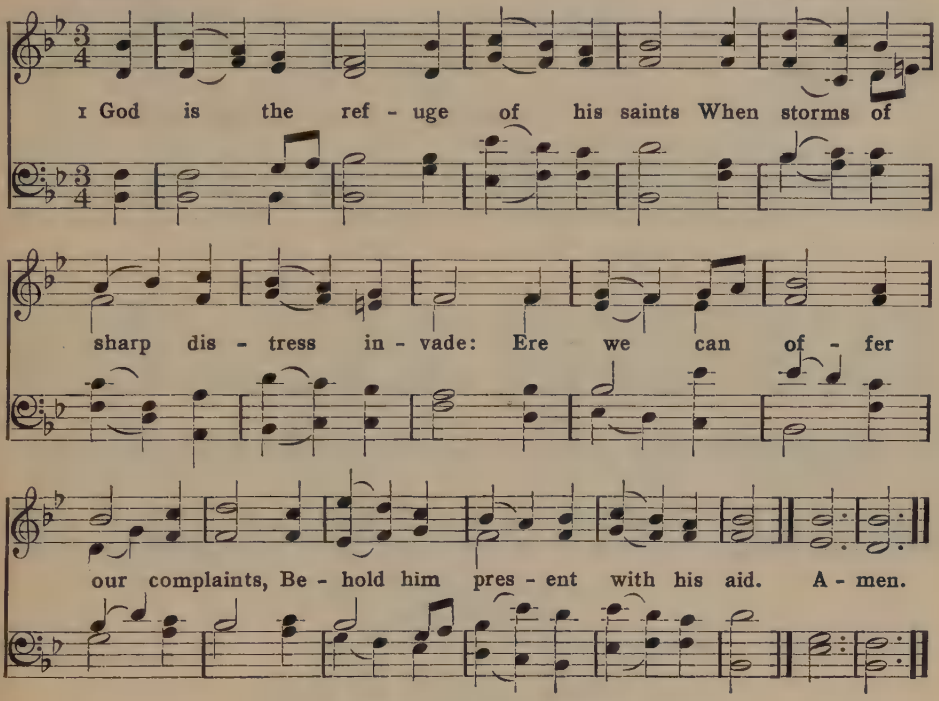
Out of that weak, unquiet drift
That comes but to depart,
To that pure heaven my spirit lift
Where thou unchanging art.
Lay hold of me with thy strong grasp,
Let thy almighty arm
In its embrace my weakness clasp,
And I shall fear no harm.

4

Thy purpose of eternal good
Let me but surely know;
On this I'll lean—let changing mood
And feeling come or go—
Glad when thy sunshine fills my soul,
Not lorn when clouds o'ercast,
Since thou within thy sure control
Of love dost hold me fast.

J. C. Shairp, 1871

WAREHAM L. M. William Knapp, 1738


1 God is the ref - uge of his saints When storms of
sharp dis - tress in - vade: Ere we can of - fer
our complaints, Be - hold him pres - ent with his aid. A - men.

2 *Psalm xlvi*

Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3

Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4

There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

5

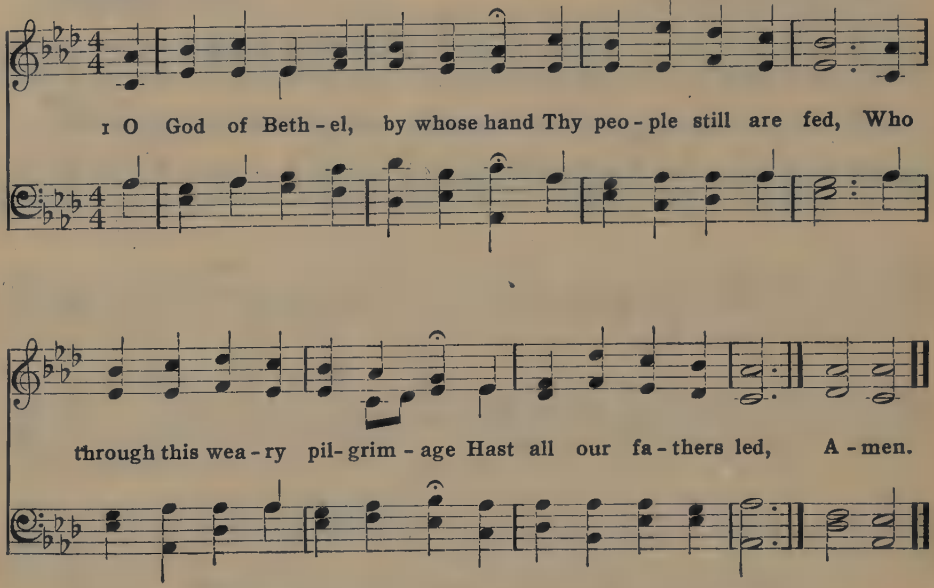
That sacred stream, thy holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6

Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

 Isaac Watts, 1719

ST. PAUL C. M. Chalmer's Collection, 1749



2 *Genesis xxviii: 16-22*

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4

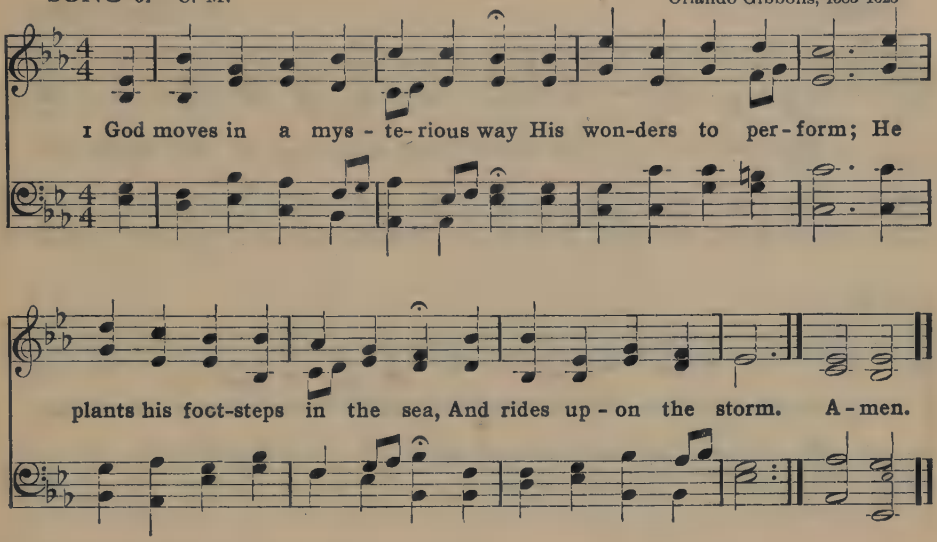
O spread thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

5

Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

Philip Doddridge, 1737, and others:
(Scottish Paraphrase)

SONG 67 C. M. Orlando Gibbons, 1583-1625



Light shining out of darkness

2

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5

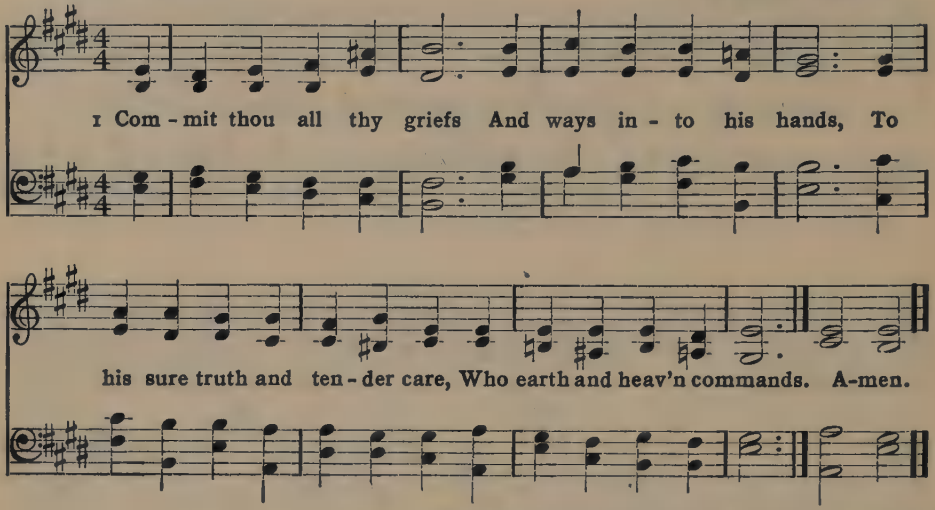
His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own Interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

241 William Cowper, 1774

MOCCAS S. M. A. R. Reinagle, 1799–1877



Part I *Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in him and he shall bring it to pass.—Psalm xxxvii : 5*

2

Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

3

Thou on the Lord rely;
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

4

No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To him commend thy cause, his ear
Attends the softest prayer.

5

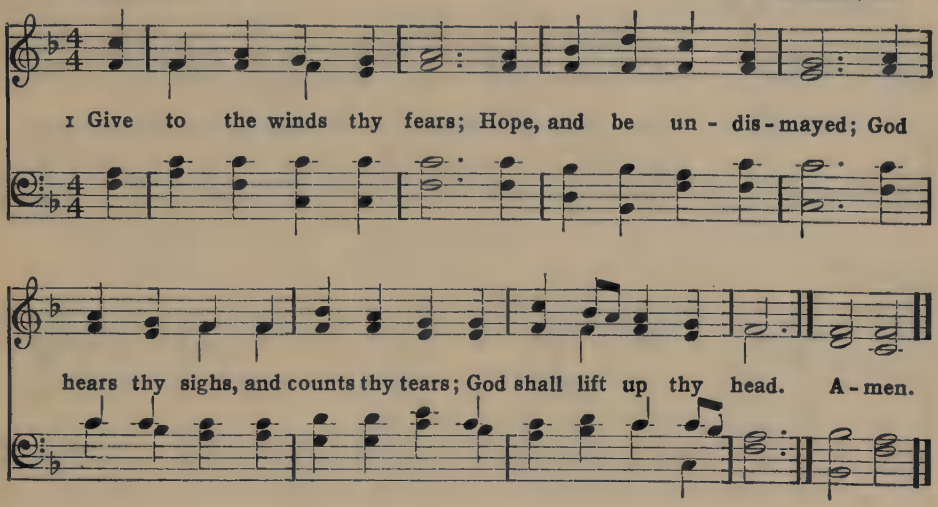
Thy everlasting truth,
Father, thy ceaseless love
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.

6

Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.

242 Paul Gerhardt, 1653 : Tr. John Wesley, 1739

NEWLAND S. M. H. J. Gauntlett, 1857


1 Give to the winds thy fears; Hope, and be un - dis - mayed; God
hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears; God shall lift up thy head. A - men.

Part II

2

Through waves and clouds and storms
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3

Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone.

4

What though thou rulest not?
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne
And ruleth all things well.

5

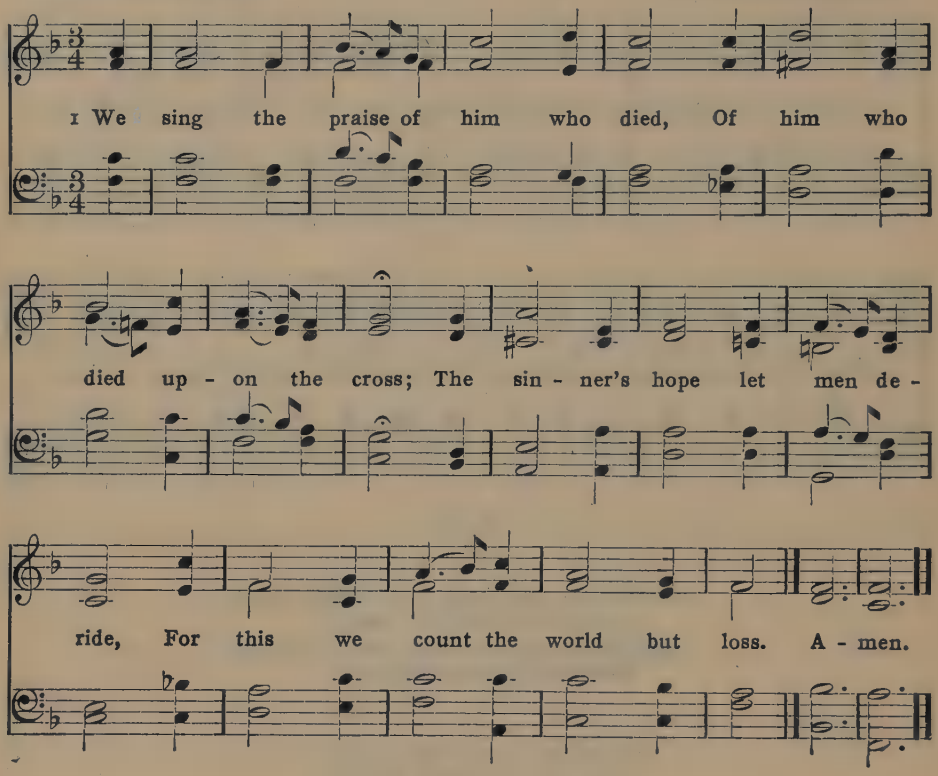
Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

6

Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou wondering own, his way
How wise, how strong his hand.

243 Paul Gerhardt, 1653: Tr. John Wesley, 1739

SARRATT L. M. G. C. E. Ryley 1904


1 We sing the praise of him who died, Of him who
died up - on the cross; The sin - ner's hope let men de -
ride, For this we count the world but loss. A - men.

2
Inscribed upon the cross we see
In shining letters, "God is Love;"
He bears our sins upon the tree;
He brings us mercy from above.

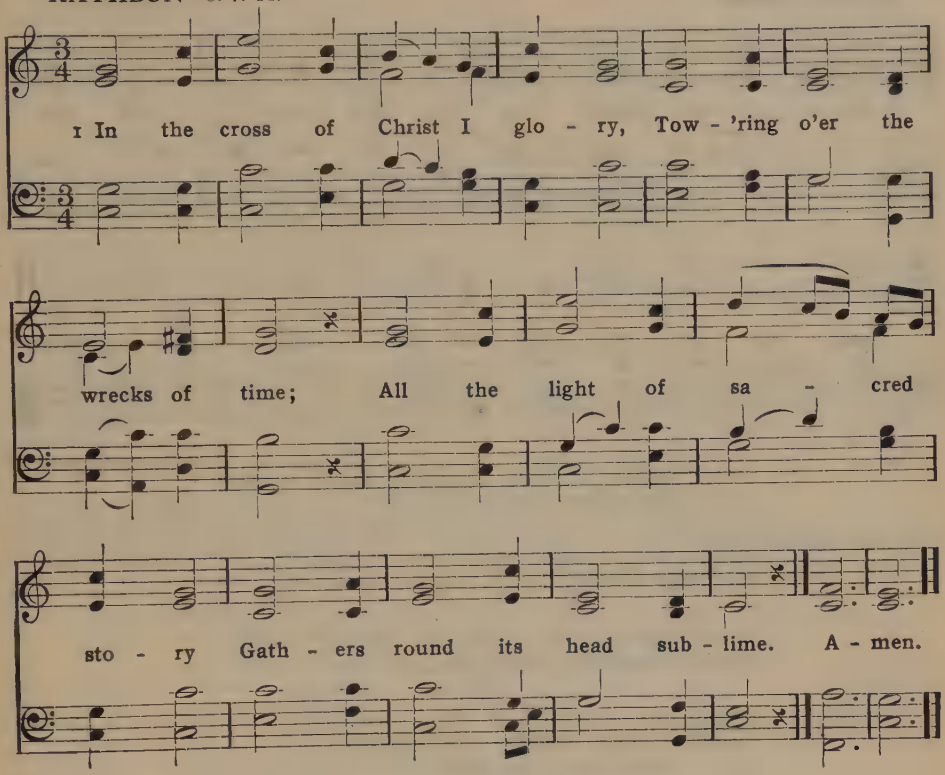
3
The Cross! it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

4
It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light;

5
The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinners' refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

244 Thomas Kelly, 1815

RATHBUN 8. 7. 41. Ithamar Conkey, 1851


1 In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow - 'ring o'er the
wrecks of time; All the light of sa - cred
sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime. A - men.

2
When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

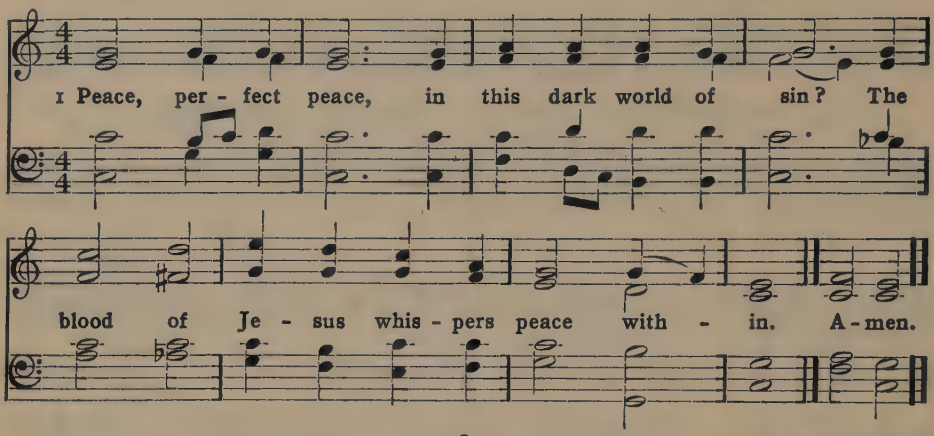
3
When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4
Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5
In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

245 John Bowring, 1825

PAX TECUM 10s. 21. First Tune G. T. Caldbeck, 1877



2 *Isaiah xxvi: 3*

Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

3

Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

4

Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

5

Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and he is on the throne.

6

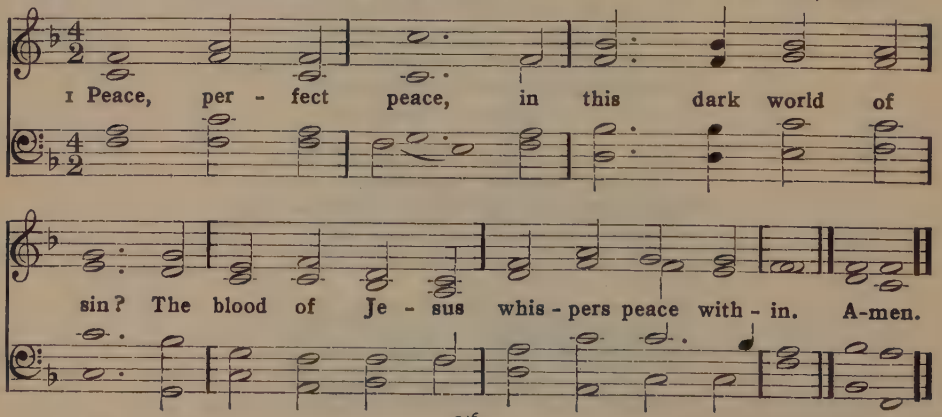
Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

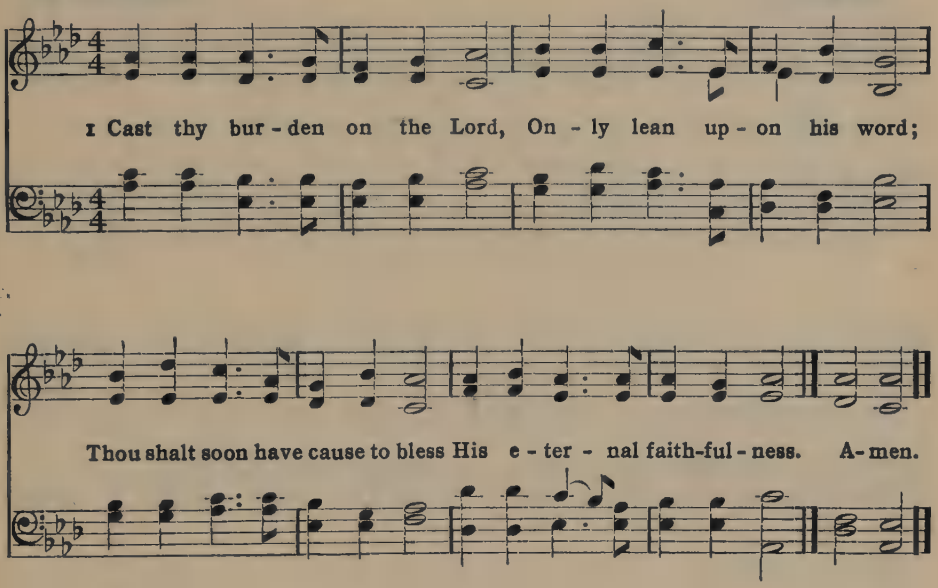
7

It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

E. H. Bickersteth, 1875

243 SONG 46 (First strain) 10s. 21. Second Tune Orlando Gibbons, 1583-1625



ST. BEES 7s. 4 l. J. B. Dykes, 1862

2 *Psalm lv: 22*

He sustains thee by his hand,
He enables thee to stand;
Those whom Jesus once hath loved
From his grace are never moved.

3

Human counsels come to naught;
That shall stand which God hath wrought;
His compassion, love, and power
Are the same for evermore.

4

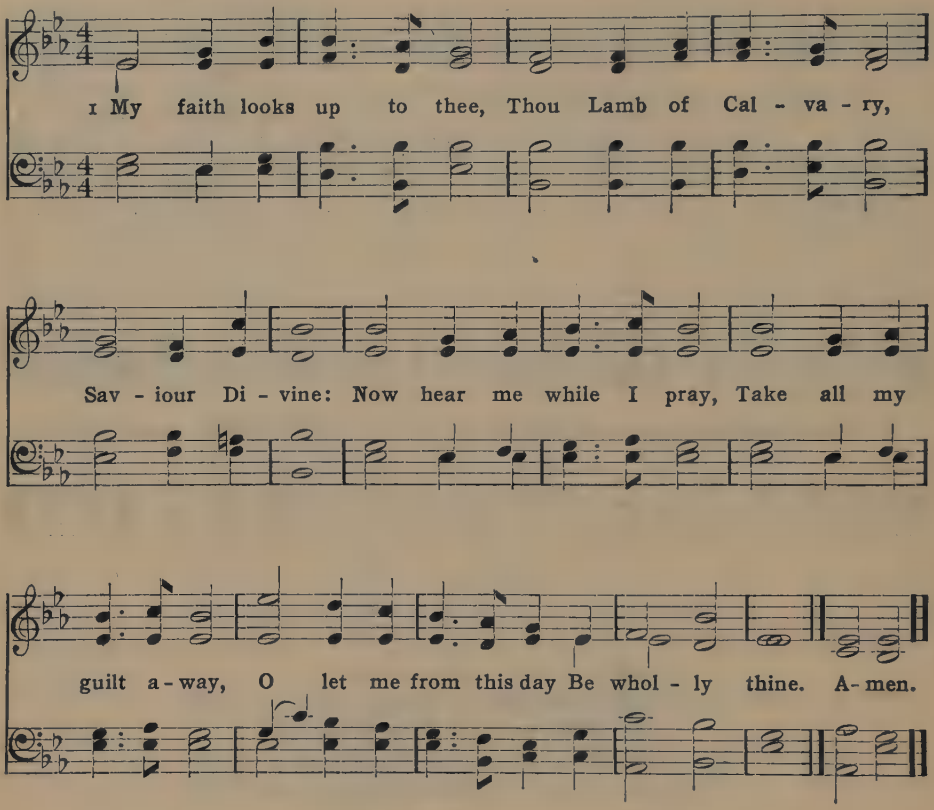
Heaven and earth may pass away,
God's free grace shall not decay;
He hath promised to fulfil
All the pleasure of his will.

5

Jesus, Guardian of thy flock,
Be thyself our constant Rock;
Make us, by thy powerful hand,
Strong as Zion's mountain stand.

247 Anon.; Rowland Hill's Ps. and Hys., 1783

OLIVET 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4. Lowell Mason, 1832


1 My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
Sav - iour Di - vine: Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly thine. A - men.

2

May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4

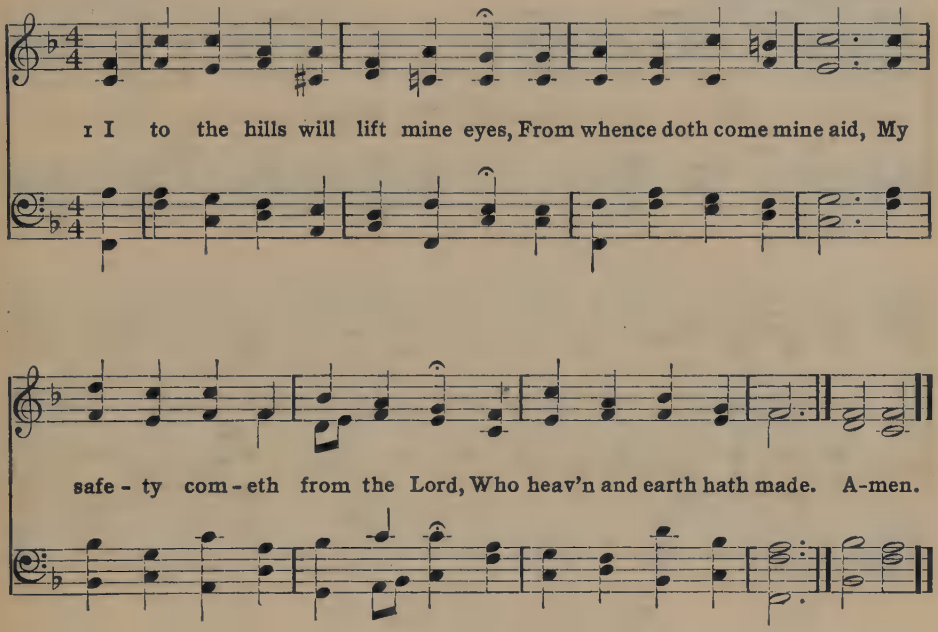
When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

248 Ray Palmer, 1830

Trust in the Lord

MEAR C. M.

Aaron Williams, 1762


1 I to the hills will lift mine eyes, From whence doth come mine aid, My
safe - ty com - eth from the Lord, Who heav'n and earth hath made. A-men.

2 *Psalm cxxi*

Thy foot he'll not let slide, nor will
He slumber that thee keeps.
Behold, he that keeps Israel,
He slumbers not, nor sleeps.

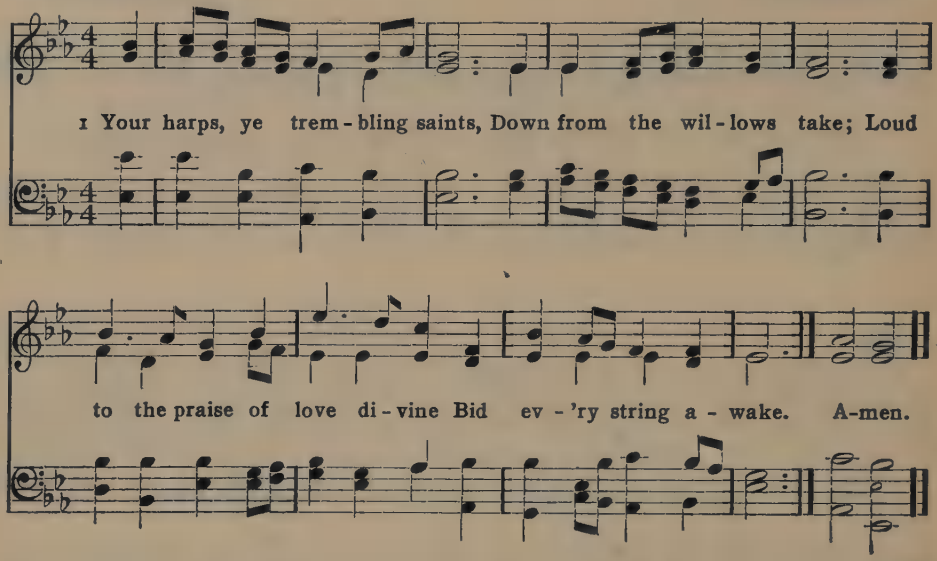
3

The Lord thee keeps, the Lord thy shade
On thy right hand doth stay:
The moon by night thee shall not smite,
Nor yet the sun by day.

4

The Lord shall keep thy soul; he shall
Preserve thee from all ill.
Henceforth thy going out and in
God keep forever will.

VENICE S. M. W. Amps, d. 1910



2

Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3

His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

4

When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his Name.

5

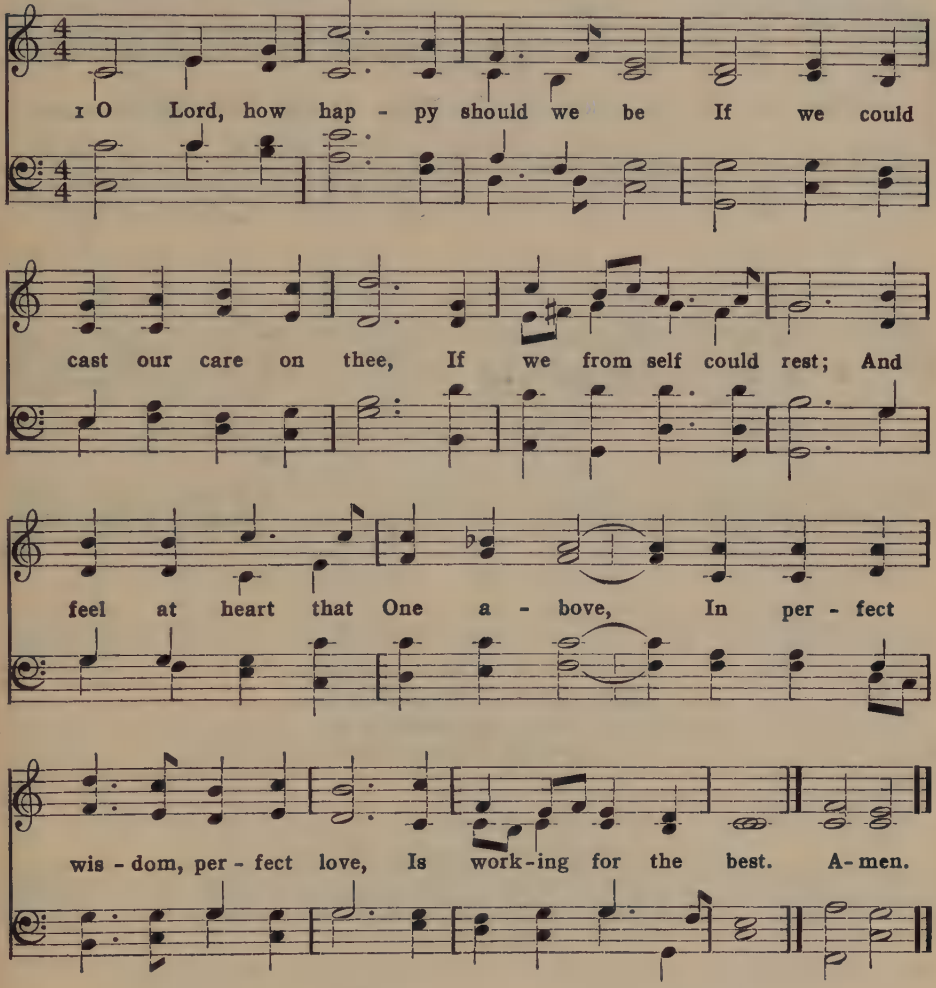
Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

6

Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee:
Who wait for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

250 A. M. Toplady, 1772

MAGDALEN COLLEGE 8. 8. 6. 6 l. William Hayes, 1706-1777


1 O Lord, how hap - py should we be If we could
cast our care on thee, If we from self could rest; And
feel at heart that One a - bove, In per - fect
wis - dom, per - fect love, Is work-ing for the best. A-men.

2

Could we but kneel, and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lightened cheer;
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear.

3

We cannot trust him as we should;
So chafes weak nature's restless mood
To cast its peace away;
But birds and flowerets round us preach,
All, all the present evil teach
Sufficient for the day.

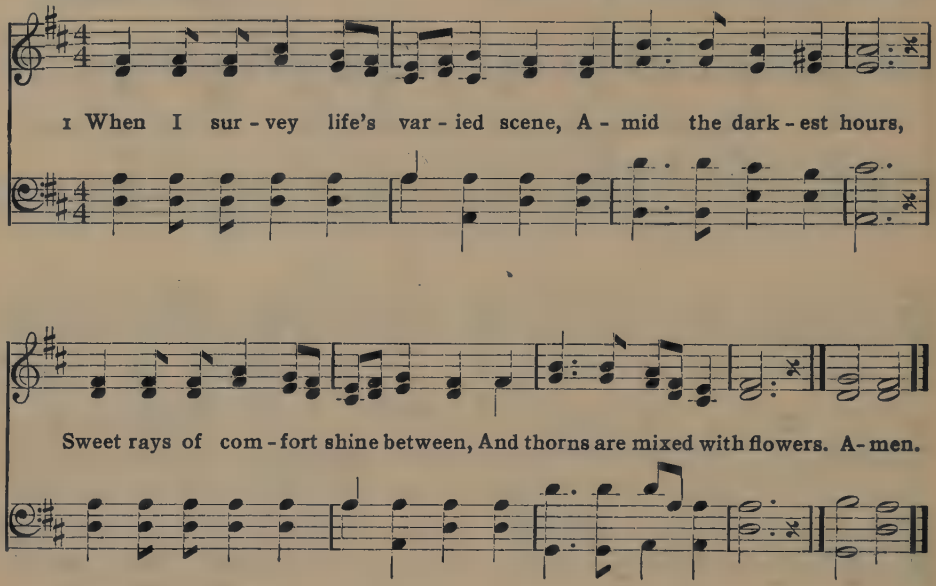
4

Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers;
Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before him lying still,
E'en in affliction, peace.

251 Joseph Anstice, 1836

NAOMI C. M.

Arr. from H. G. Nägeli, by Lowell Mason, 1836


1 When I sur - vey life's var - ied scene, A - mid the dark - est hours,
Sweet rays of com - fort shine between, And thorns are mixed with flowers. A - men.

2

Lord teach me to adore thy hand,
From whence my comforts flow,
And let me in this desert land
A glimpse of Canaan know.

3

And O whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

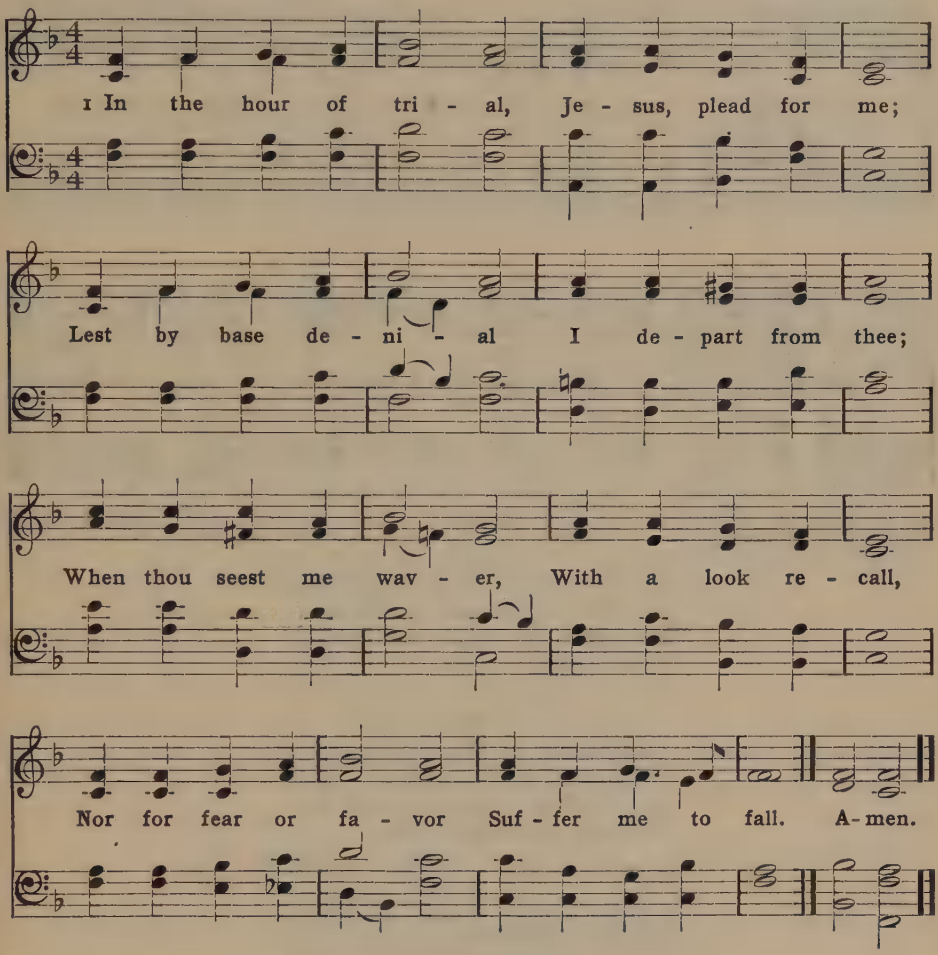
4

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

5

Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My path of life attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown its happy end!

252 Anna Steele, 1760

MARY MAGDALENE 6. 5. 81. J. B. Dykes, 1862

1 In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me;
Lest by base de - ni - al I de - part from thee;
When thou seest me wav - er, With a look re - call,
Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall. A - men.

Luke xxii : 31-32

2

With its witching pleasures
Would this vain world charm,
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm,
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

3

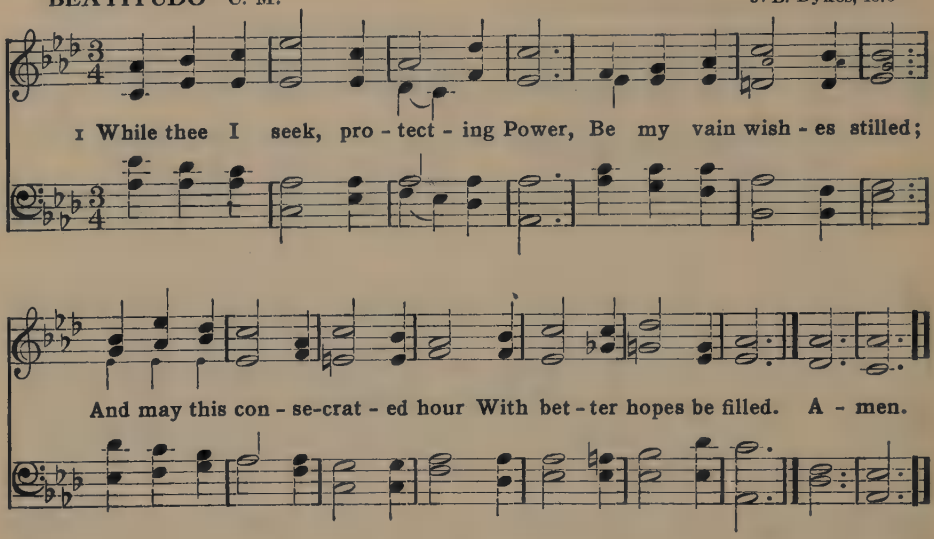
If with sore affliction
Thou in love chastise,
Pour thy benediction
On the sacrifice;
Then, upon thine altar
Freely offered up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drink the cup.

4

When in dust and ashes
To the grave I sink,
While heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink,
On thy truth relying
Through that mortal strife,
Lord, receive me, dying,
To eternal life.

James Montgomery, 1834

BEATITUDO C. M. J. B. Dykes, 1875


1 While thee I seek, pro - tect - ing Power, Be my vain wish - es stilled;
And may this con - se-crat - ed hour With bet - ter hopes be filled. A - men.

2

Thy love the powers of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

3

In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by thee.

4

In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5

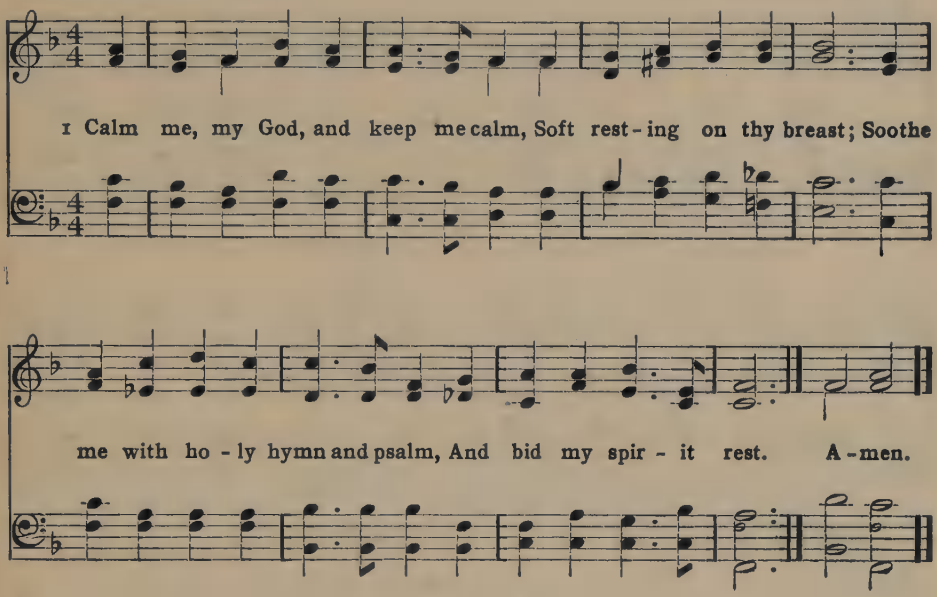
When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6

My lifted eye, without a tear,
The lowering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

254 Helen M. Williams, 1786

DALEHURST C. M. Arthur Cottman, 1872



2

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm;
Let thine outstretchèd wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm,
Beside her desert spring.

3

Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet;
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street;

4

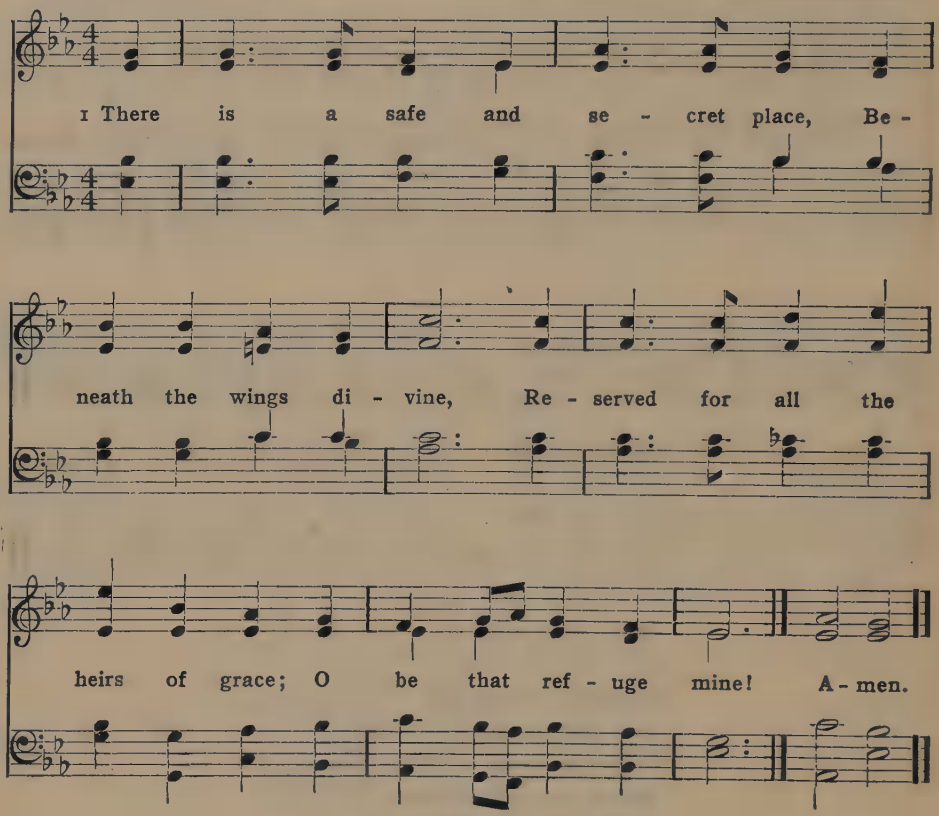
Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain;
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain.

5

Calm as the ray of sun or star
Which storms assail in vain,
Moving unruffled through earth's war,
Th' eternal calm to gain.

 Horatius Bonar, 1857

GREEN HILL C. M. A. L. Peace, 1885



2

Psalm xci

The least and feeblest there may bide,
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.

3

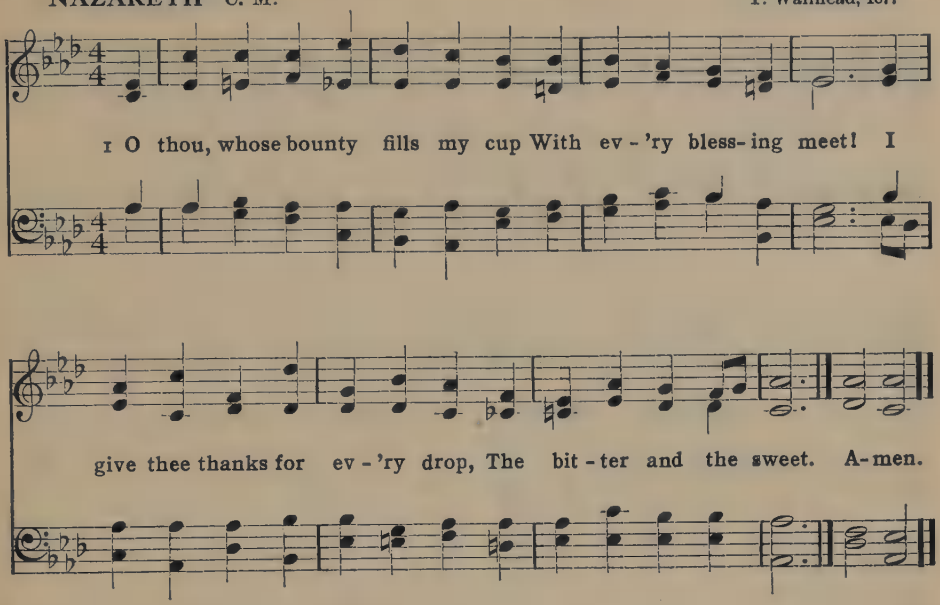
He feeds in pastures large and fair,
Of love and truth divine:
O child of God, O glory's heir,
How rich a lot is thine!

4

A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
And honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all!

 H. F. Lyte, 1834

NAZARETH C. M. T. Wallhead, 1877



2

I praise thee for the desert road,
And for the river-side;
For all thy goodness hath bestowed,
And all thy grace denied.

3

I thank thee for each smile and frown,
And for the gain and loss;
I praise thee for the future crown,
And for the present cross.

4

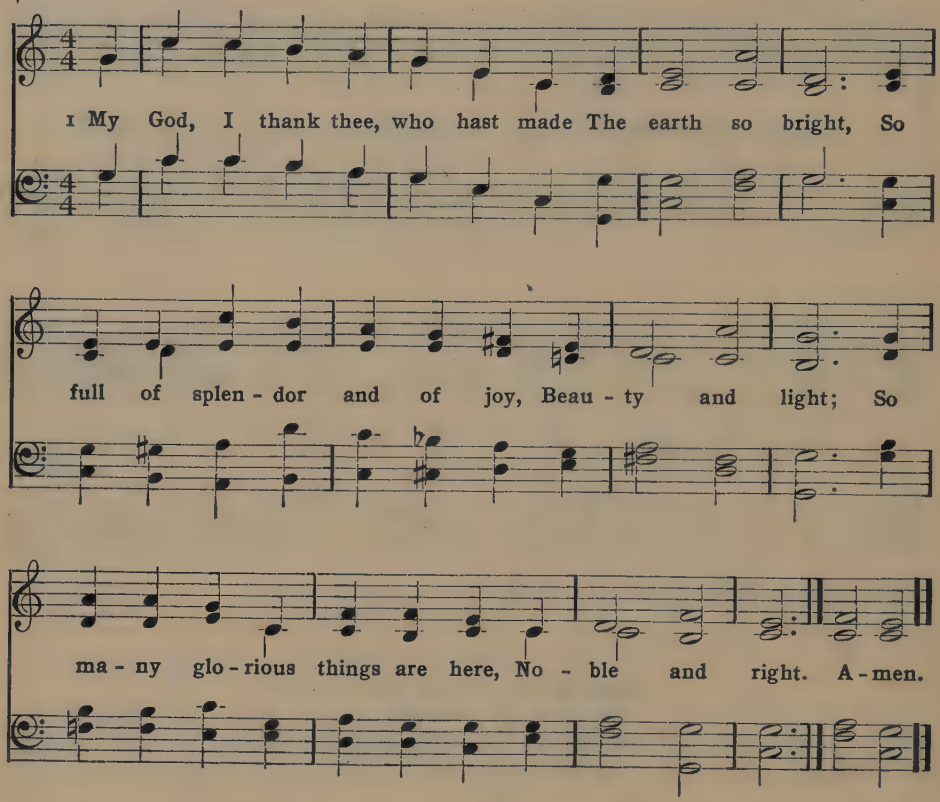
I thank thee for the wing of love,
Which stirred my worldly nest;
And for the stormy clouds which drove
The flutterer to thy breast.

5

I bless thee for the glad increase,
And for the waning joy;
And for this strange, this settled peace,
Which nothing can destroy.

257 Jane F. Crewdson, 1860

WENTWORTH 8. 4. 61. F. C. Maker, 1876


1 My God, I thank thee, who hast made The earth so bright, So
full of splen - dor and of joy, Beau - ty and light; So
ma - ny glo - rious things are here, No - ble and right. A - men.

2

I thank thee, too, that thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round;
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

3

I thank thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain,
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

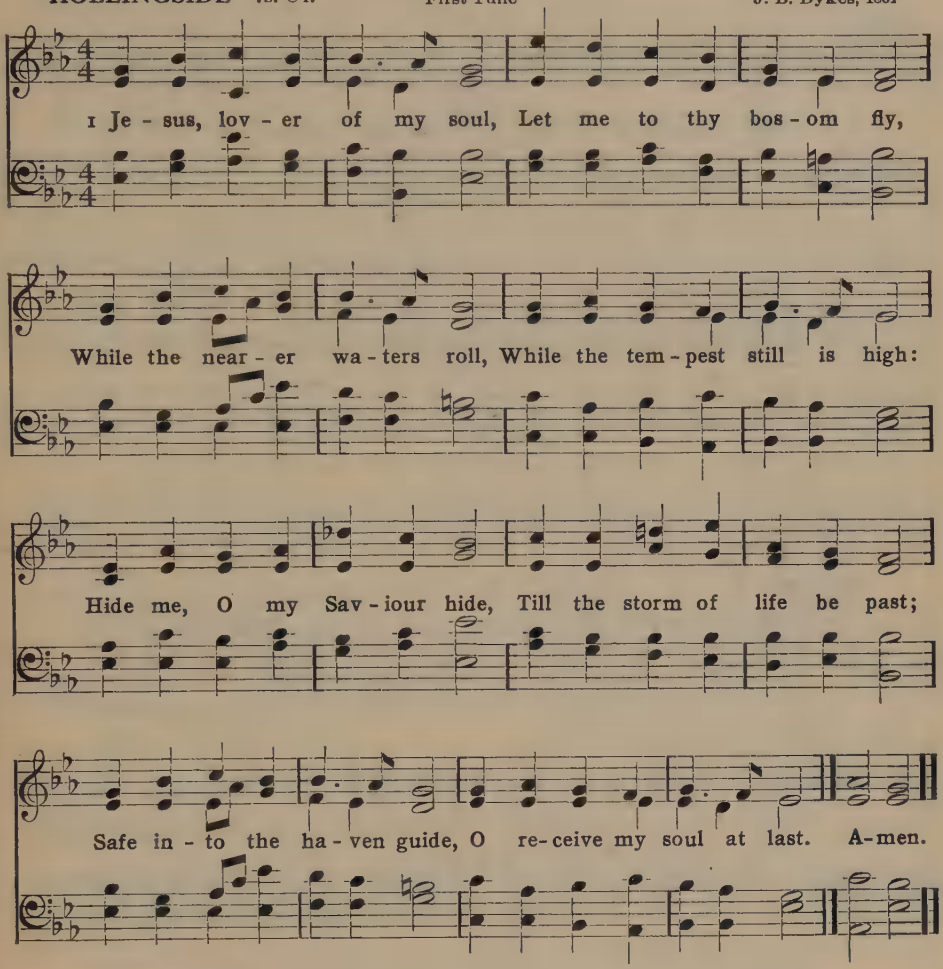
4

I thank thee, Lord, that thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more:
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.

5

I thank thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest;
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

258 Adelaide A. Procter, 1858

HOLLINGSIDE 7s. 8l. First Tune J. B. Dykes, 1861

1 Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly,
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high:
Hide me, O my Sav - iour hide, Till the storm of life be past;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last. A - men.

2

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

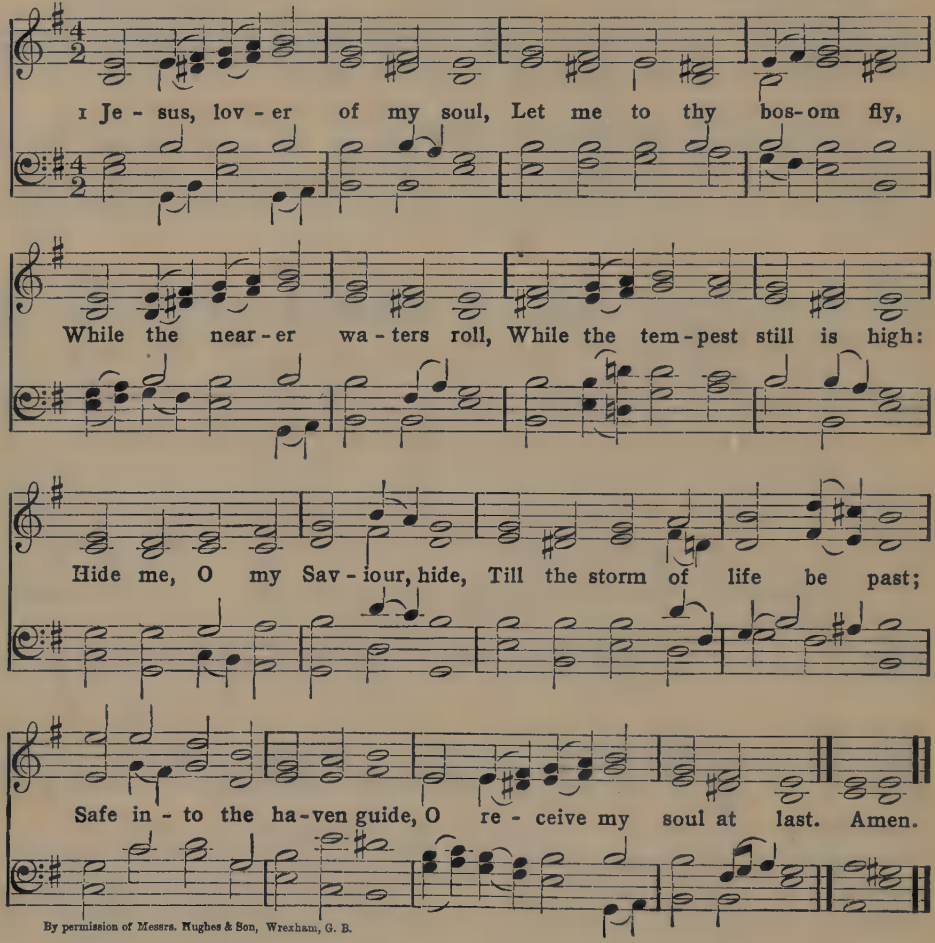
3

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley, 1740

ABERYSTWYTH 7s. 8l. Second Tune Joseph Parry, 1841-1903

1 Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos-om fly,
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high:
Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;
Safe in - to the ha-ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last. Amen.

By permission of Messrs. Hughes & Son, Wrexham, G. B.

2

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Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
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Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

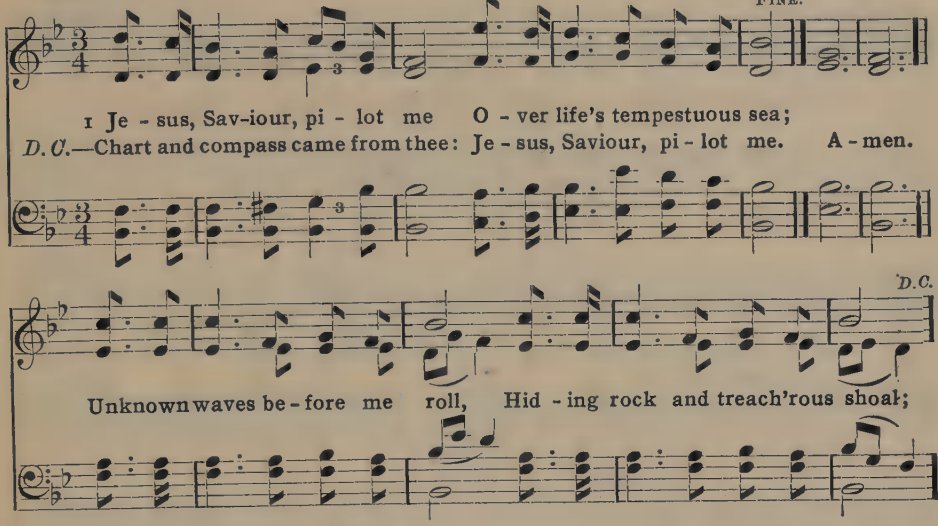
Charles Wesley, 1740

257 Trust in the Lord

PILOT 7s. 6 l.

J. E. Gould, 1871

FINE.


1 Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tempestuous sea;
D.C.—Chart and compass came from thee: Je - sus, Saviour, pi - lot me. A - men.
D.C.
Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;

2

As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey thy will
When thou say'st to them, "Be still."
Wondrous sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3

When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on thy breast,
May I hear thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

Edward Hopper, 1871

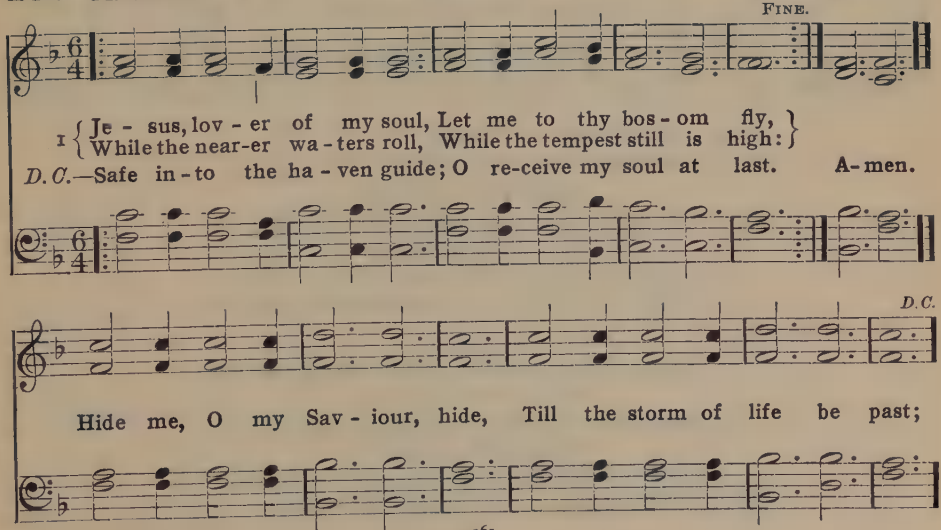
---

256 MARTYN 7s. 8 l.

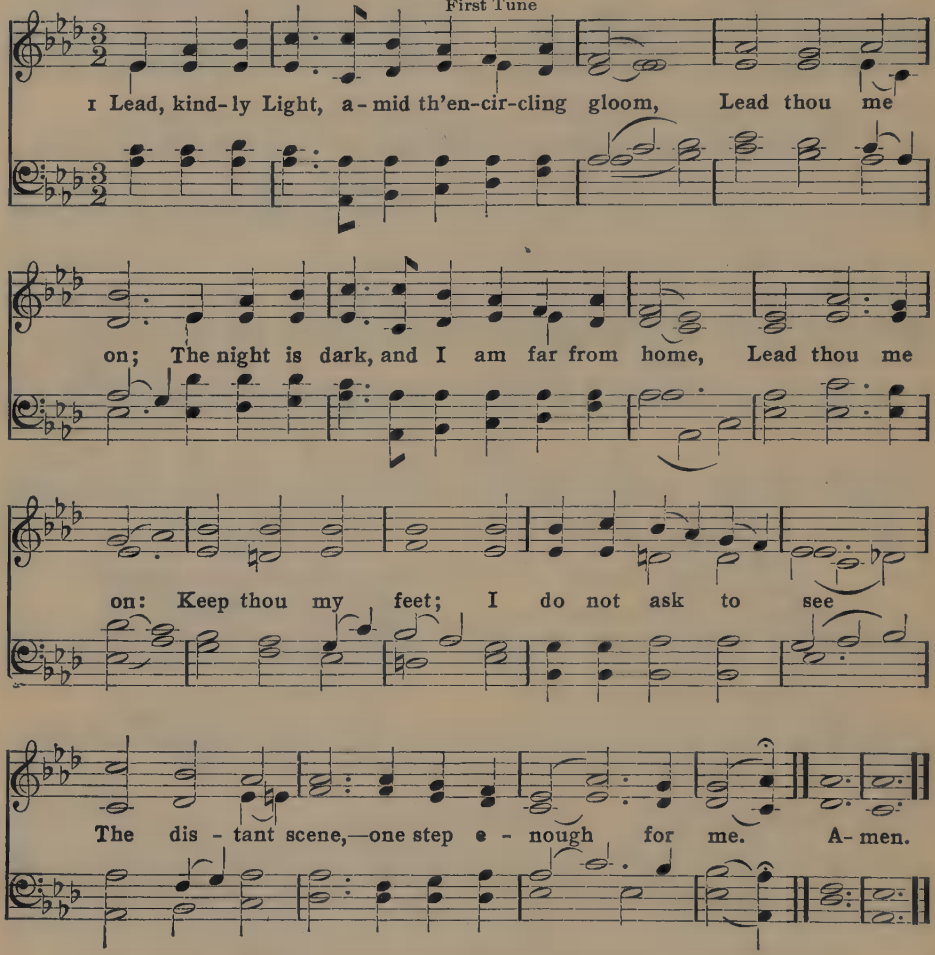
Third Tune

S. B. Marsh, 1834

FINE.


1 { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly,
While the near-er wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high: }
D.C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O re-ceive my soul at last. A-men.
D.C.
Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;

LUX BENIGNA 10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10. J. B. Dykes, 1867

First Tune

1 Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'en-cir-cling gloom, Lead thou me
on; The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead thou me
on: Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The dis - tant scene,—one step e - nough for me. A- men.

2

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on;
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

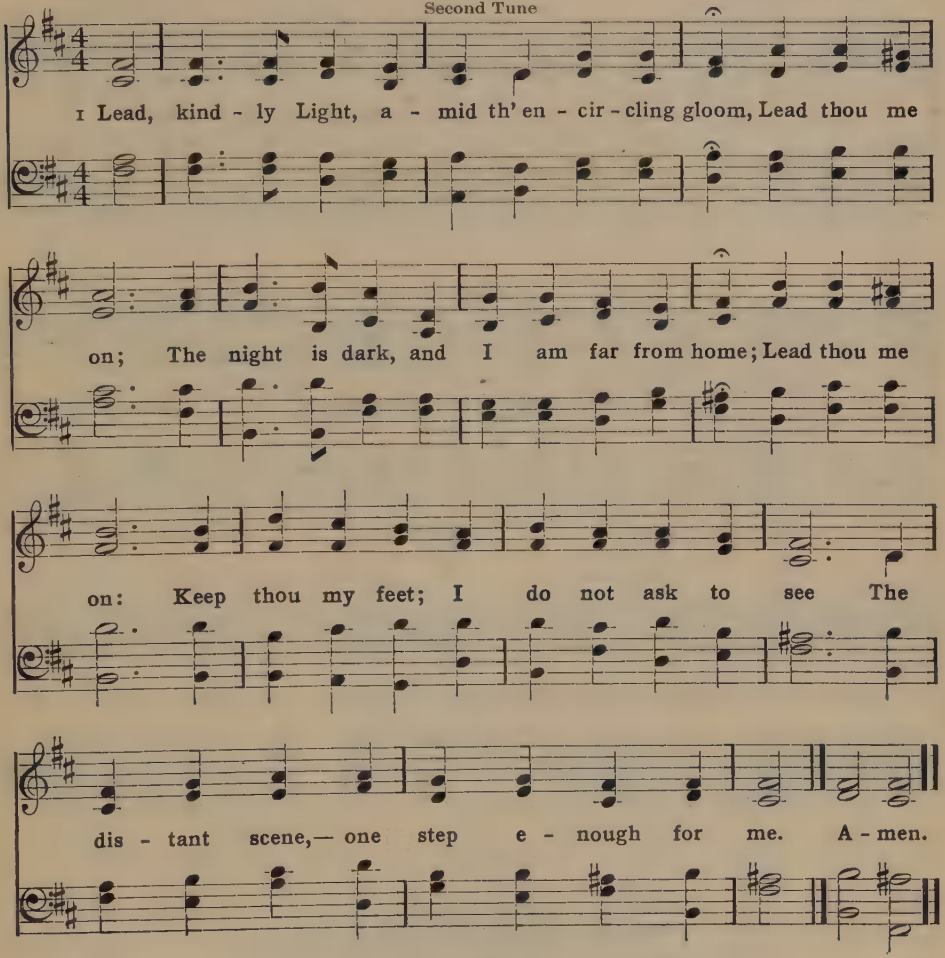
3

So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

J. H. Newman, 1833

YATTENDON 10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10. H. E. Wooldridge, 1845—

Second Tune


1 Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th' en - cir - cling gloom, Lead thou me
on; The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead thou me
on: Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see The
dis - tant scene,— one step e - nough for me. A - men.

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I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

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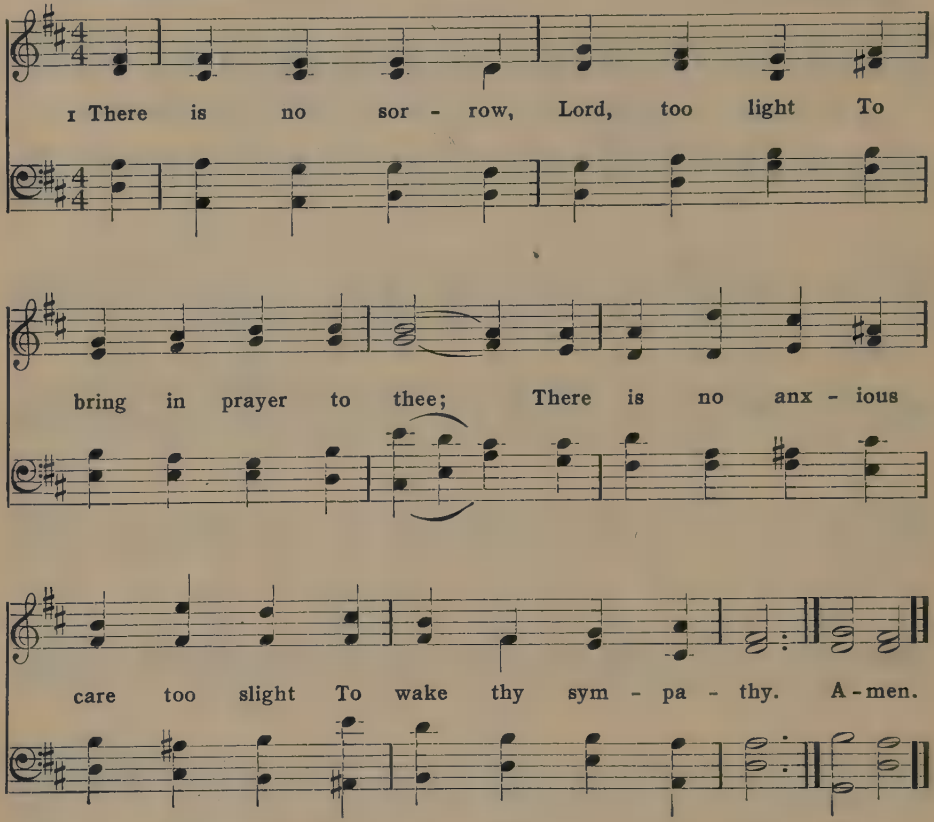
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

J. H. Newman, 1833

WINDERMERE C. M. W. G. Alcock, 1904



2

Thou who hast trod the thorny road
Wilt share each small distress,
The love which bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.

3

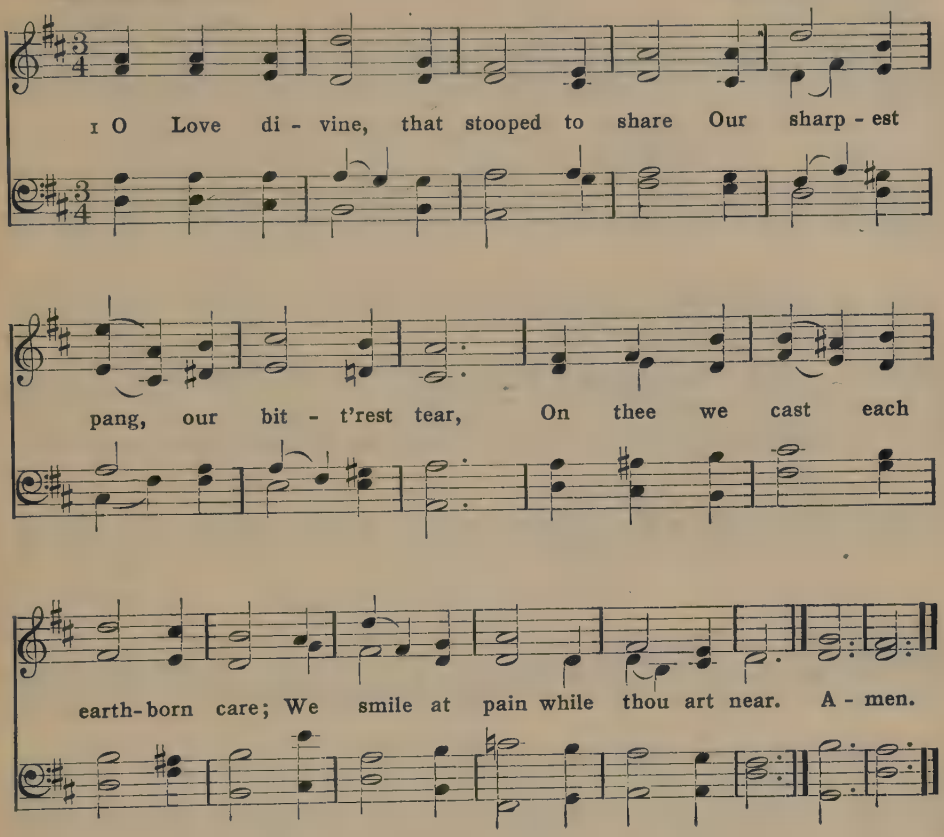
There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets thine ear divine;
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of thine.

4

Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would over flow,
But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept with woe.

264 Jane Crewdson, 1860

LAWISTON L. M. F. R. Statham, 1872


1 O Love di - vine, that stooped to share Our sharp - est
pang, our bit - t'rest tear, On thee we cast each
earth-born care; We smile at pain while thou art near. A - men.

2

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering; Thou art near.

3

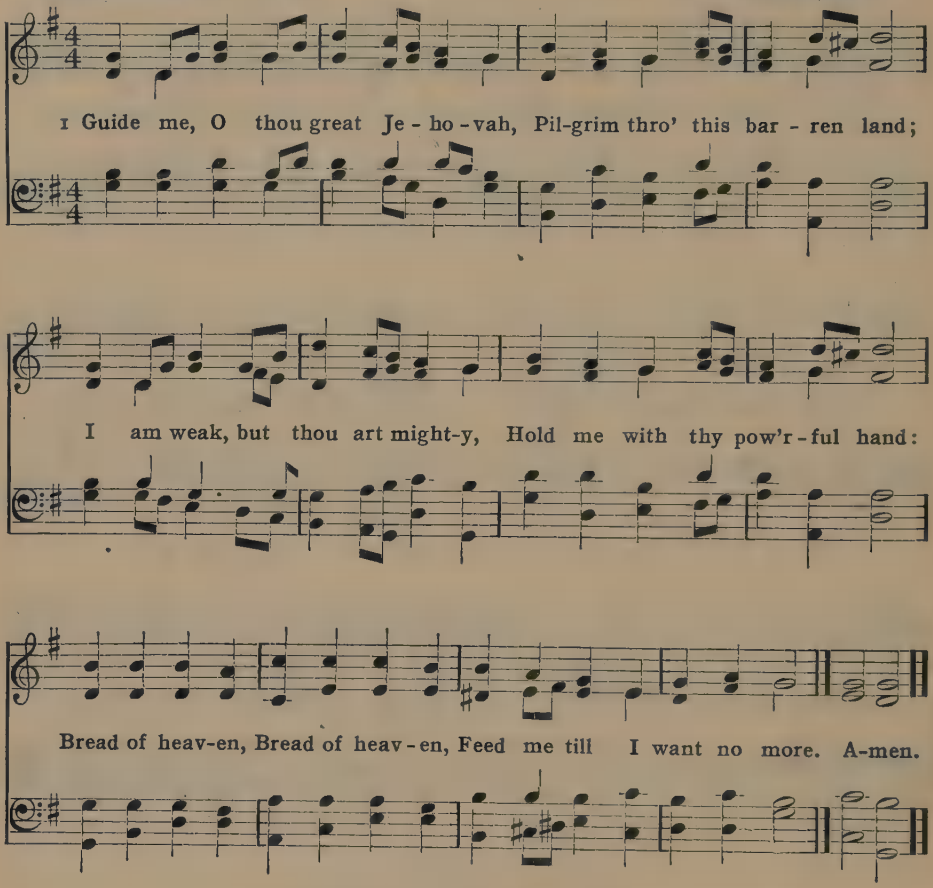
When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us; Thou art near.

4

On thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love divine, for ever dear;
Content to suffer while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near.

O. W. Holmes, 1859

CAERSALEM 8. 7. 61. Welsh Hymn Melody


1 Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar - ren land;
I am weak, but thou art might-y, Hold me with thy pow'r - ful hand:
Bread of heav-en, Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more. A-men.

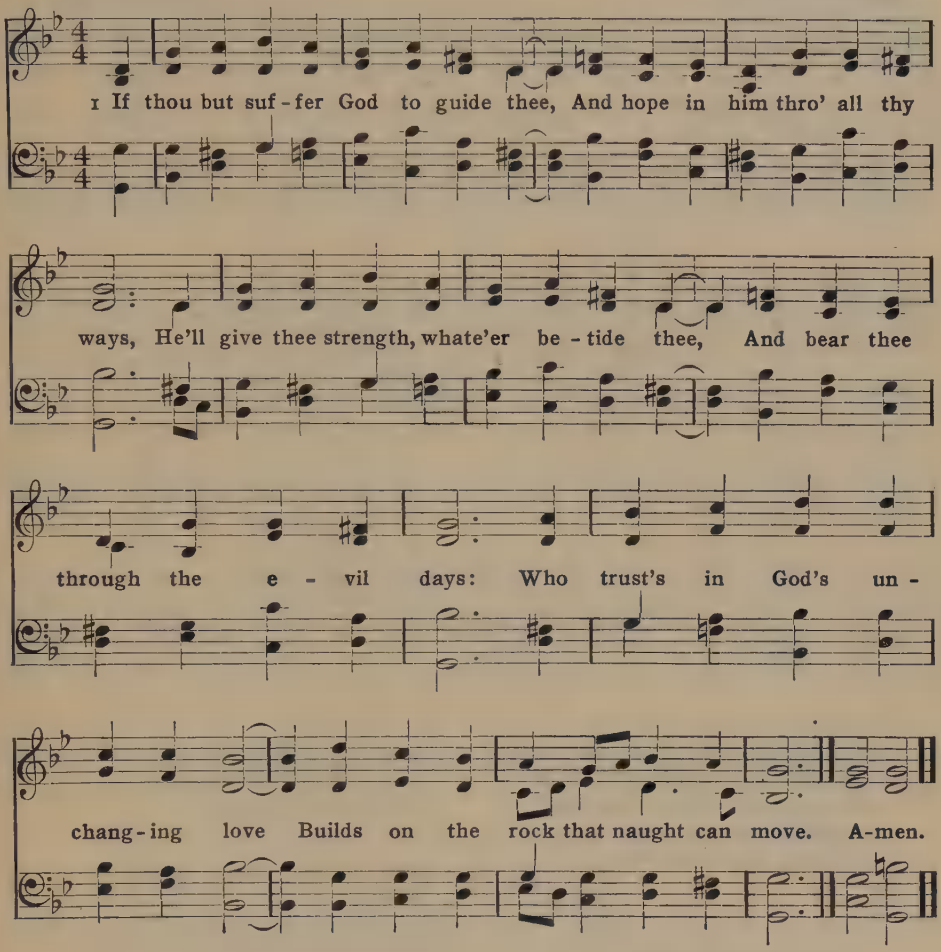
2

Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

266 William Williams, 1771

NEUMARK 9. 8. 9. 8. 8. 8. Georg Neumark, 1657

1 If thou but suf-fer God to guide thee, And hope in him thro' all thy
ways, He'll give thee strength, whate'er be-tide thee, And bear thee
through the e-vil days: Who trust's in God's un-
chang-ing love Builds on the rock that naught can move. A-men.

2

What can these anxious cares avail thee,
These never-ceasing moans and sighs?
What can it help, if thou bewail thee
O'er each dark moment as it flies?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.

3

Only be still, and wait his leisure
In cheerful hope, with heart content
To take whate'er thy Father's pleasure
And all-discerning love hath sent;
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To him who chose us for his own.

4

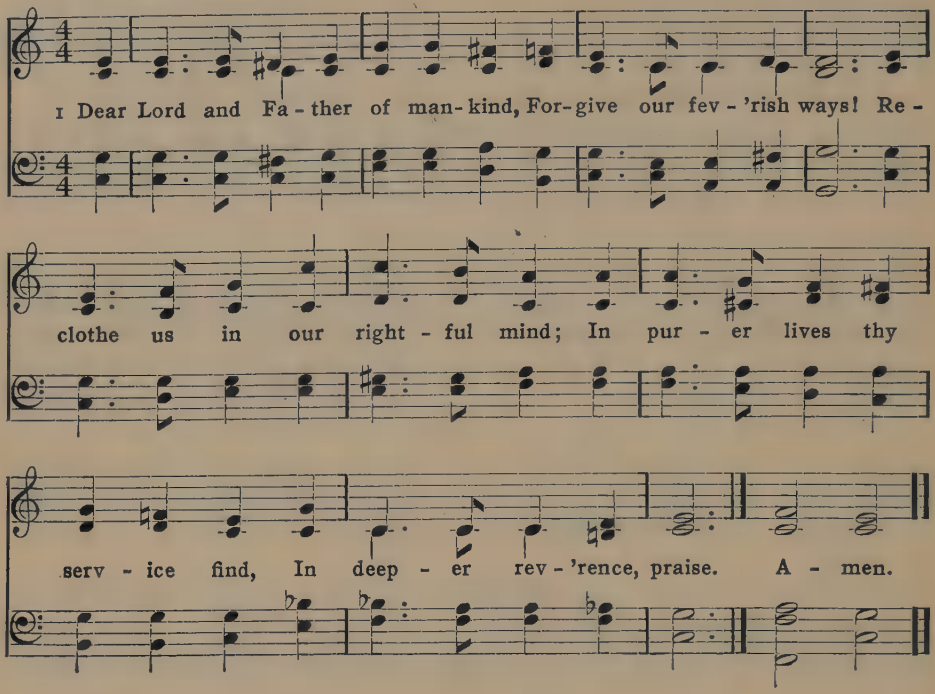
All are alike before the Highest;
'Tis easy to our God, we know,
To raise thee up though low thou liest,
To make the rich man poor and low;
True wonders still by him are wrought
Who setteth up and brings to naught.

5

Sing, pray, and keep his ways unswerving,
So do thine own part faithfully,
And trust his word,—though undeserving,
Thou yet shalt find it true for thee;
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted him indeed.

267 G. Neumark, 1641: Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1863

WHITTIER 8. 6. 8. 8. 6. F. C. Maker, 1876


1 Dear Lord and Fa - ther of man - kind, For - give our fev - 'rish ways! Re -
clothe us in our right - ful mind; In pur - er lives thy
serv - ice find, In deep - er rev - 'rence, praise. A - men.

2

In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word
Rise up and follow thee.

3

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love!

4

With that deep hush subduing all
Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of thy call,
As noiseless let thy blessing fall
As fell thy manna down.

5

Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease:
Take from our souls the strain and stress;
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

6

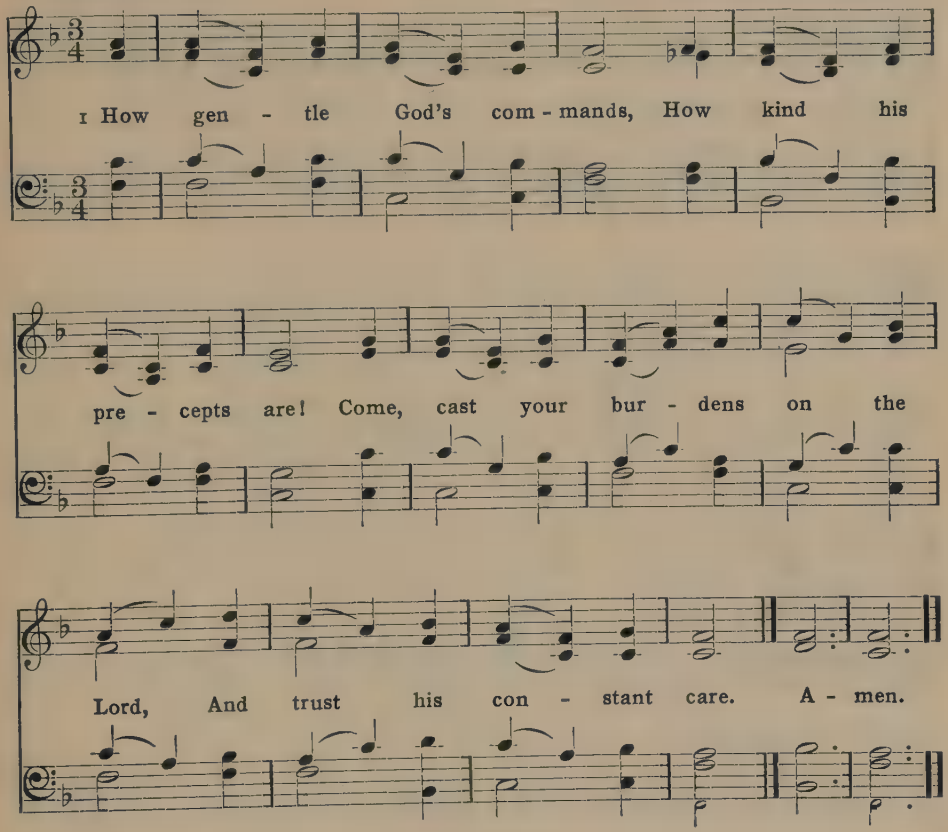
Breathe through the pulses of desire
Thy coolness and thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, its heats expire:
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still small voice of calm!

268 J. G. Whittier, 1872

Trust in the Lord

DENNIS S. M.

Arr. from H. G. Nägeli, by Lowell Mason, 1845



2

While Providence supports,
  Let saints securely dwell;
That hand, which bears all nature up,
  Shall guide his children well.

3

Why should this anxious load
  Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
  And sweet refreshment find.

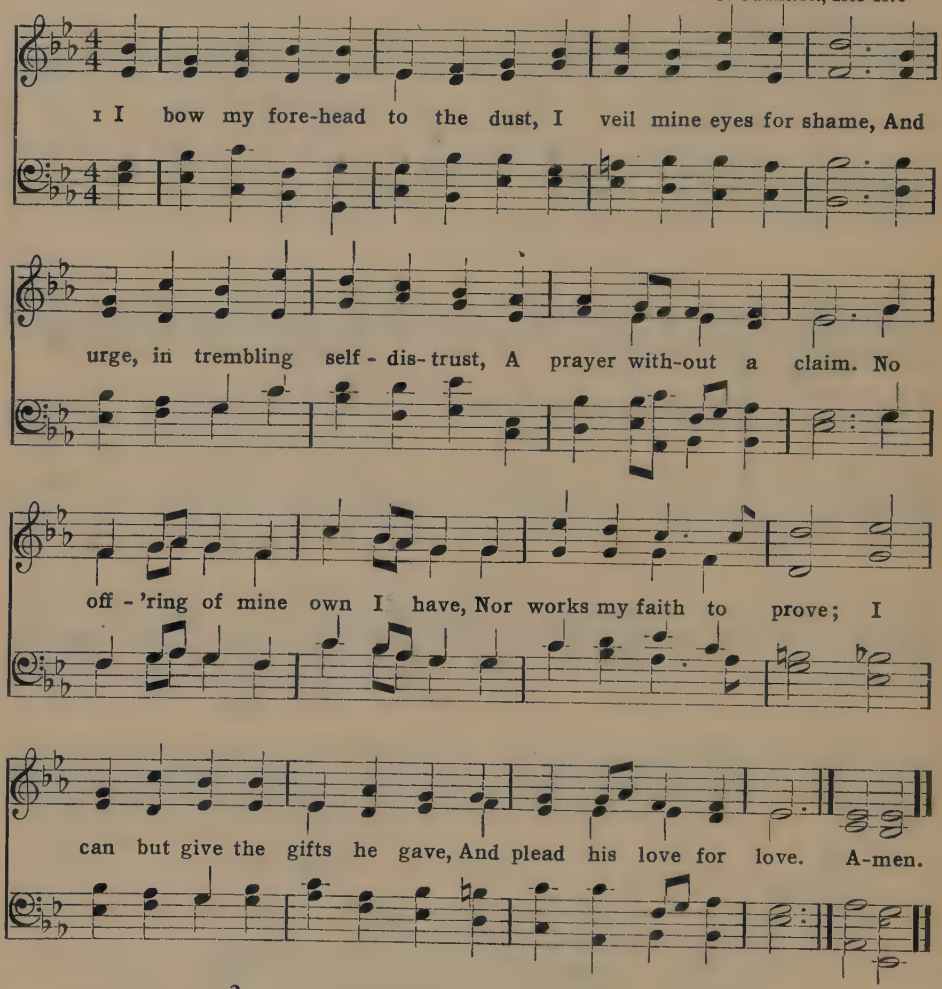
4

His goodness stands approved,
  Down to the present day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
  And bear a song away.

269 Philip Doddridge, 1702–1751

HEREFORD C. M. D.

H. J. Gauntlett, 1805-1876


1 I bow my fore-head to the dust, I veil mine eyes for shame, And
urge, in trembling self - dis- trust, A prayer with-out a claim. No
off - 'ring of mine own I have, Nor works my faith to prove; I
can but give the gifts he gave, And plead his love for love. A-men.

2

I dimly guess, from blessings known,
Of greater out of sight;
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments too are right.
And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruisèd reed he will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

3

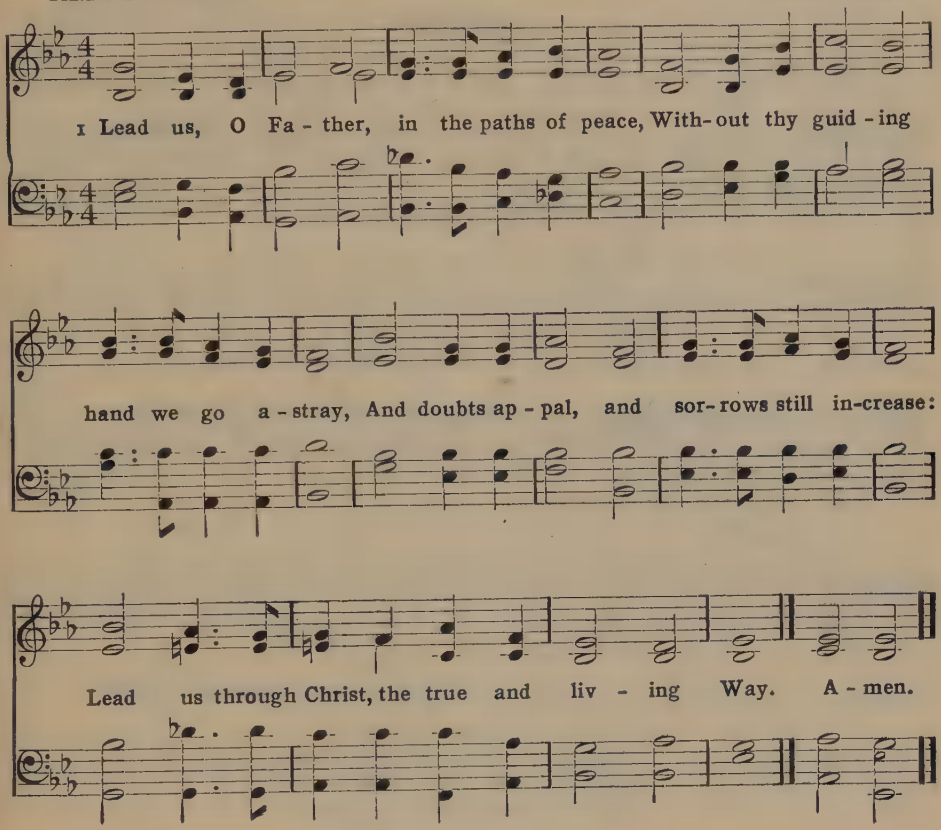
I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.
And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar:
No harm from him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

4

I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.
And thou, O Lord, by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on thee.

J. G. Whittier, 1867

REFUGE 10s. 4 l. S. S. Wesley, 1810-1876


1 Lead us, O Fa - ther, in the paths of peace, With-out thy guid - ing
hand we go a - stray, And doubts ap - pal, and sor - rows still in-crease:
Lead us through Christ, the true and liv - ing Way. A - men.

2

Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth;
Unhelped by thee, in error's maze we grope,
While passion stains and folly dims our youth,
And age comes on uncheered by faith and hope.

3

Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right;
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a moral night;
Only with thee we journey safely on.

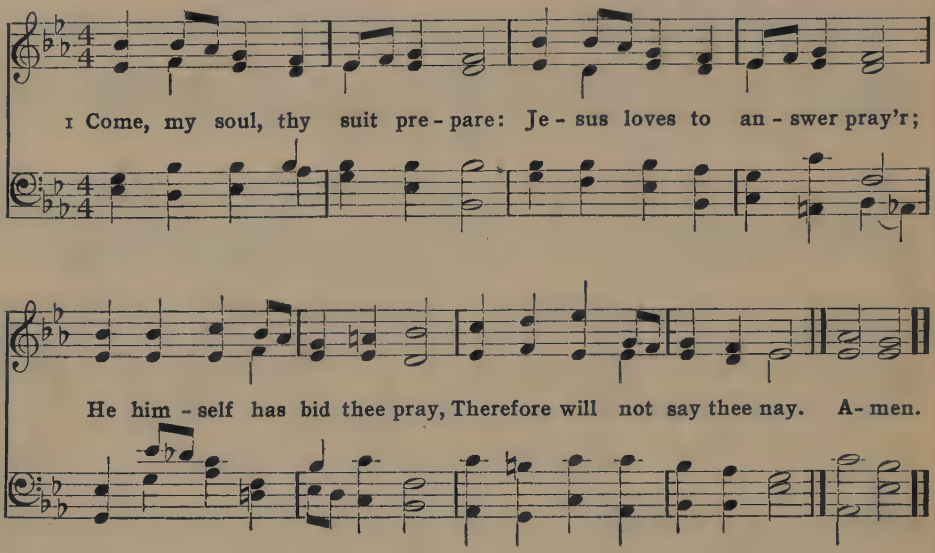
4

Lead us, O Father, to thy heavenly rest,
However rough and steep the path may be;
Through joy or sorrow, as thou deemest best,
Until our lives are perfected in thee.

W. H. Burleigh, 1868

Prayer

SAVANNAH (or Herrnhut) 7s. 4l. J. Wesley's Foundery Collection, 1742


1 Come, my soul, thy suit pre - pare: Je - sus loves to an - swer pray'r;
He him - self has bid thee pray, Therefore will not say thee nay. A - men.

2

Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3

With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4

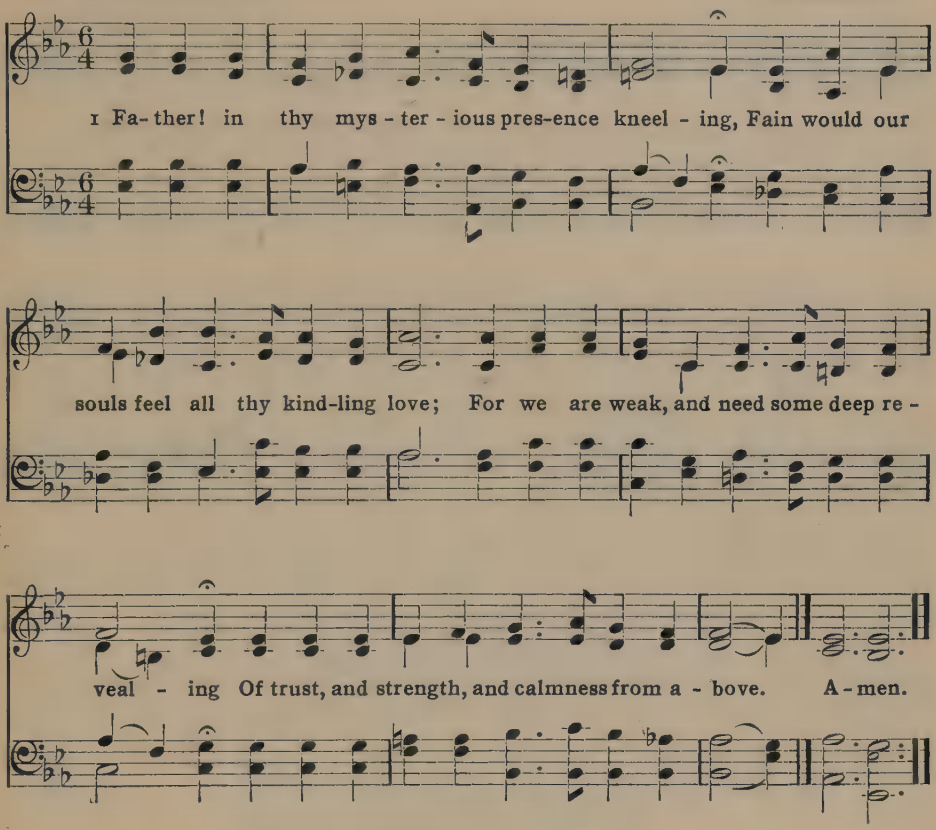
Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5

While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

272 John Newton, 1779

COMMENDATIO 11. 10. 41. J. B. Dykes, 1874


1 Fa-ther! in thy mys-ter-ious pres-ence kneel-ing, Fain would our
souls feel all thy kind-ling love; For we are weak, and need some deep re-
veal-ing Of trust, and strength, and calmness from a-bove. A-men.

2

Lord! we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow,
And thou hast made each step an onward one;
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow;
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

3

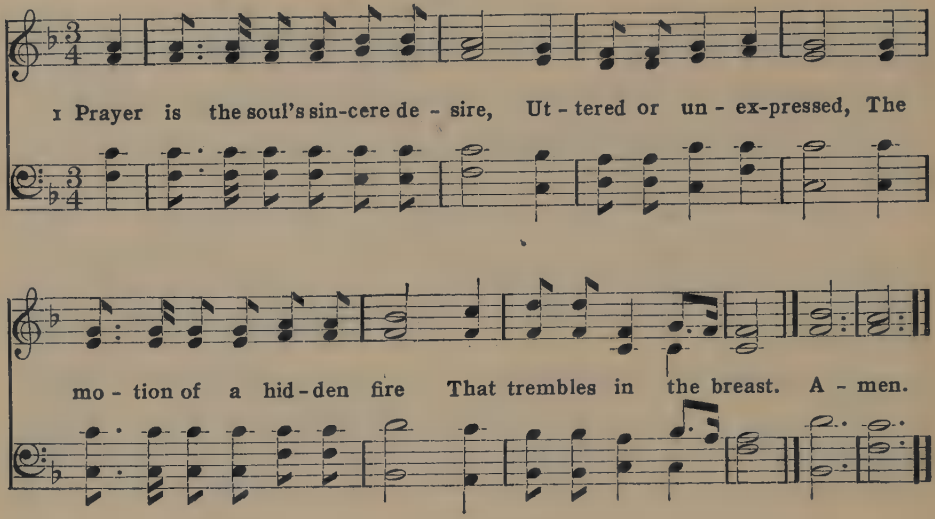
In the heart's depths, a peace serene and holy
Abides; and, when pain seems to have her will,
Or we despair, oh! may that peace rise slowly,
Stronger than agony, and we be still.

4

Now, Father! now in thy dear presence kneeling,
Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love;
Now make us strong; we need thy deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.

 Samuel Johnson, 1846

BYEFIELD C. M. Thomas Hastings, 1840



2

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.

3

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays."

5

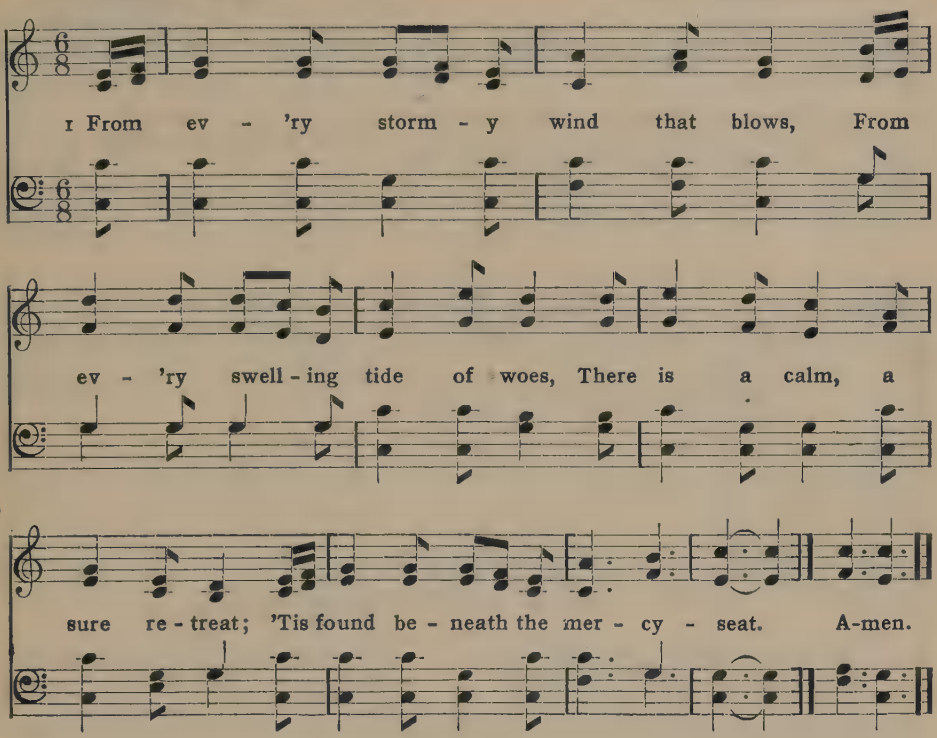
Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

6

O thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

274 James Montgomery, 1819

RETREAT L. M. Thomas Hastings, 1842


1 From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From
ev - 'ry swell - ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a
sure re - treat; 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat. A-men.

The Mercy-Seat.—Exodus xxv ; 22

2

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

3

There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
Though sundered far; by faith they meet
Around the common mercy-seat.

4

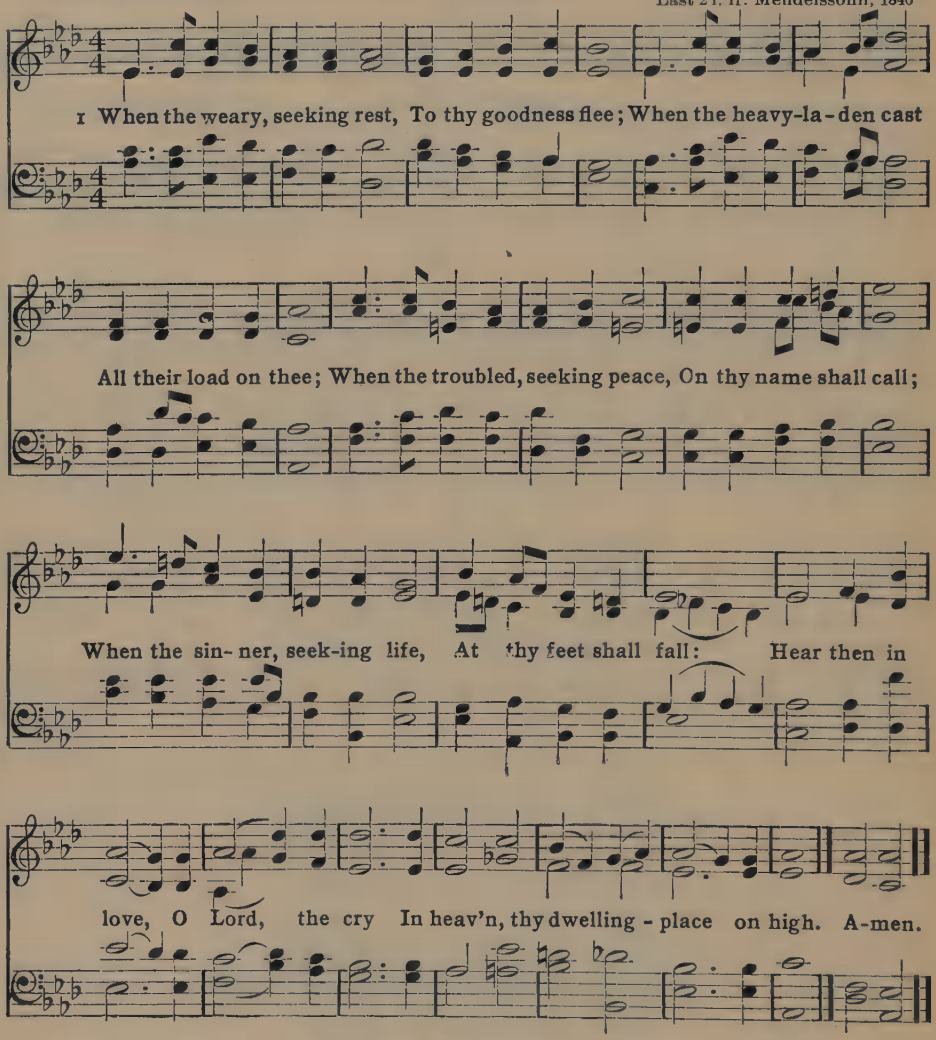
Ah, whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed,
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5

There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy seat.

275 Hugh Stowell, 1831

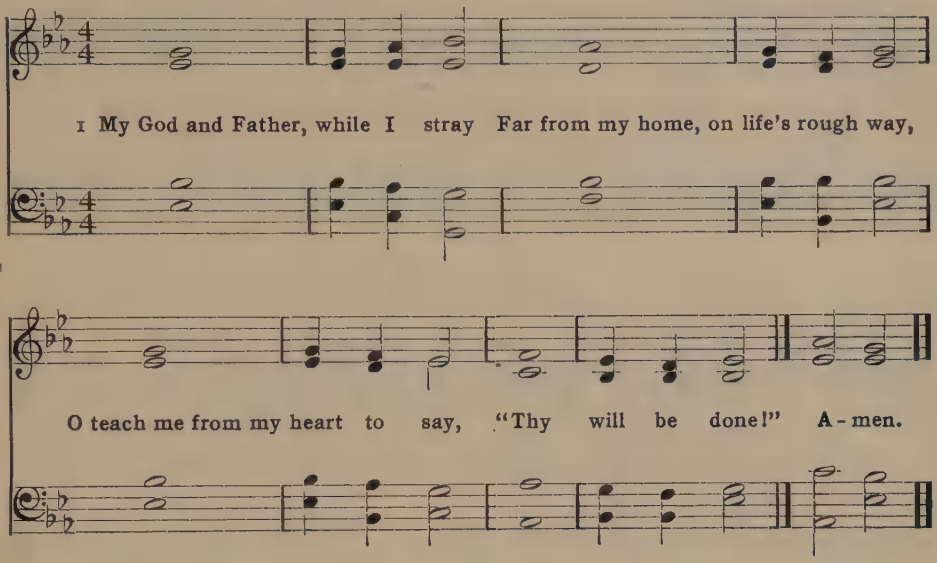
INTERCESSION NEW 7. 5. 81. With Refrain

W. H. Callcott, 1867:
Last 21. fr. Mendelssohn, 1846

1 When the weary, seeking rest, To thy goodness flee; When the heavy-la-den cast
All their load on thee; When the troubled, seeking peace, On thy name shall call;
When the sin-ner, seek-ing life, At thy feet shall fall: Hear then in
love, O Lord, the cry In heav'n, thy dwelling-place on high. A-men.

2

When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above;
When the prodigal looks back
To his father's love;
When the proud man, from his pride,
Stoops to seek thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To thy throne of grace:
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, thy dwelling-place on high.

TROYTE, No. 1 (Chant) 8. 8. 8. 4. A. H. D. Troyte, 1811-1857



2

Though dark my path, and | sad my lot, |
Let me be still and | murmur not, |
Or breathe the prayer di- | vinely taught, |
"Thy | will be done!" |

3

Let but my fainting | heart be blest |
With thy good Spirit | for its guest, |
My God, to thee I | leave the rest,— |
"Thy | will be done!" |

4

Renew my will from | day to day, |
Blend it with thine, and | take away |
All that now makes it | hard to say, |
"Thy | will be done!" |

5

Then, when on earth I | breathe no more |
The prayer oft mixed with | tears before |
I'll sing upon a | happier shore, |
"Thy | will be done!" |

Charlotte Elliott, 1834

3

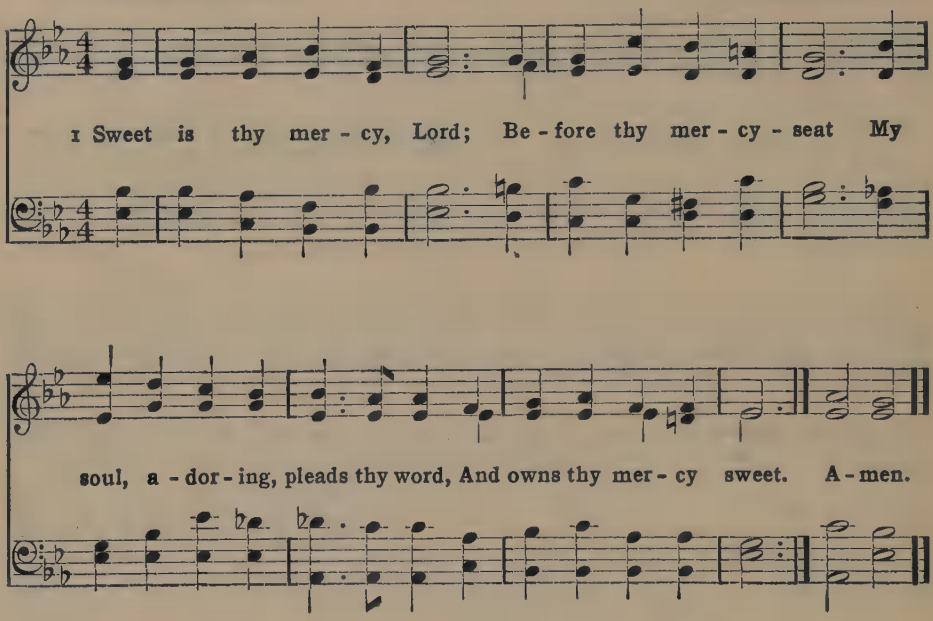
When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to thee:
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, thy dwelling-place on high.

4

When the man of toil and care
In the city crowd;
When the shepherd on the moor
Names the name of God;
When the learnèd and the high,
Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
Name the blessèd name:
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, thy dwelling-place on high.

Horatius Bonar, 1866

ST. ANDREW S. M. Joseph Barnby, 1868



2

My need and thy desires
Are all in Christ complete;
Thou hast the justice truth requires,
And I, thy mercy sweet.

3

Where'er thy name is blest,
Where'er thy people meet,
There I delight in thee to rest,
And find thy mercy sweet.

4

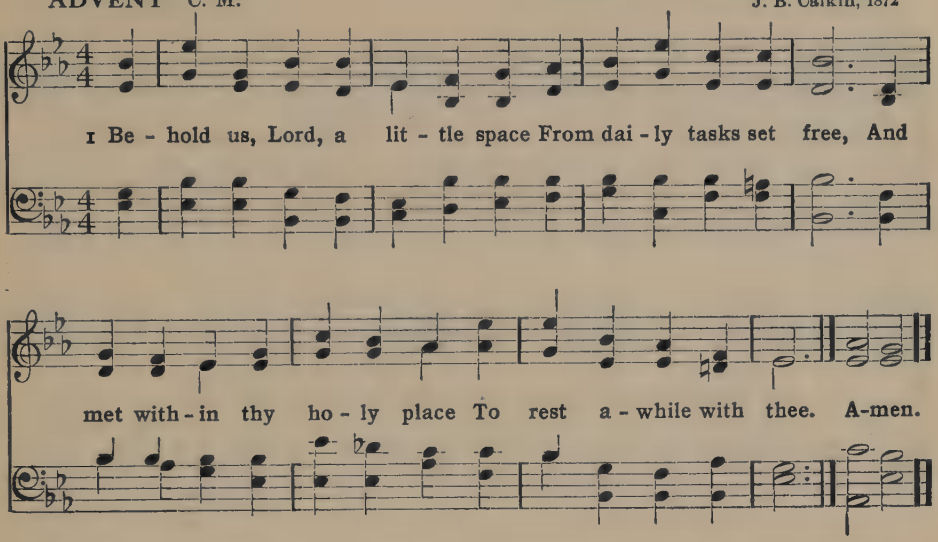
Light thou my weary way,
Lead thou my wandering feet,
That while I stay on earth I may
Still find thy mercy sweet.

5

Thus shall the heavenly host
Hear all my songs repeat
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
My joy, thy mercy sweet.

278 J. S. B. Monsell, 1862

ADVENT C. M. J. B. Calkin, 1872



2

Around us rolls the ceaseless tide
Of business, toil, and care,
And scarcely can we turn aside
For one brief hour of prayer.

3

Yet these are not the only walls
Wherein thou mayest be sought;
On homeliest work thy blessing falls
In truth and patience wrought.

4

Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,
The wealth of land and sea;
The worlds of science and of art,
Revealed and ruled by thee.

5

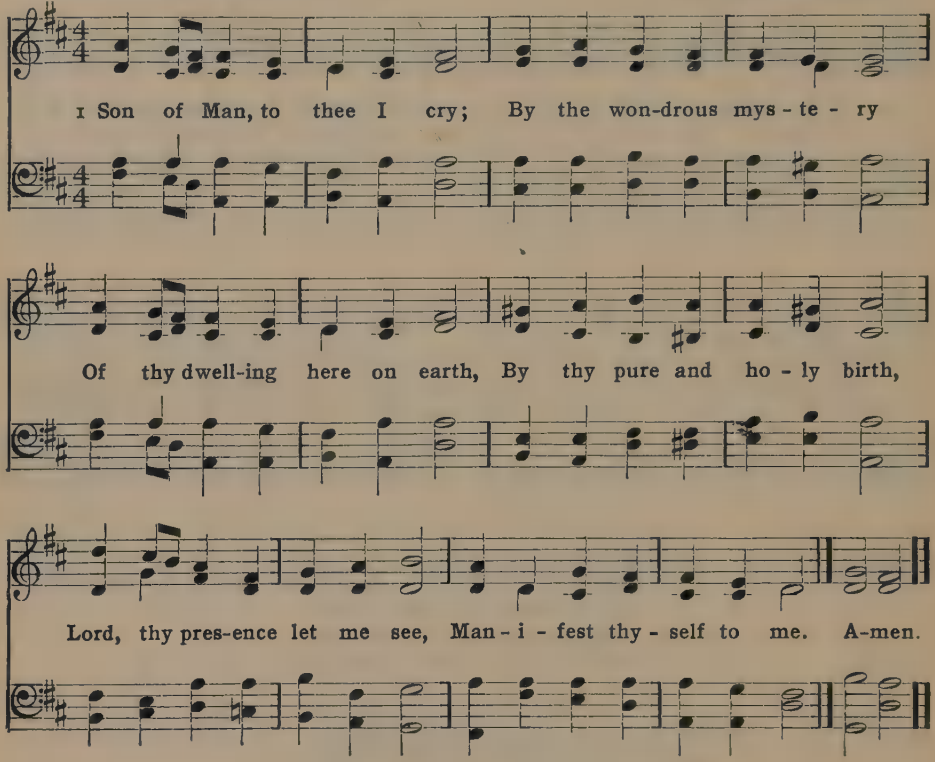
Then let us prove our heavenly birth
In all we do and know,
And claim the kingdom of the earth
For thee, and not thy foe.

6

Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As thou wouldst have it done;
And prayer, by thee inspired and taught,
Itself with work be one.

279 John Ellerton, 1870

BREAD OF HEAVEN 7s. 6 l. W. D. Maclagan, 1826-1910


1 Son of Man, to thee I cry; By the won-drous mys - te - ry
Of thy dwell-ing here on earth, By thy pure and ho - ly birth,
Lord, thy pres-ence let me see, Man - i - fest thy - self to me. A-men.

2

Lamb of God, to thee I cry
By thy bitter agony,
By thy pangs, to us unknown,
By thy spirit's parting groan,
Lord, thy presence let me see,
Manifest thyself to me.

3

Prince of Life, to thee I cry;
By thy glorious majesty,
By thy triumph o'er the grave,
Meek to suffer, strong to save,
Lord, thy presence let me see,
Manifest thyself to me.

4

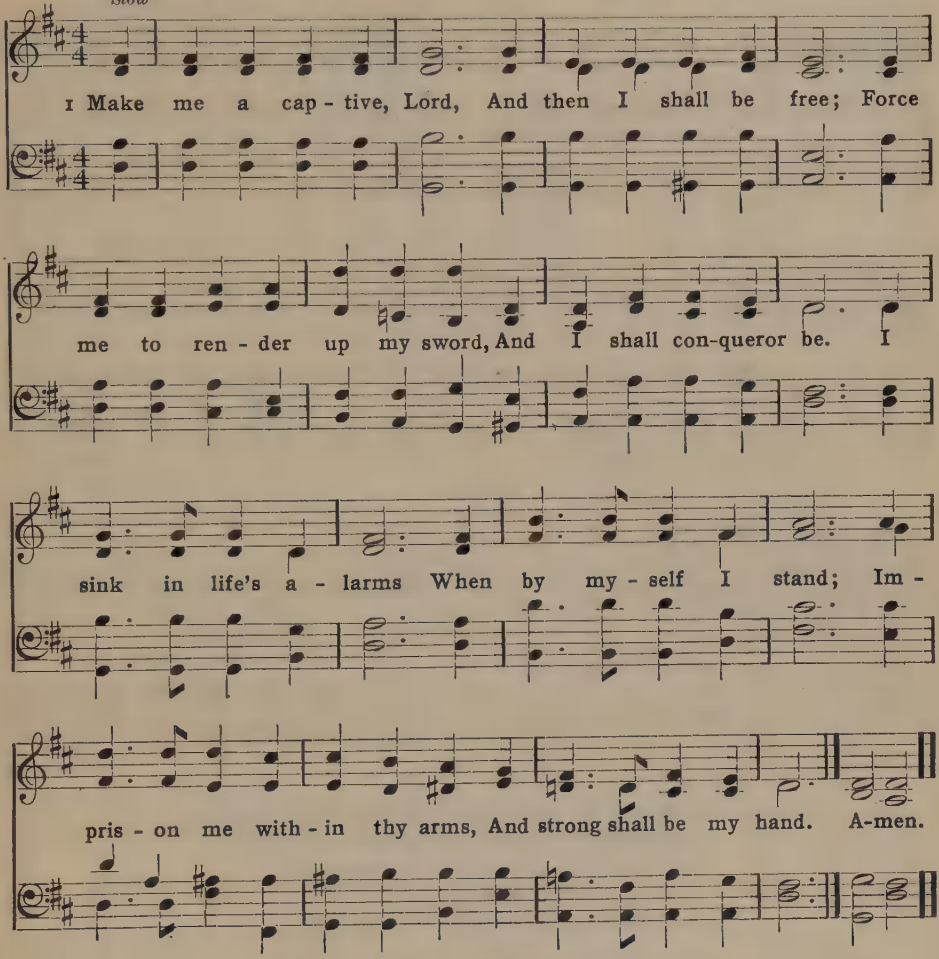
Lord of glory, God most high,
Man exalted to the sky,
With thy love my bosom fill;
Prompt me now to do thy will;
Then thy presence let me see,
Manifest thyself to me.

280 Richard Mant, 1828, and others

LEOMINSTER S. M. D.

G. W. Martin, 1862: har. by Arthur Sullivan

Slow


1 Make me a cap - tive, Lord, And then I shall be free; Force
me to ren - der up my sword, And I shall con-queror be. I
sink in life's a - larms When by my - self I stand; Im -
pris - on me with - in thy arms, And strong shall be my hand. A-men.

2

My heart is weak and poor
Until it master find:
It has no spring of action sure—
It varies with the wind:
It cannot freely move
Till thou hast wrought its chain;
Enslave it with thy matchless love,
And deathless it shall reign.

3

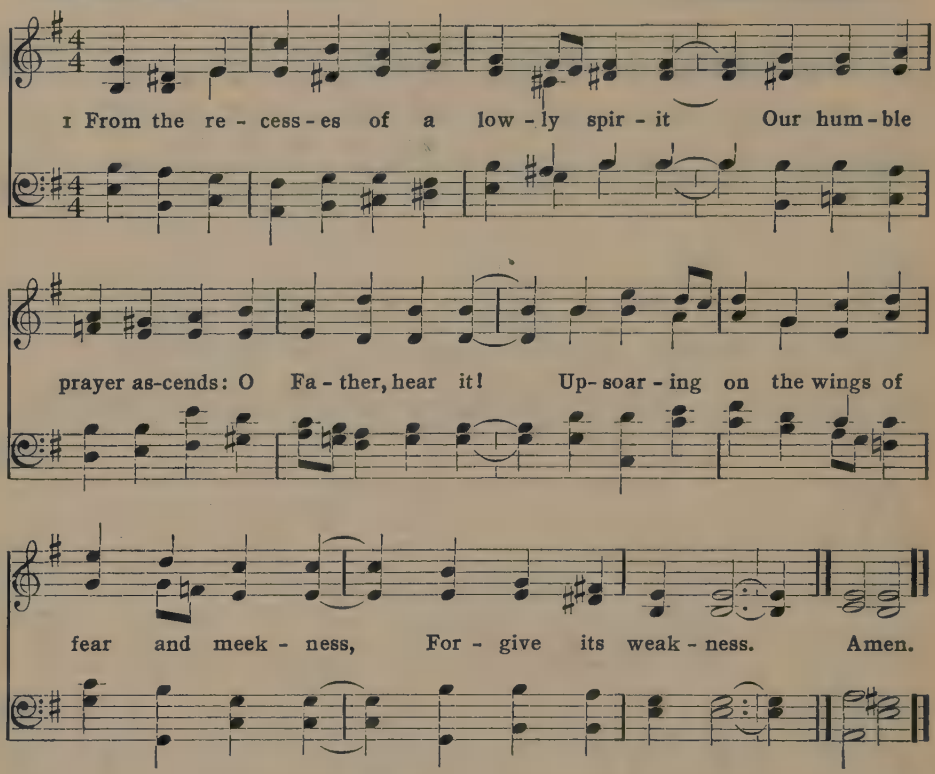
My power is faint and low
Till I have learned to serve,
It wants the needed fire to glow,
It wants the breeze to nerve;
It cannot drive the world
Until itself be driven,
Its flag can only be unfurled [heaven.
When thou shalt breathe from

4

My will is not my own
Till thou hast made it thine;
If it would reach a monarch's throne
It must its crown resign:
It only stands unbent
Amid the clashing strife,
When on thy bosom it has leant,
And found in thee its life.

George Matheson, 1842-1906

ATONEMENT 11. 11. 11. 5. S. S. Wesley, 1810-1876, arr.


1 From the re - cess - es of a low - ly spir - it Our hum - ble
prayer as-cends: O Fa - ther, hear it! Up- soar - ing on the wings of
fear and meek - ness, For - give its weak - ness. Amen.

2

We know, we feel, how mean and how unworthy
The trembling sacrifice we pour before thee;
What can we offer in thy presence holy,
But sin and folly?

3

For in thy sight, who every bosom viewest,
Cold are our warmest vows, and vain our truest;
Thoughts of a hurrying hour, our lips repeat them,
Our hearts forget them.

4

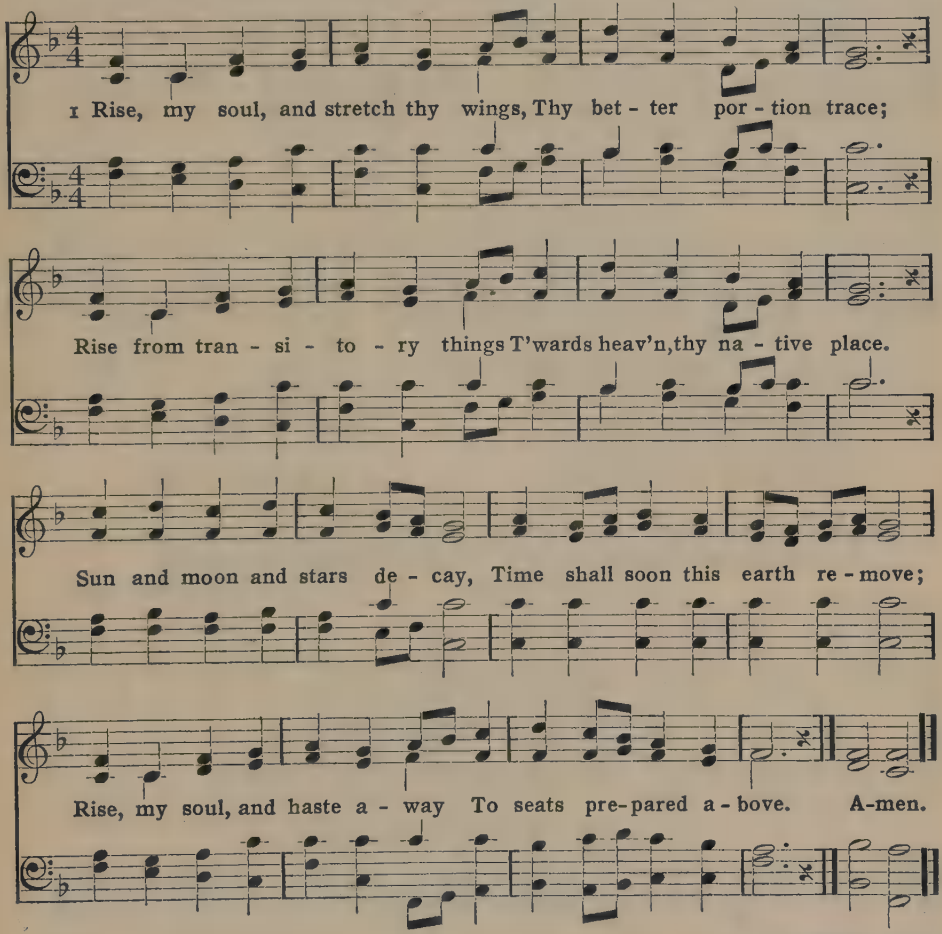
We see thy hand,—it leads us, it supports us;
We hear thy voice,—it counsels and it courts us;
And then we turn away,—and still thy kindness
Forgives our blindness.

5

Father and Saviour! plant within this bosom
The seeds of holiness; and bid them blossom
In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,
And spring eternal!

282 John Bowring, 1792-1872

Aspiration

AMSTERDAM 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 7. 7. 6. The Foundery Collection, 1742

1 Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;
Rise from tran - si - to - ry things T'wards heav'n, thy na - tive place.
Sun and moon and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move;
Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre-pared a - bove. A-men.

The Pilgrim's Song

2

Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So my soul, derived from God,
Pants to view his glorious face,
Forward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3

Fly me riches, fly me cares,
Whilst I that coast explore;
Flatttering world, with all thy snares,
Solicit me no more.

Pilgrims fix not here their home;
Strangers tarry but a night;
When the last dear morn is come,
They'll rise to joyful light.

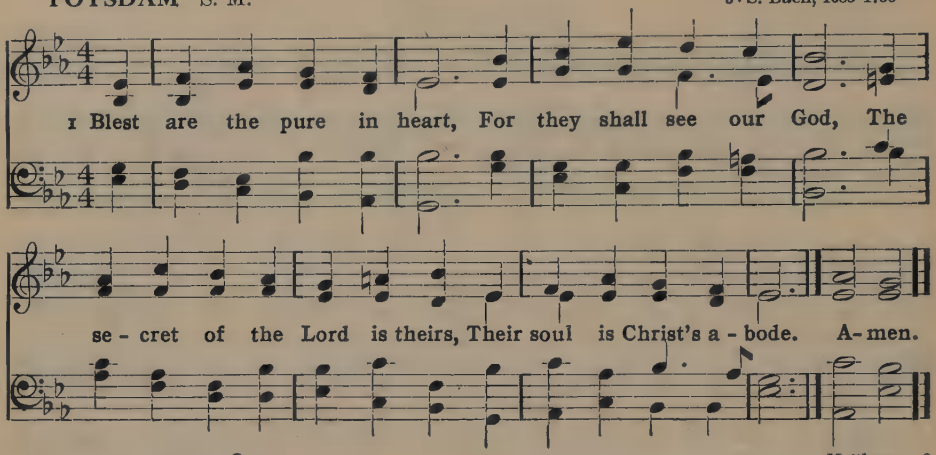
4

Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

Robert Seagrave, 1742

POTSDAM S. M.

J. S. Bach, 1685-1750



Matthew v: 8

2

The Lord, who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their pattern and their king,—

3

Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his dwelling and his throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

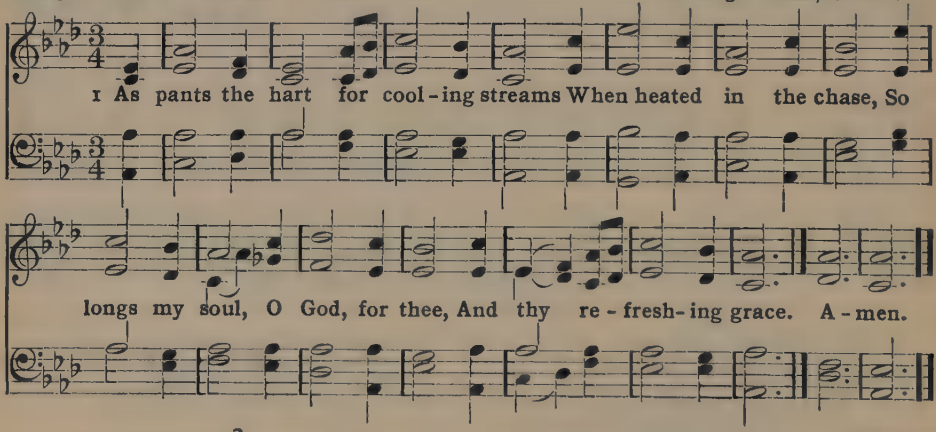
4

Lord, we thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for thee.

J. Keble, 1836, and others

280 MARTYRDOM (Avon) C. M.

Hugh Wilson, 1764-1824


1 As pants the hart for cool - ing streams When heated in the chase, So
longs my soul, O God, for thee, And thy re - fresh - ing grace. A - men.

Psalm xlii

2

For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O when shall I behold thy Face,
Thou Majesty Divine!

3

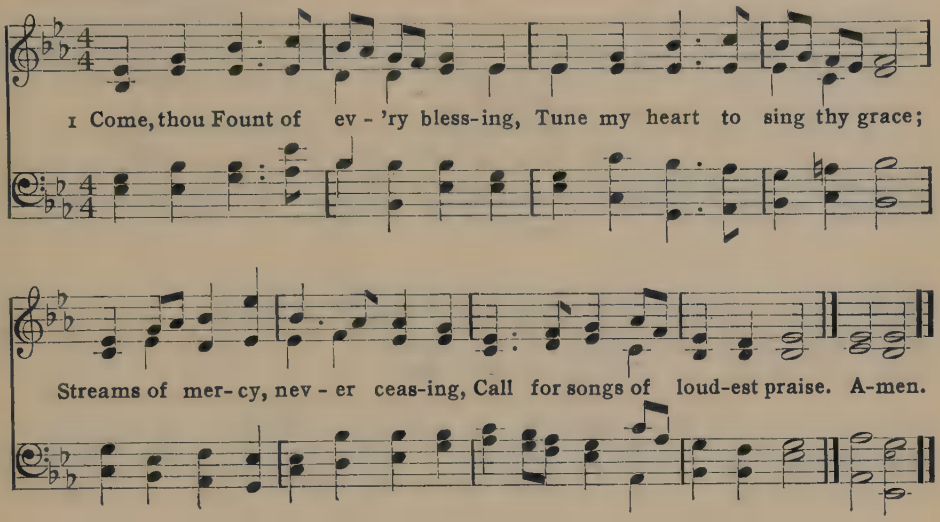
Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God; and he'll employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

4

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still; and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

Tate and Brady's version of the Psalms, 1696

SHIPSTON 8. 7. 4 l. English Traditional Melody


1 Come, thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mer-cy, nev - er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise. A-men.

2

Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount! I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of God's unchanging love!

3

Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

4

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed with precious blood.

5

O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.

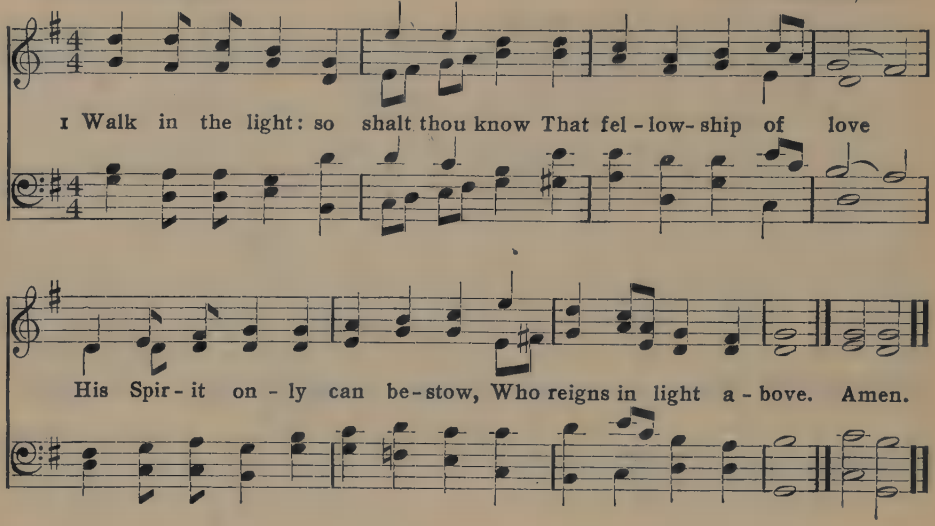
6

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart; O take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above.

285 Robert Robinson, 1759

TOTTENHAM C. M.

H. W. Greatorex, 1825



2 *1 John i: 7*

Walk in the light: and sin abhorred
Shall ne'er defile again;
The blood of Jesus Christ thy Lord
Shall cleanse from every stain.

3

Walk in the light: and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

4

Walk in the light: and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that Light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

5

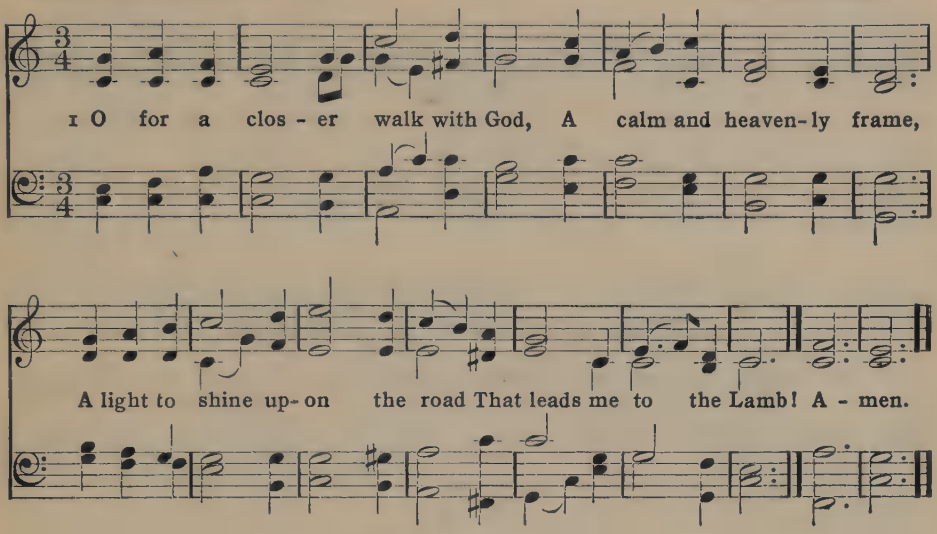
Walk in the light: and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

6

Walk in the light: and thine shall be
A path, though thorny, bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

286 Bernard Barton, 1826

TILTEY ABBEY C. M. A. H. Brown, 1830—



2

Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4

Return, O Holy Dove; return,
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made thee mourn
And drove thee from my breast.

5

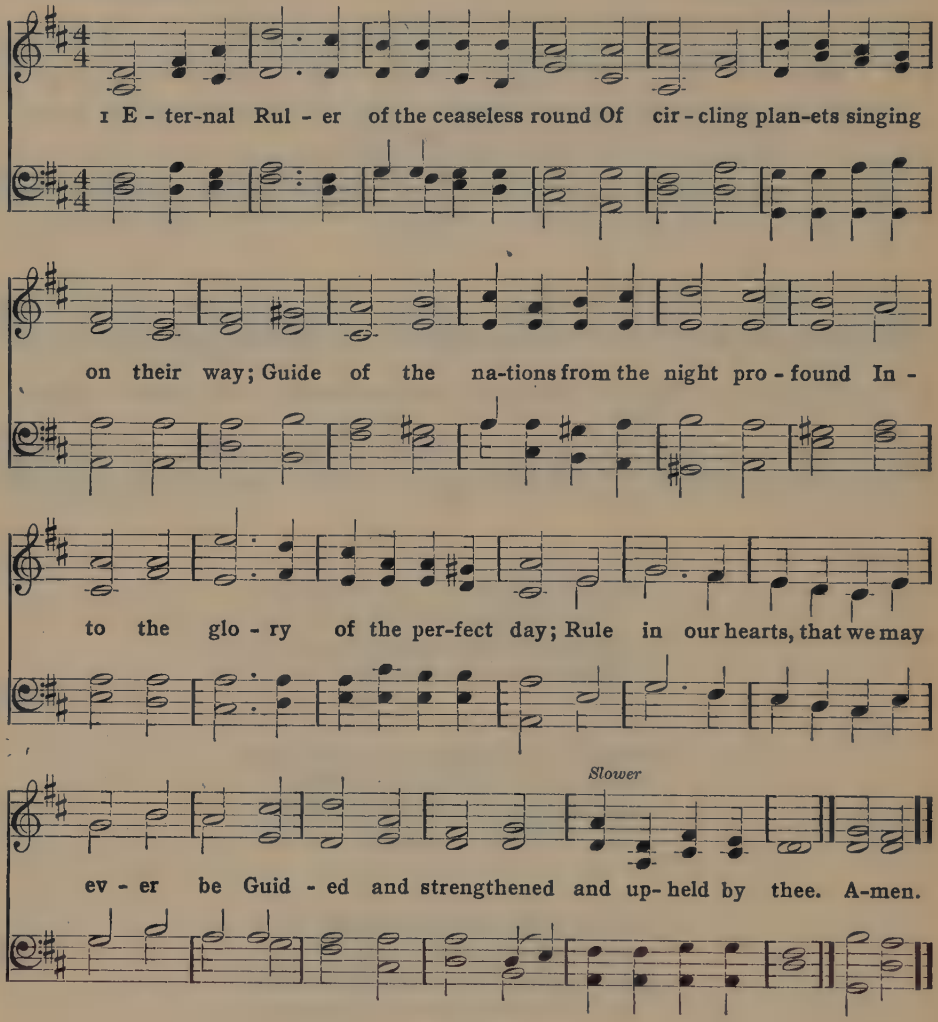
The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

 William Cowper, 1772

UNITY 10s. 6l. John Goss, 1800–1880


1 E - ter-nal Rul - er of the ceaseless round Of cir - cling plan-ets singing
on their way; Guide of the na-tions from the night pro - found In -
to the glo - ry of the per-fect day; Rule in our hearts, that we may
Slower
ev - er be Guid - ed and strengthened and up- held by thee. A-men.

2

We are of thee, the children of thy love,
The brothers of thy well-beloved Son;
Descend, O Holy Spirit, like a dove,
Into our hearts, that we may be as one:
As one with thee, to whom we ever tend;
As one with him, our Brother and our Friend.

3

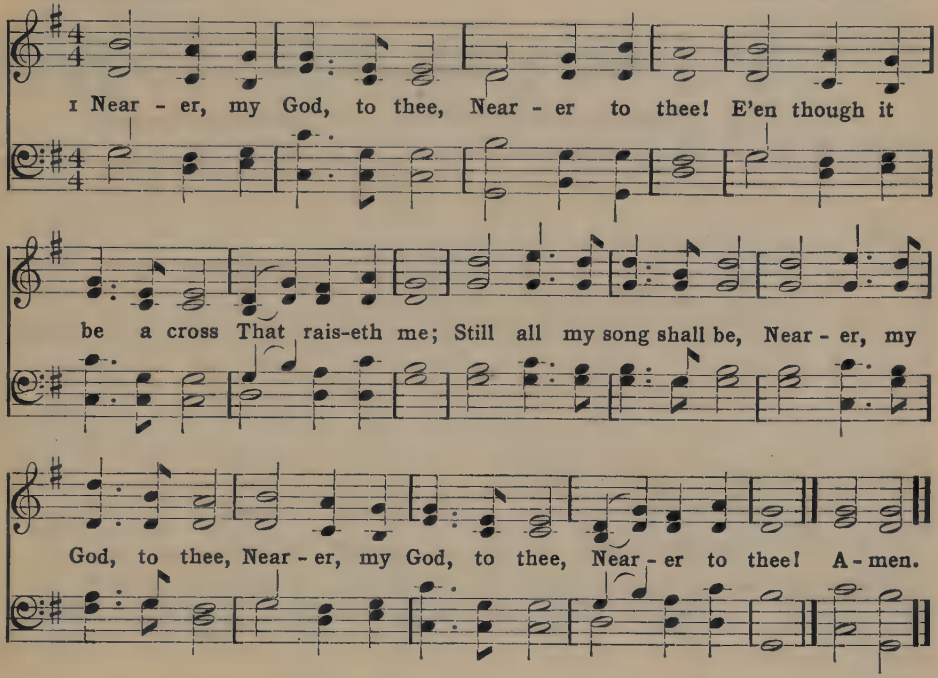
We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
One in our love of all things sweet and fair,
One with the joy that breaketh into song,
One with the grief that trembleth into prayer,
One in the power that makes the children free
To follow truth, and thus to follow thee.

4

O clothe us with thy heavenly armor, Lord,
Thy trusty shield, thy sword of love divine;
Our inspiration be thy constant word;
We ask no victories that are not thine;
Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be;
Enough to know that we are serving thee.

J. W. Chadwick, 1864

BETHANY 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4. Lowell Mason, 1859


1 Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee! E'en though it
be a cross That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my
God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee! A - men.

2

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 *Genesis xxviii: 10–13*

There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven:
All that thou send'st to me
In mercy given:
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

4

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

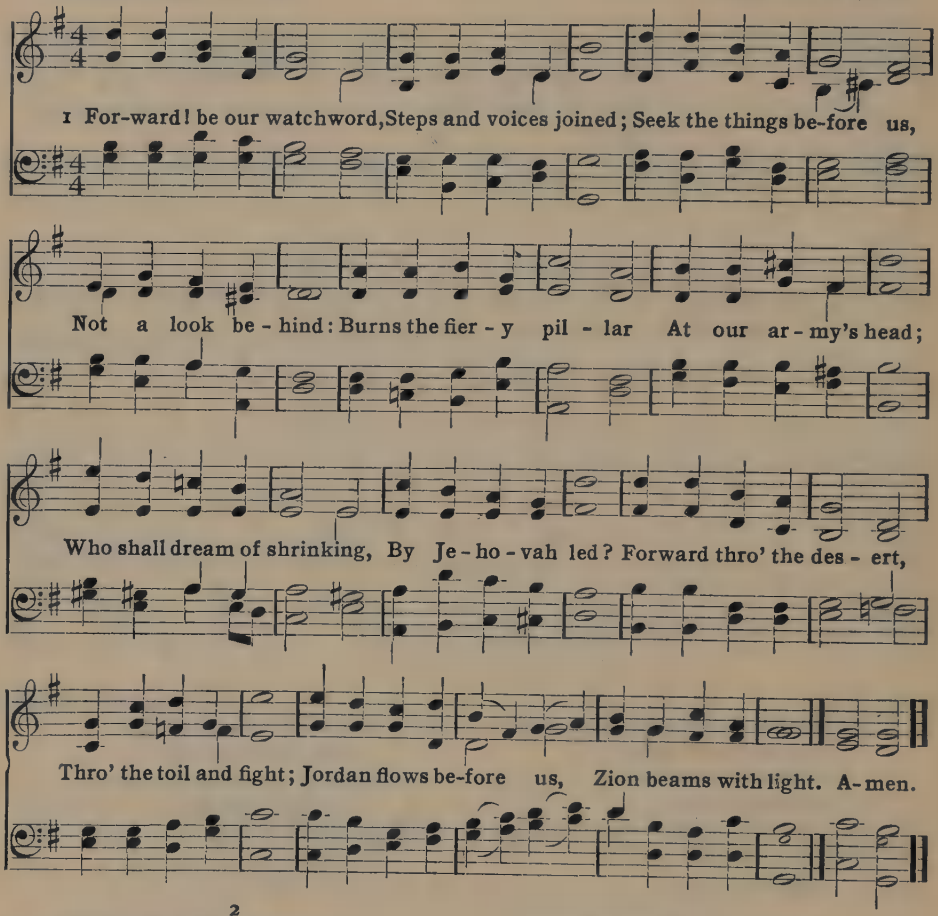
5

Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

289 Sarah F. Adams, 1841

FORWARD 6. 5. 12 1.

Henry Smart, 1872


1 For-ward! be our watchword, Steps and voices joined; Seek the things be-fore us,
Not a look be - hind: Burns the fier - y pil - lar At our ar - my's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking, By Je - ho - vah led? Forward thro' the des - ert,
Thro' the toil and fight; Jordan flows be-fore us, Zion beams with light. A-men.

2

Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth,
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth;
Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day;
Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray.
Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light.

3

Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love him
One day to be shared;
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word;
Forward, marching eastward,
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

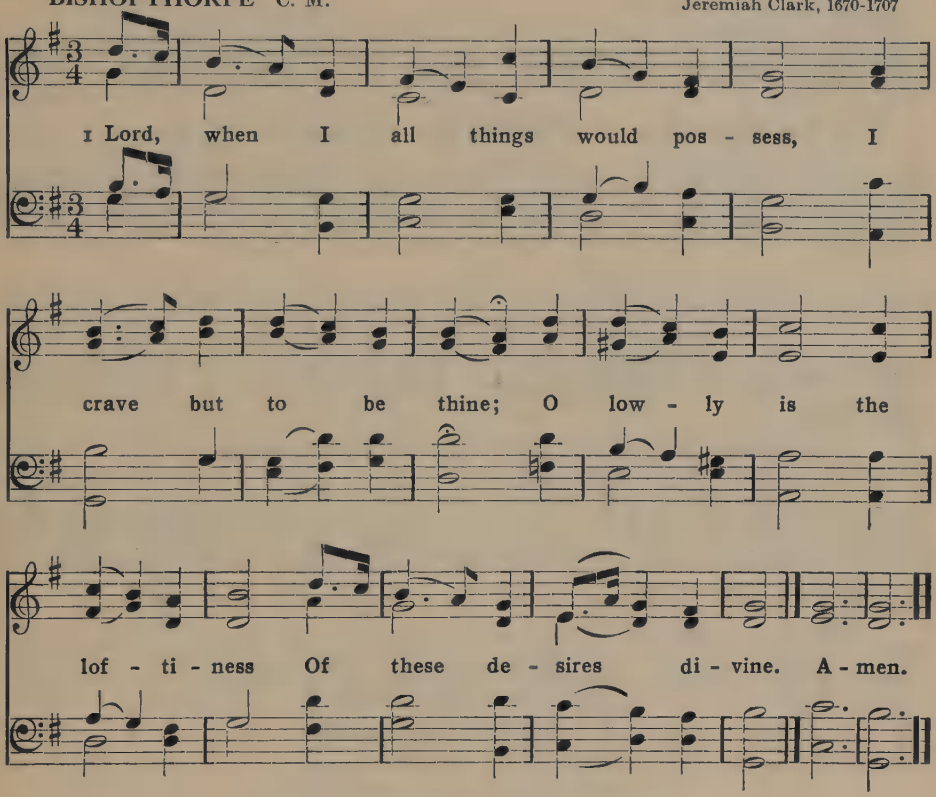
4

To the Father's glory
Loudest anthems raise;
To the Son and Spirit
Echo songs of praise;
To the Lord Almighty,
Blessèd Three in One,
Be by men and angels
Endless honor done.
Weak are earthly praises,
Dull the songs of night;
Forward into triumph,
Forward into light!

290

Henry Alford, 1871

BISHOPTHORPE C. M.

Jeremiah Clark, 1670-1707

2

Each gift but helps my soul to learn
How boundless is thy store;
I go from strength to strength, and yearn
For thee, my Helper, more.

3

How can my soul divinely soar,
How keep the shining way,
And not more tremblingly adore,
And not more humbly pray!

4

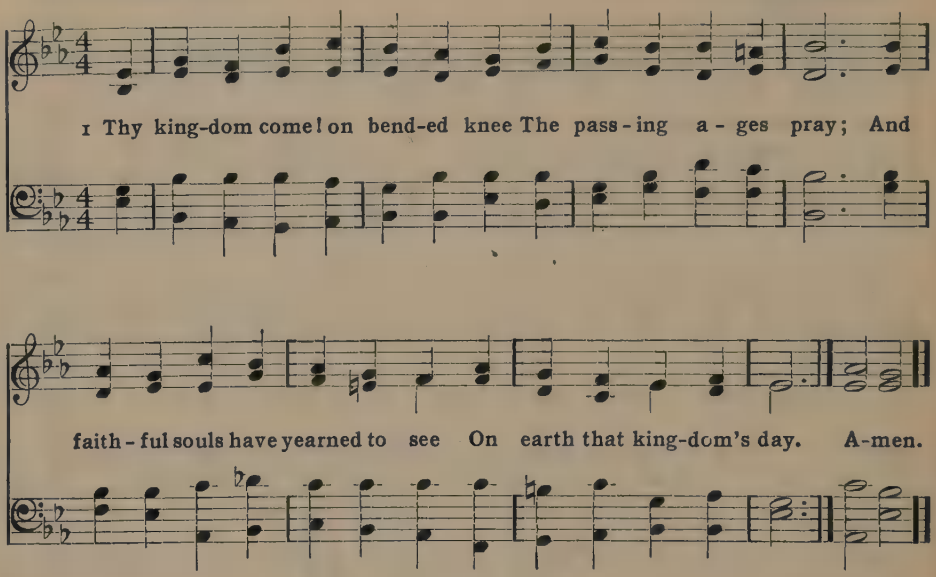
The more I triumph in thy gifts,
The more I wait on thee;
The grace that mightily uplifts
Most sweetly humbleth me.

5

The heaven where I would stand complete
My lowly love shall see,
And stronger grow the yearning sweet,
My holy One! for thee.

T. H. Gill, 1850

KINGDOM C. M. S. S. Wesley, 1872


1 Thy king-dom come! on bend-ed knee The pass-ing a-ges pray; And
faith-ful souls have yearned to see On earth that king-dom's day. A-men.

2

But the slow watches of the night
Not less to God belong;
And for the everlasting right
The silent stars are strong.

3

And lo, already on the hills
The flags of dawn appear;
Gird up your loins, ye prophet souls,
Proclaim the day is near:

4

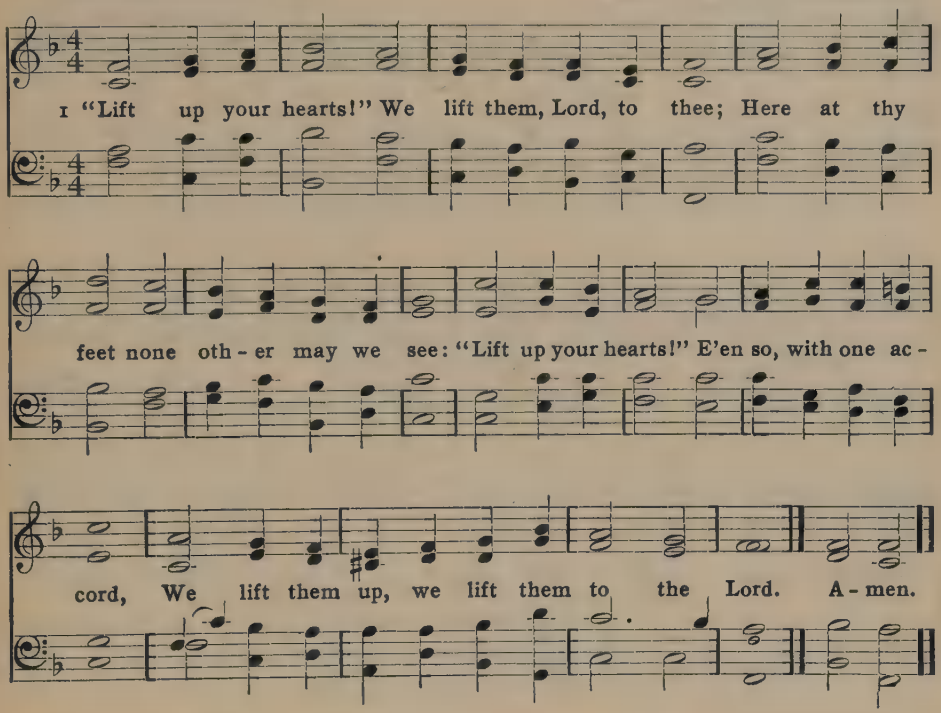
The day in whose clear-shining light
All wrong shall stand revealed,
When justice shall be throned in might,
And every hurt be healed;

5

When knowledge, hand in hand with peace,
Shall walk the earth abroad;—
The day of perfect righteousness,
The promised day of God.

292 F. L. Hosmer, 1891

THE OLD 124th 10s. 4 l. Melody in the Genevan Psalter, 1551


1 "Lift up your hearts!" We lift them, Lord, to thee; Here at thy
feet none oth - er may we see: "Lift up your hearts!" E'en so, with one ac -
cord, We lift them up, we lift them to the Lord. A - men.

2 *Lamentations iii: 40-41*

Above the level of the former years,
The mire of sin, the slough of guilty fears,
The mist of doubt, the blight of love's decay,
O Lord of Light, lift all our hearts to-day!

3

Above the swamps of subterfuge and shame,
The deeds, the thoughts, that honor may not name,
The halting tongue that dares not tell the whole,
O Lord of Truth, lift every Christian soul!

4

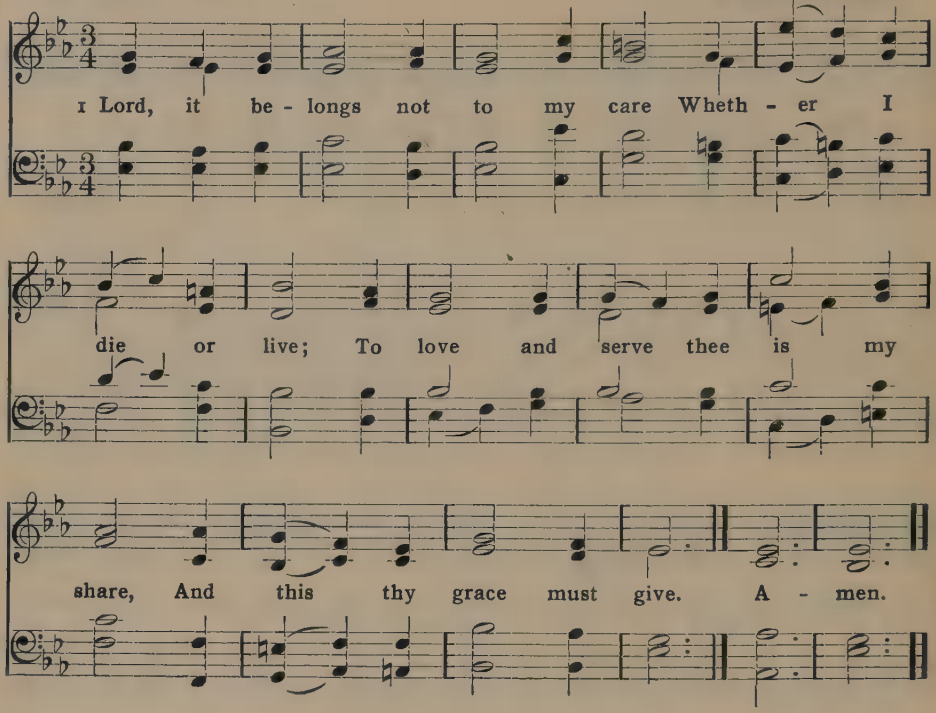
Lift every gift that thou thyself hast given;
Low lies the best till lifted up to heaven:
Low lie the bounding heart, the teeming brain,
Till, sent from God, they mount to God again.

5

Then, as the trumpet-call, in after years,
"Lift up your hearts!" rings pealing in our ears,
Still shall those hearts respond, with full accord,
"We lift them up, we lift them to the Lord!"

H. Montagu Butler

RAMSEY C. M.

T. B. Stephenson, 1839—

2 *Philippians i: 21-24*

If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To end my toilsome day?

3

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
He that unto God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

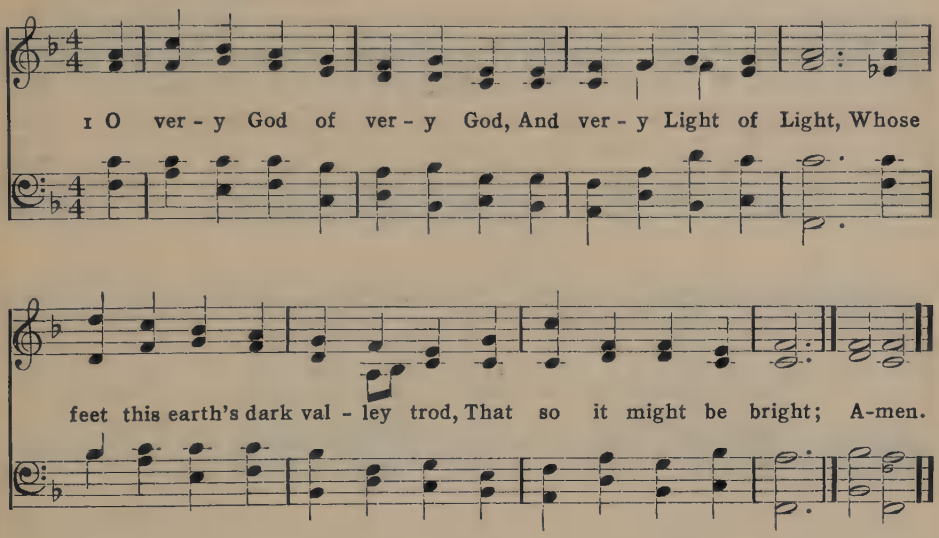
4

Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessèd face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be!

5

My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim:
But it's enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

294 Richard Baxter, 1681

ALBANO C. M. Vincent Novello, 1781-1861

2

Our hopes are weak, our fears are strong,
Thick darkness blinds our eyes;
Cold is the night, and O, we long
That thou, our Sun, wouldst rise!

3

And even now, though dull and gray,
The east is brightening fast,
And kindling to the perfect day
That never shall be past.

4

O guide us till our path is done,
And we have reached the shore
Where thou, our everlasting Sun,
Art shining evermore.

5

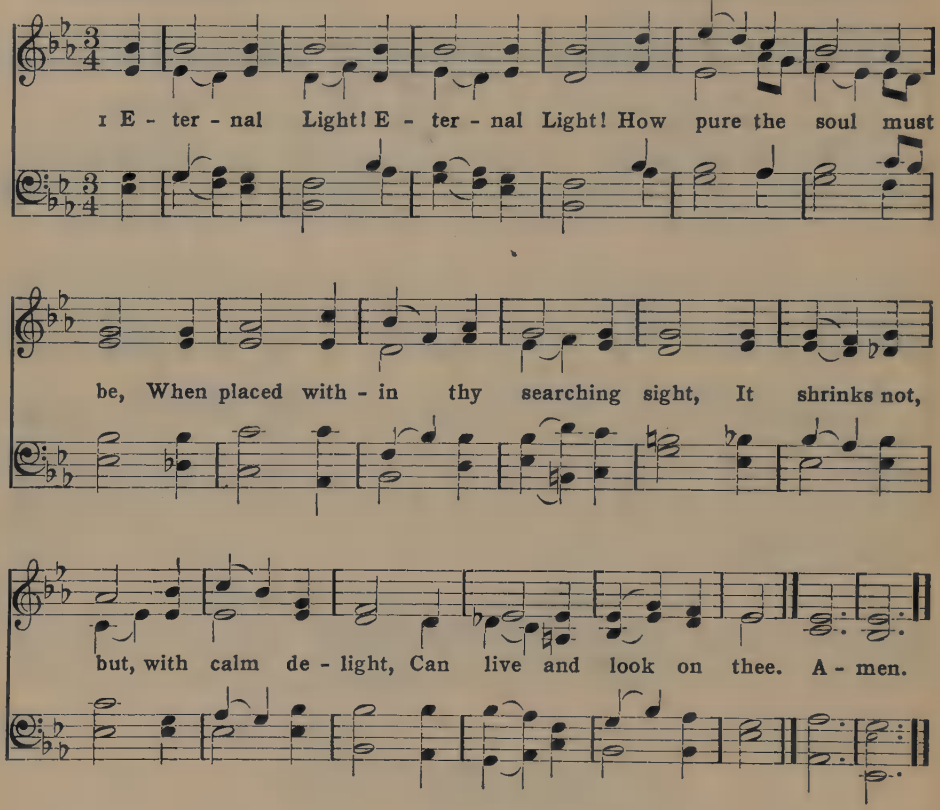
We wait in faith, and turn our face
To where the daylight springs,
Till thou shalt come, our gloom to chase,
With healing in thy wings.

6

To God the Father power and might
Both now and ever be;
To him that is the Light of Light
And, Holy Ghost, to thee.

295 J. M. Neale, 1846

ROYAL FORT 8. 6. 8. 8. 6. E. J. Orchard, in Bristol Tune Book


1 E - ter - nal Light! E - ter - nal Light! How pure the soul must
be, When placed with - in thy searching sight, It shrinks not,
but, with calm de - light, Can live and look on thee. A - men.

2

The spirits that surround thy throne
May bear the burning bliss;
But that is surely theirs alone,
Since they have never, never known
A fallen world like this.

3

O how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
The uncreated beam?

4

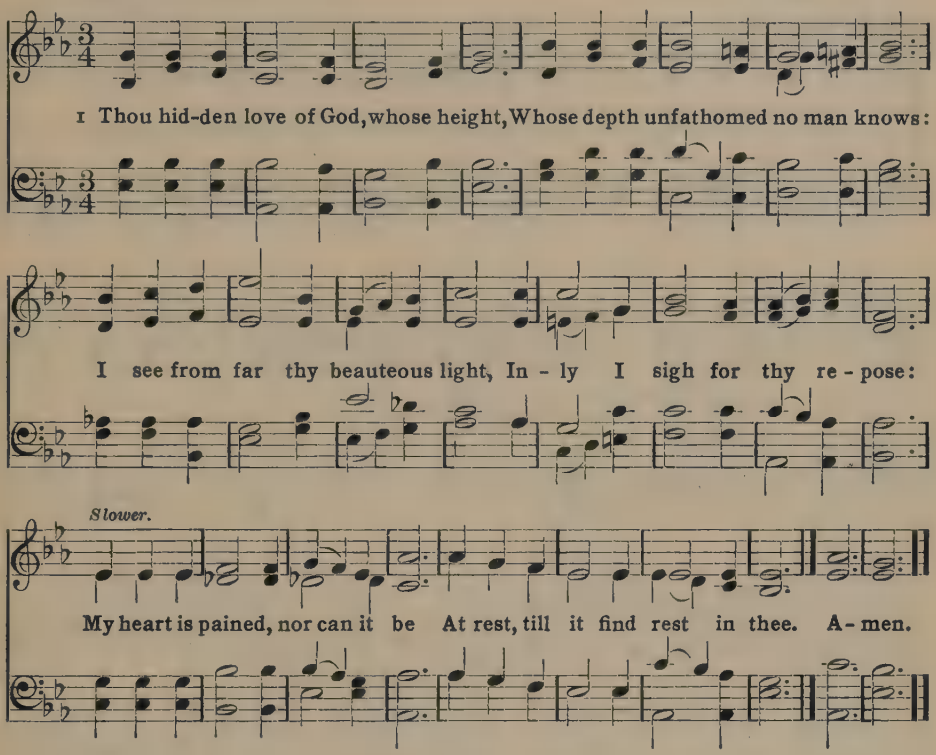
There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode,—
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An Advocate with God.

5

These, these prepare us for the sight
Of holiness above:
The sons of ignorance and night
May dwell in the Eternal Light,
Through the Eternal Love.

296 Thomas Binney, 1826

JESU DOMINE 8s. 6 l. Joseph Barnby, 1872


1 Thou hid-den love of God, whose height, Whose depth unfathomed no man knows:
I see from far thy beauteous light, In - ly I sigh for thy re - pose:
Slower.
My heart is pained, nor can it be At rest, till it find rest in thee. A - men.

2

'Tis mercy all that thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in thee:
Yet while I seek, but find thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see:
Oh, when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to thee-ward tend!

3

O Love, thy sovereign aid impart
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there;
Make me thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may "Abba, Father," cry.

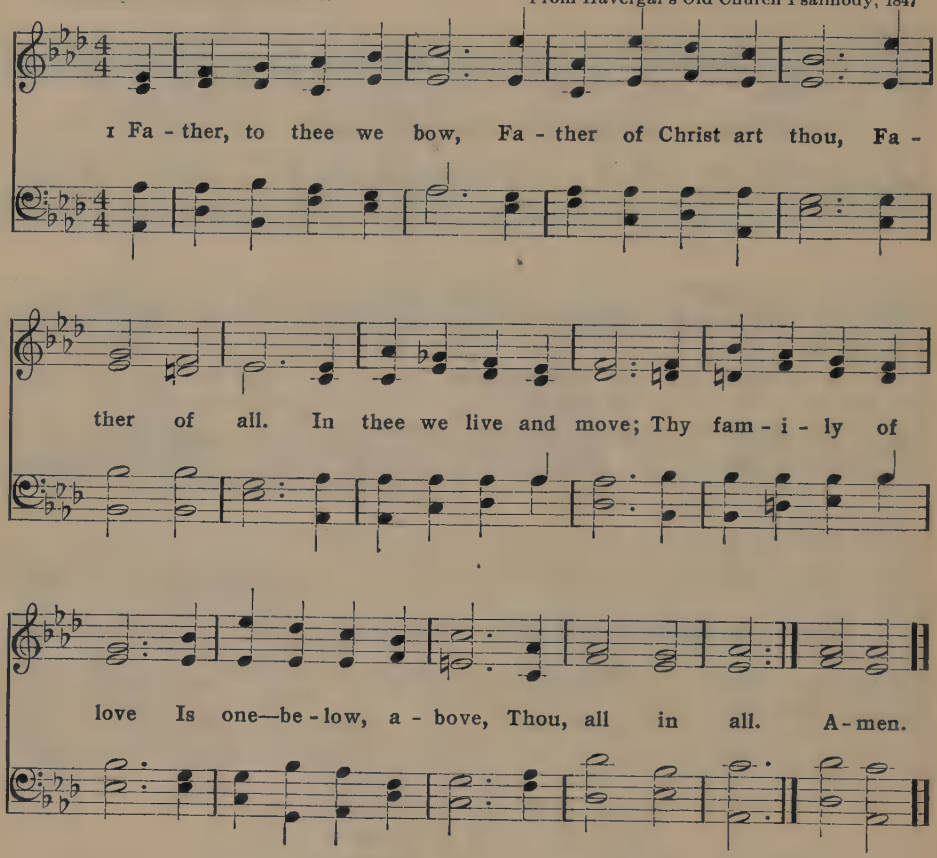
4

Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All."
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

297 Gerhard Tersteegen, 1729: tr. John Wesley, 1738

STOBEL 6. 6. 4. 6. 6.6. 4.

From Havergal's Old Church Psalmody, 1847


1 Fa - ther, to thee we bow, Fa - ther of Christ art thou, Fa -
ther of all. In thee we live and move; Thy fam - i - ly of
love Is one—be - low, a - bove, Thou, all in all. A - men.

The Prayer of Paul
Ephesians iii: 14-21

2

Thy rich and glorious grace
Gird all our struggling days
With holy power;
That so thy Spirit's might,
Filling our souls with light,
May lift to cloudless height
Each o'ercast hour.

3

In us may faith enshrine
Thy Christ—his cross our sign,
His love our root;
That power to apprehend
The love that knows no end
From strength to strength may tend
With holy fruit.

4

We with all saints would know
The utmost thou wouldst show
In Christ our Lord:
All lower longings stilled,
From him would we be filled
Full as thy grace hath willed,
Fulness of God.

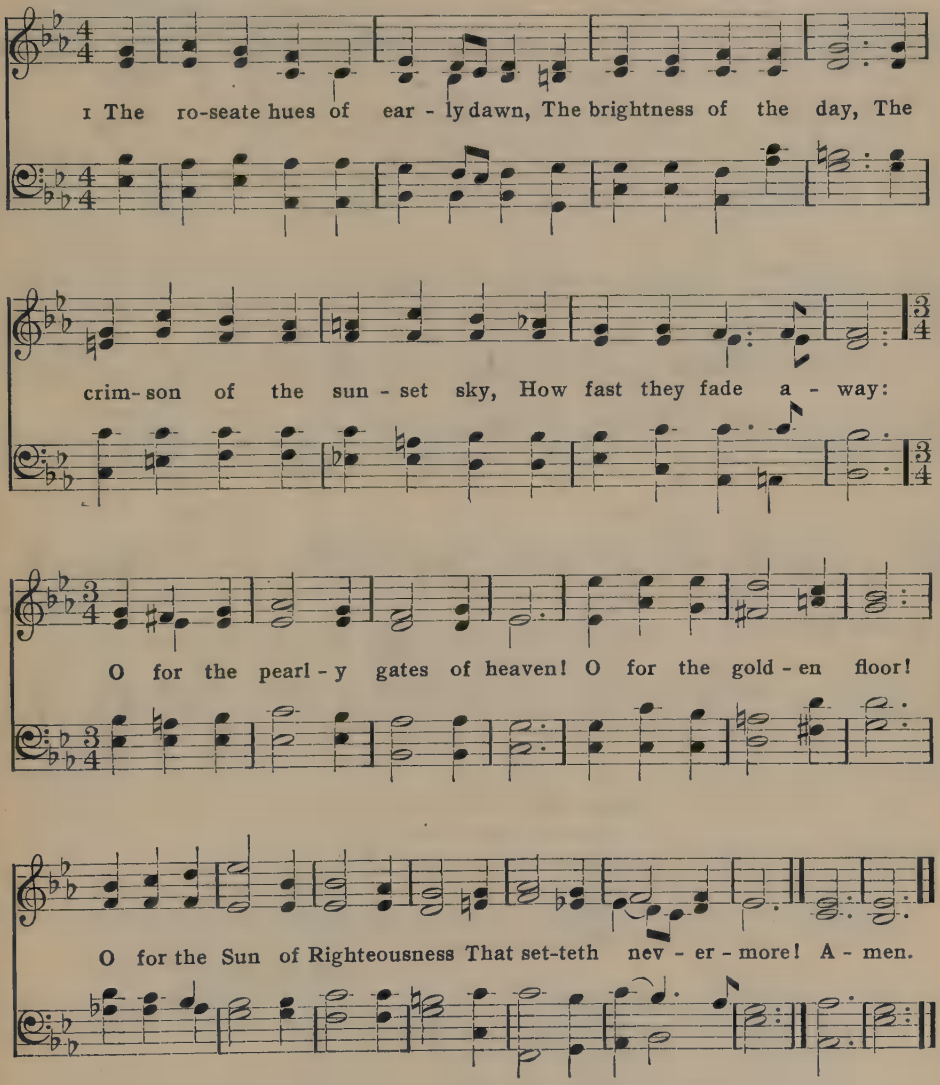
5

To thee, who more canst bless
Than prayers or thoughts express
With powers divine,
Thy church in Christ doth raise
Her filial hymn of praise;
Through everlasting days
All glory thine.

By permission of The Outlook Company

James M. Whiton, 1908

CASTLE RISING C. M. D. F. A. J. Hervey, 1867


1 The ro-seate hues of ear - ly dawn, The brightness of the day, The
crim- son of the sun - set sky, How fast they fade a - way:
O for the pearl - y gates of heaven! O for the gold - en floor!
O for the Sun of Righteousness That set-teth nev - er - more! A - men.

2

The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint;
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint:
O for a heart that never sins,
O for a soul washed white,
O for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night!

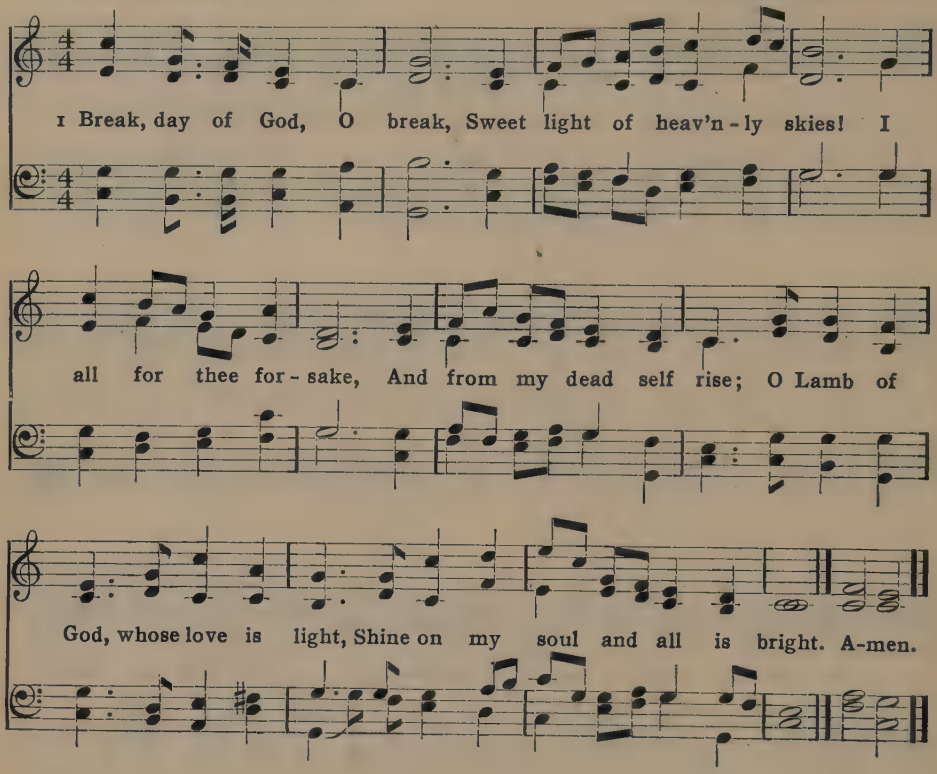
3

Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace,
Beyond our best desire:
O by thy love and anguish, Lord,
O by thy life laid down,
O that we fall not from thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown!

Mrs. C. F. Alexander, 1852

WARSAW 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

Thomas Clark, 1775–1859


1 Break, day of God, O break, Sweet light of heav'n-ly skies! I
all for thee for-sake, And from my dead self rise; O Lamb of
God, whose love is light, Shine on my soul and all is bright. A-men.

2

Break, day of God, O break!
The night has lingered long;
Our hearts with sighing wake,
We weep for sin and wrong:
O bright and morning Star draw near:
O Sun of Righteousness, appear.

3

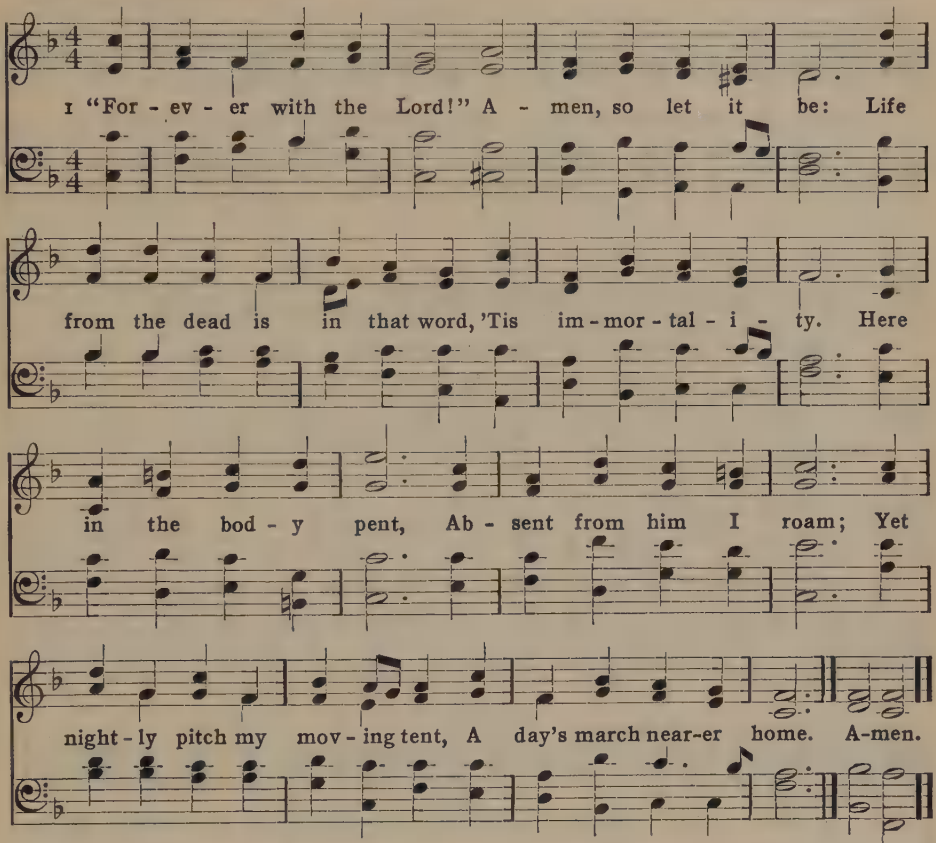
Break, day of God, O break!
The earth with strife is worn;
The hills with thunder shake,
Hearts of the people mourn:
Break day of God, sweet day of peace,
And bid the shout of warriors cease!

4

Break, day of God, O break,
Like to the days above!
Let purity awake,
And faith, and hope, and love:
But lo! we see the brightening sky:
The golden morn is drawing nigh.

300 H. Barton

ST. MARTIN'S NEW S. M. D. Robert Cooke, 1768-1814


1 "For - ev - er with the Lord!" A - men, so let it be: Life
from the dead is in that word, 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty. Here
in the bod - y pent, Ab - sent from him I roam; Yet
night - ly pitch my mov - ing tent, A day's march near-er home. A-men.

1 Thes. iv: 17

2

My Father's house on high,—
Home of my soul how near,
At times, to faith's forseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

3

Yet clouds will intervene
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.
Anon the clouds dispart,
The winds and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.

4

Beneath its glowing arch,
Along the hallowed ground,
I see cherubic armies march,
A camp of fire around.
I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.

5

Then, then I feel that he
(Remembered or forgot)
The Lord is never far from me,
Though I perceive him not.
How can I meet his eyes?
Mine on the cross I cast
And own my life a Saviour's prize
Mercy from first to last.

6

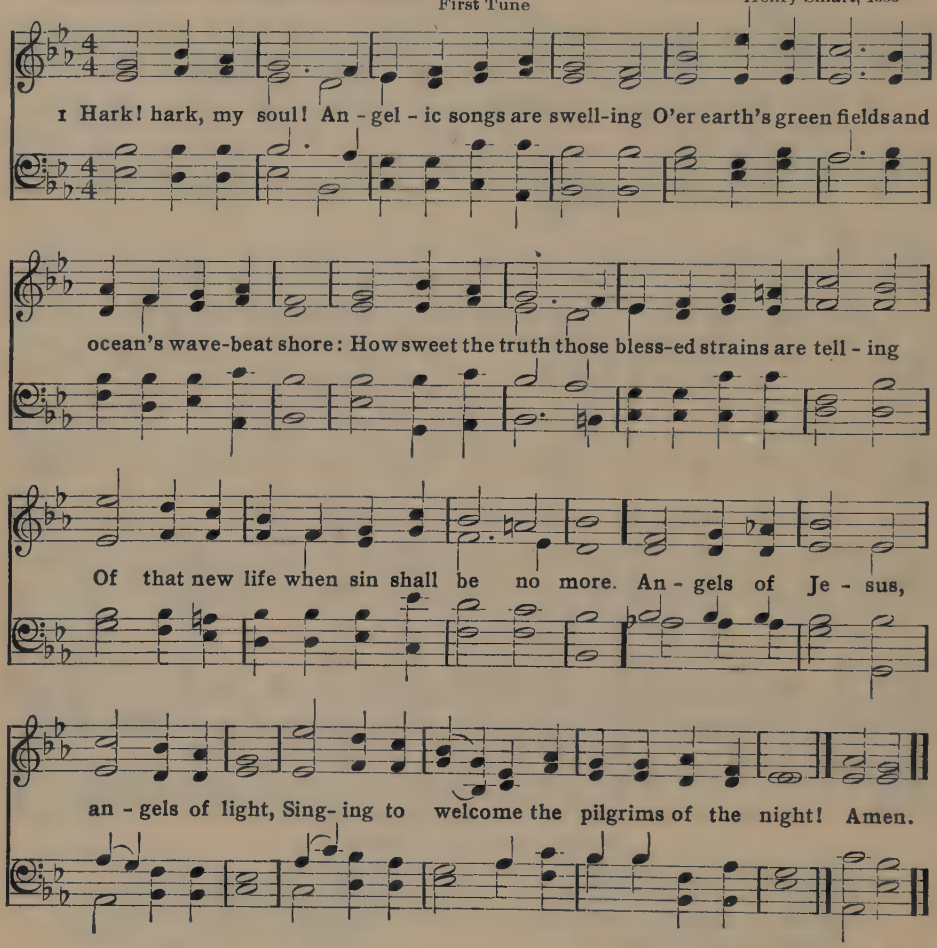
So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord!"

James Montgomery, 1835

PILGRIMS . 11. 10. 4 1. With Refrain

First Tune

Henry Smart, 1868


1 Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields and
ocean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell - ing
Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus,
an - gels of light, Sing- ing to welcome the pilgrims of the night! Amen.

The Pilgrims of the Night

2

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

3

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.

4

Rest comes at length: though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

5

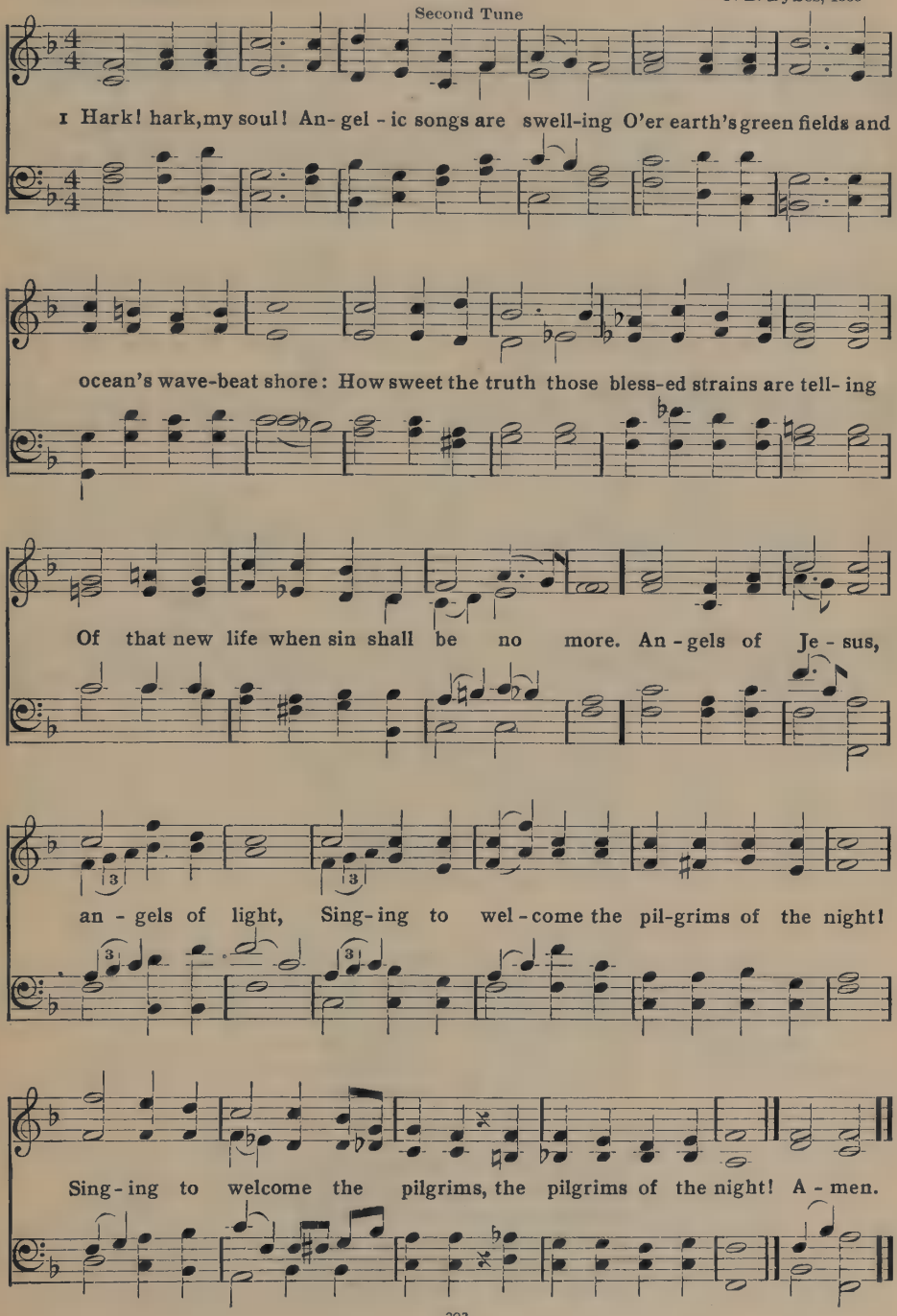
Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above:
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in endless love.

F. W. Faber, 1854

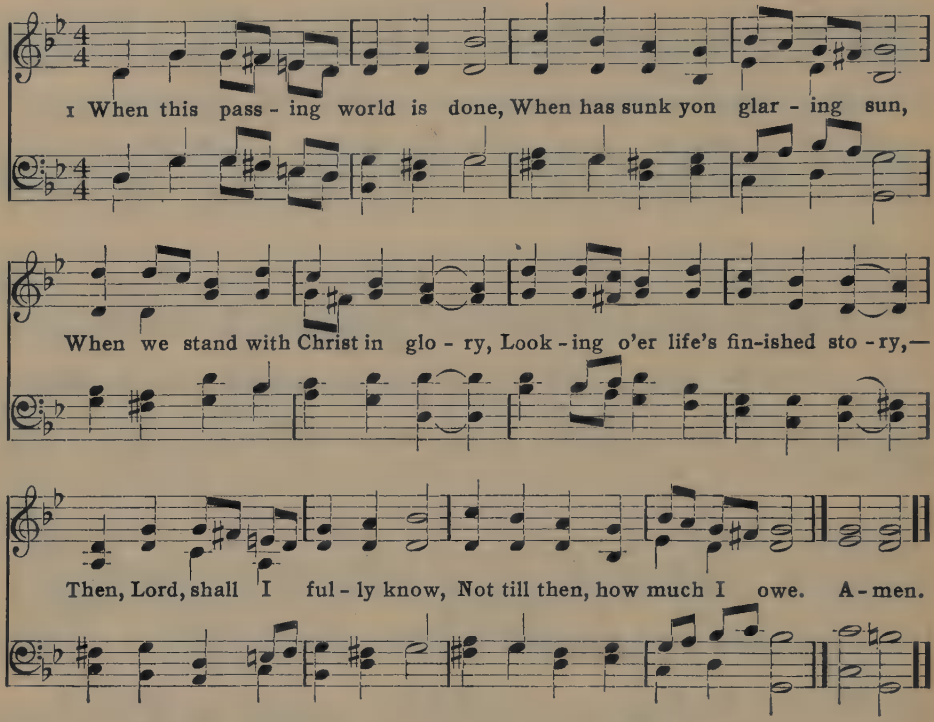
VOX ANGELICA 11. 10. 4 l. With Refrain

J. B. Dykes, 1868

Second Tune


1 Hark! hark, my soul! An- gel - ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields and
ocean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell- ing
Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus,
an - gels of light, Sing- ing to wel - come the pil-grims of the night!
Sing- ing to welcome the pilgrims, the pilgrims of the night! A - men.

ARFON 7s. 6 l. Welsh Hymn Melody


1 When this pass - ing world is done, When has sunk yon glar - ing sun,
When we stand with Christ in glo - ry, Look - ing o'er life's fin-ished sto - ry,—
Then, Lord, shall I ful - ly know, Not till then, how much I owe. A - men.

2

When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not my own,
When I see thee as thou art,
Love thee with unsinning heart,-
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

3

When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,—
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

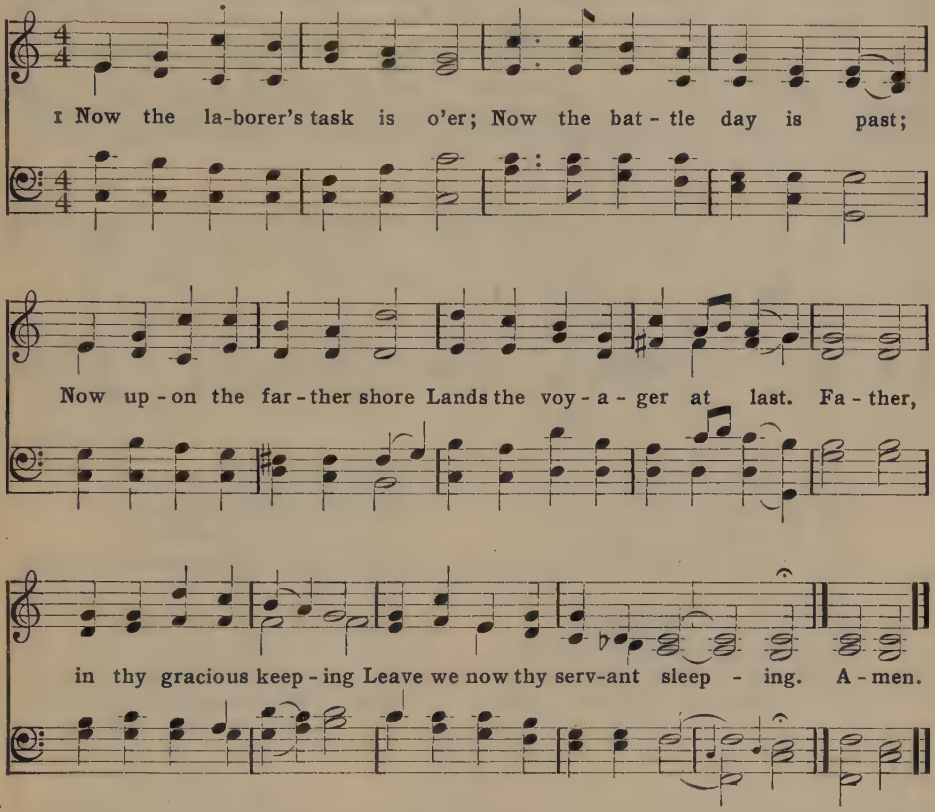
4

E'en on earth as through a glass
Darkly let thy glory pass;
Make forgiveness feel so sweet;
Make thy Spirit's help so meet;
E'en on earth Lord make me know
Something of how much I owe.

304 R. M. McCheyne, 1837

Asleep in Jesus

REQUIESCAT 7. 7. 7. 7. 8. 8. J. B. Dykes, 1875


1 Now the la-borer's task is o'er; Now the bat-tle day is past;
Now up-on the far-ther shore Lands the voy-a-ger at last. Fa-ther,
in thy gracious keep-ing Leave we now thy serv-ant sleep-ing. A-men.

2

There the tears of earth are dried;
  There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
  By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

3

There the sinful souls, that turn
  To the cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Christ shall learn
  At his feet in Paradise.
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

4

There no more the powers of hell
  Can prevail to mar their peace;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
  He who died for their release.
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

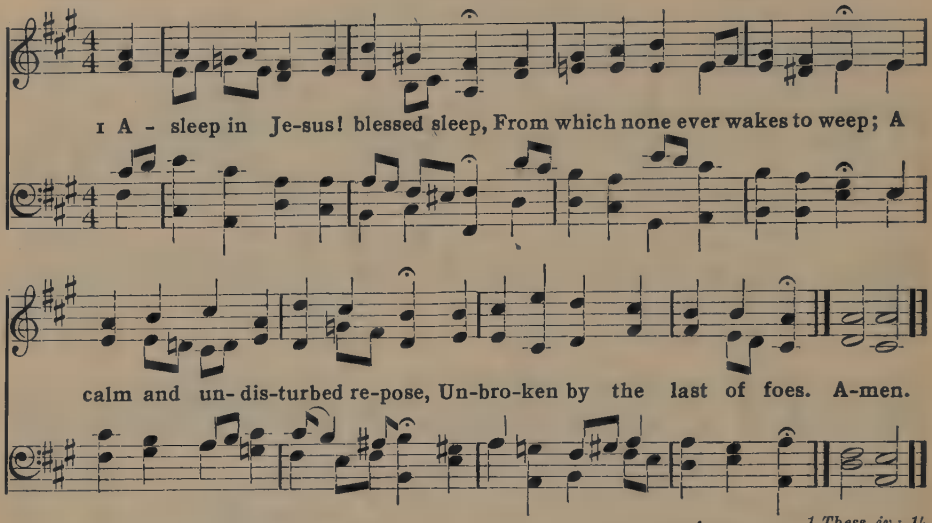
5

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
  Calmly now the words we say;
Left behind, we wait in trust
  For the resurrection-day.
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

305 John Ellerton, 1871

BRESLAU L. M. First Tune

Joseph Clauder's
Psalmodia Nova, 1630


1 A - sleep in Je-sus! blessed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep; A
calm and un- dis-turbed re-pose, Un-bro-ken by the last of foes. A-men.

1 Thess. iv : 14

2

Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost his venomed sting.

3

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4

Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

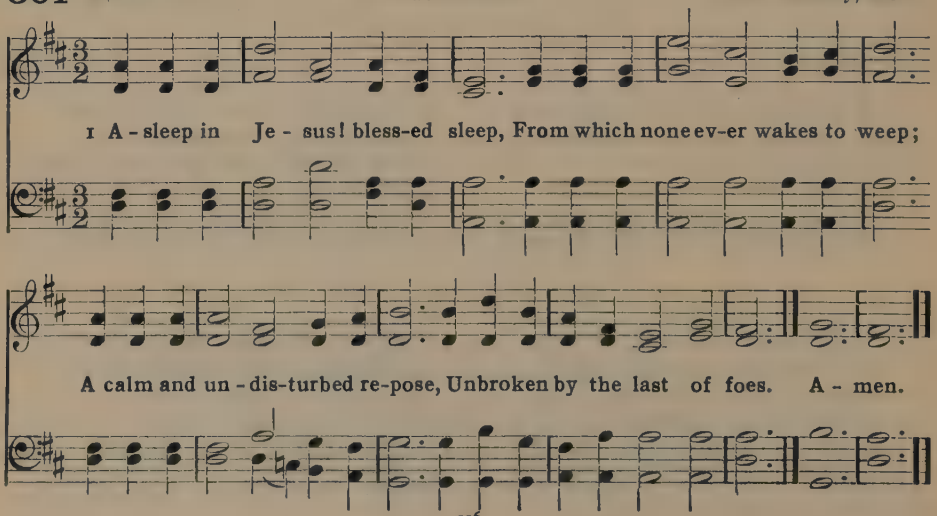
5

Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessèd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

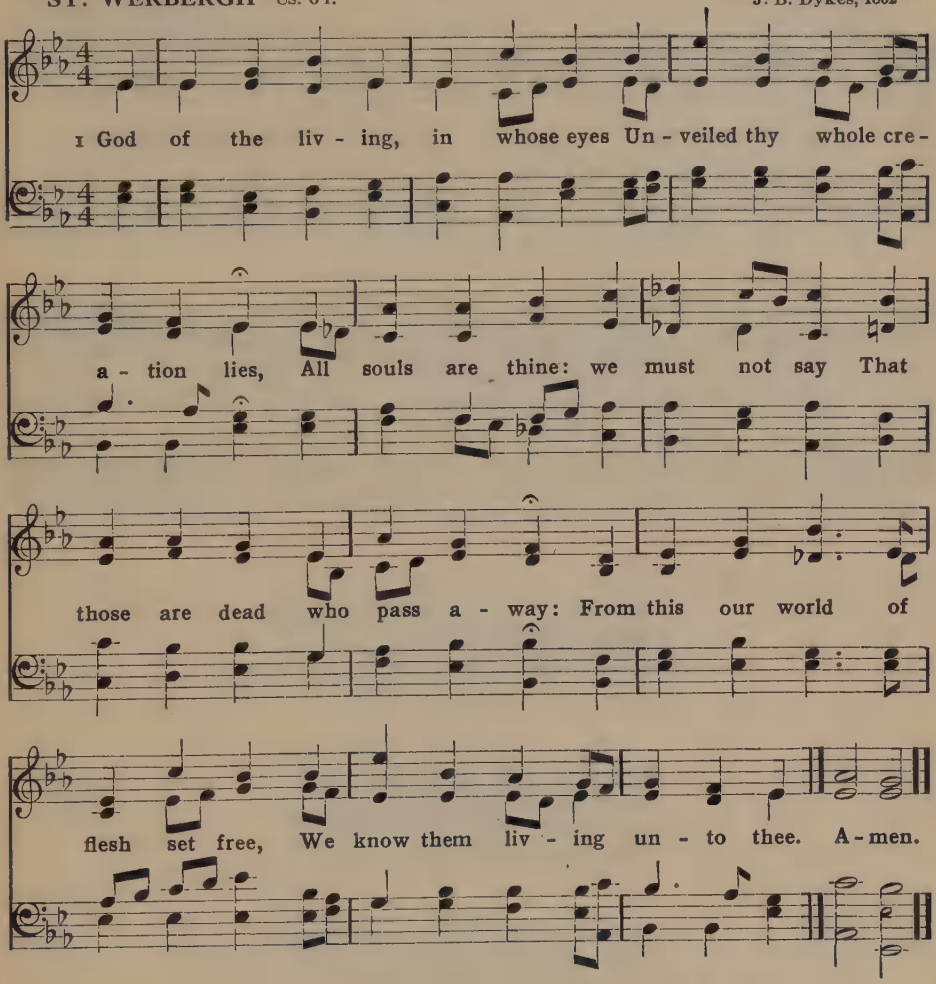
Margaret MacKay, 1832

301 **REST** L. M. Second Tune

W. B. Bradbury, 1843


1 A - sleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev-er wakes to weep;
A calm and un - dis-turbed re-pose, Unbroken by the last of foes. A - men.

ST. WERBERGH 8s. 6 l. J. B. Dykes, 1862


1 God of the liv - ing, in whose eyes Un - veiled thy whole cre -
a - tion lies, All souls are thine: we must not say That
those are dead who pass a - way: From this our world of
flesh set free, We know them liv - ing un - to thee. A - men.

2

Released from earthly toil and strife,
With thee is hidden still their life;
Thine are their thoughts, their work, their pow'rs;
All thine, and yet most truly ours:
For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto thee.

3

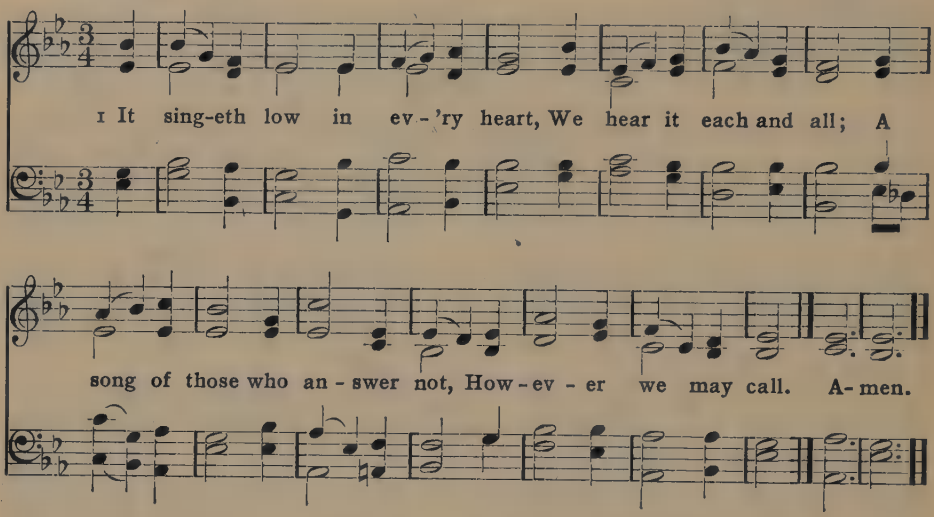
Thy word is true, thy will is just;
To thee we leave them, Lord, in trust;
And bless thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave,
That none might fear that world to see
Where all are living unto thee.

4

O Breather into man of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death,
O Giver of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin;
That body, soul, and spirit be
Forever living unto thee.

307 John Ellerton, 1858

LEICESTER C. M. William Hurst, 1875



2

They throng the silence of the breast;
We see them as of yore,
The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

3

'Tis hard to take the burden up,
When these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown.

4

But, O 'tis good to think of them
When we are troubled sore;
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more!

5

More homelike seems the vast unknown
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard.
Wherever they may fare.

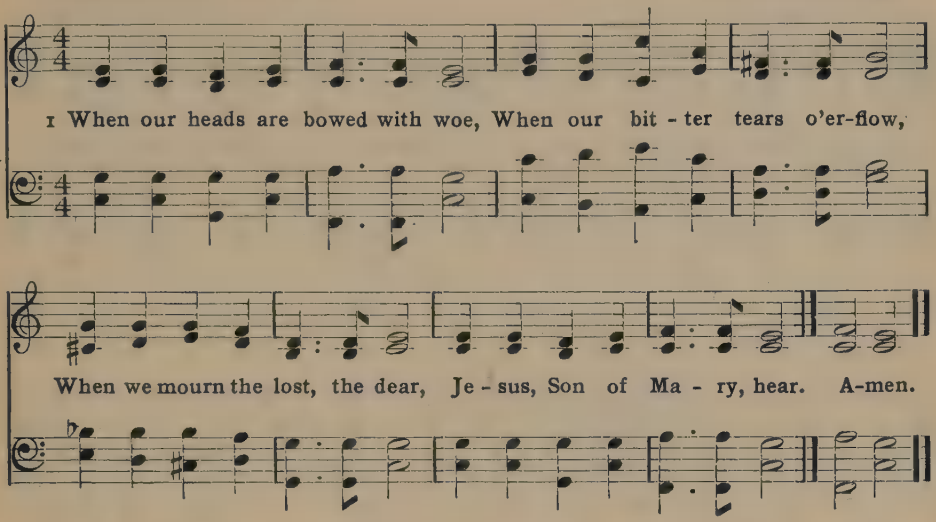
6

They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, thy love abides,
Our God, for evermore.

308 J. W. Chadwick, 1840-1904

Asleep in Jesus

REDHEAD No. 47 7s. 4 l. Richard Redhead, 1853


1 When our heads are bowed with woe, When our bit - ter tears o'er-flow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear, Je - sus, Son of Ma - ry, hear. A-men.

2

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesus, son of Mary, hear.

3

When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls,
When our final doom is near,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

4

Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

5

When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

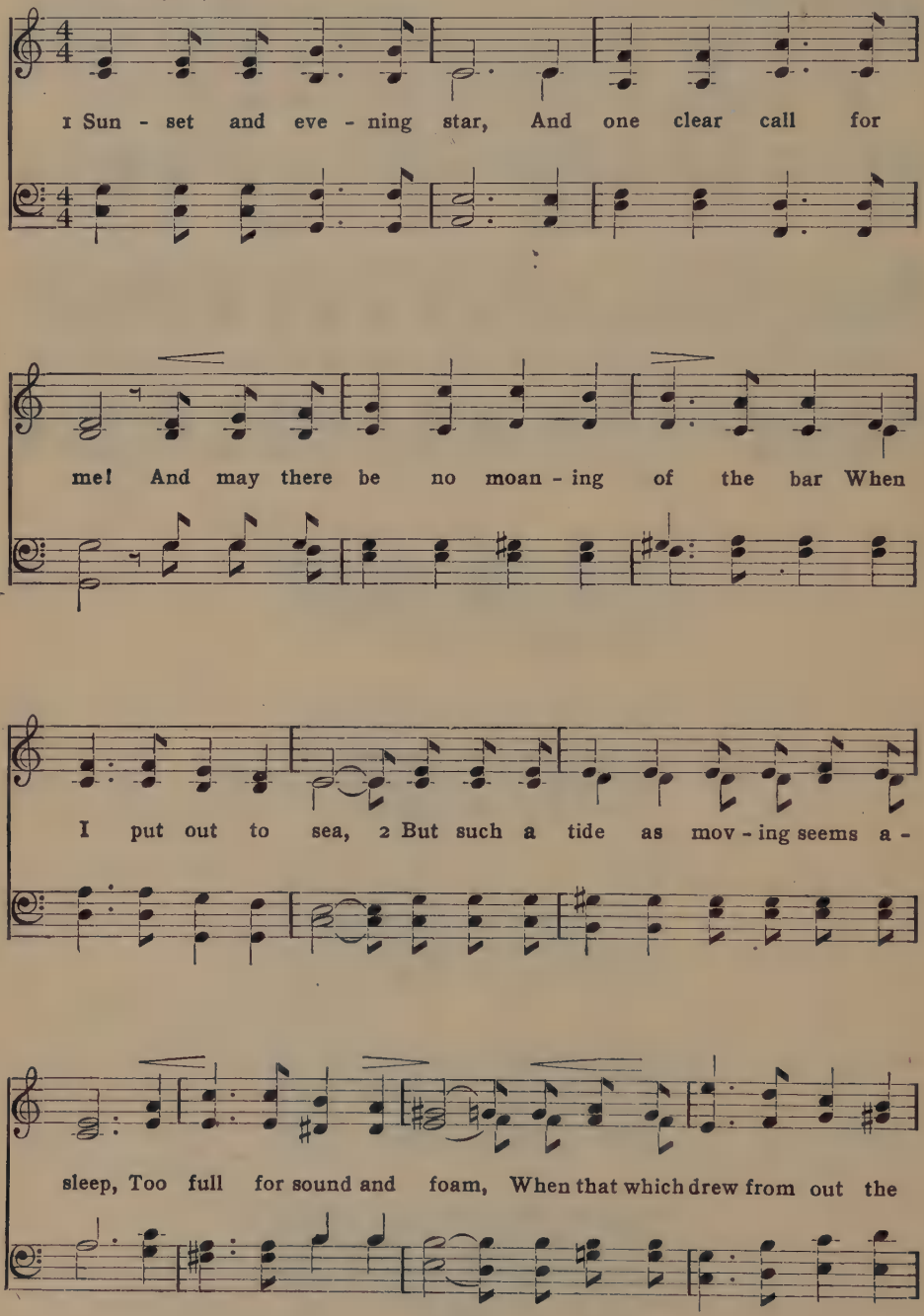
6

Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,
Though the sins were not thine own;
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

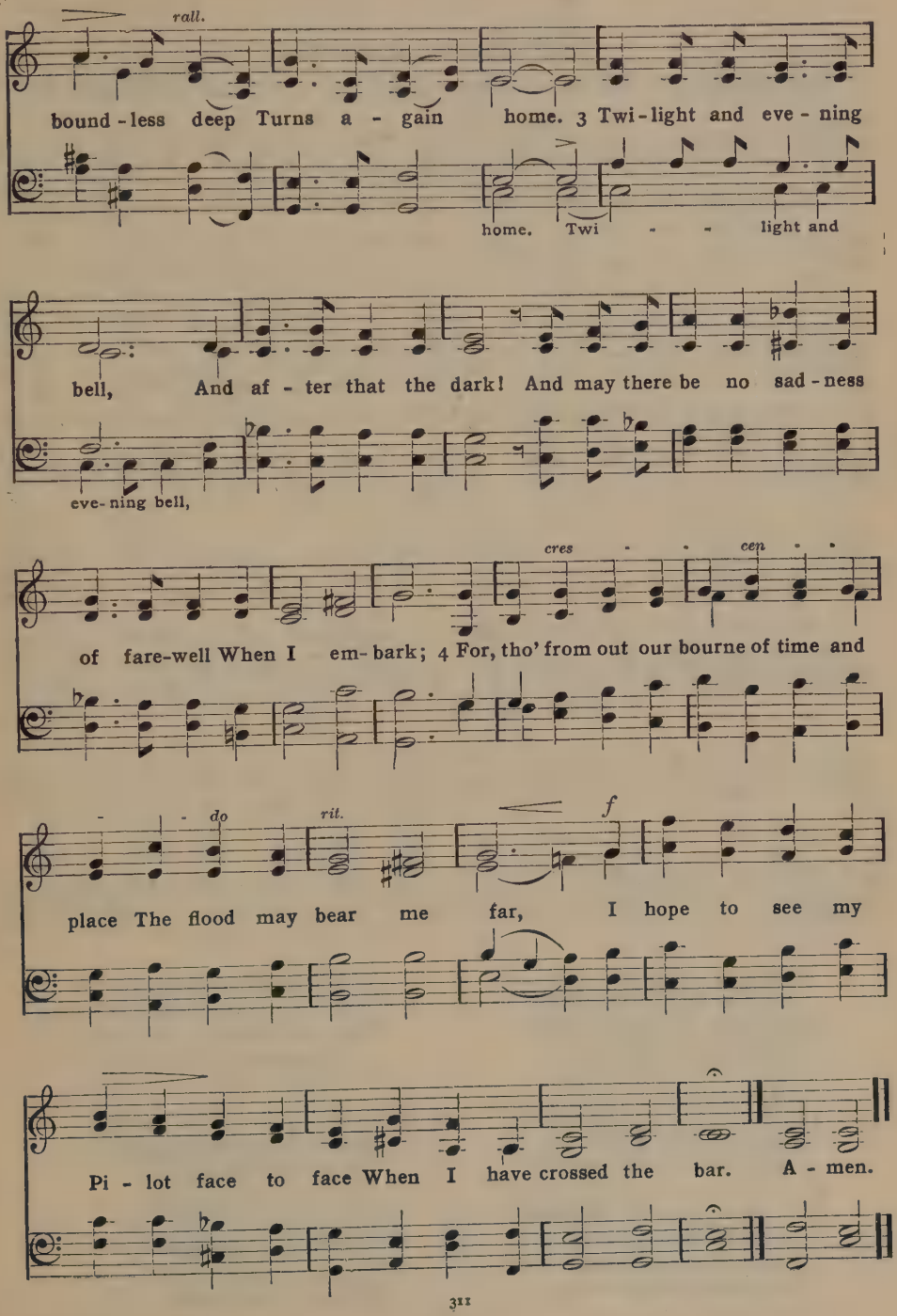
309 H. H. Milman, 1827, and others

CROSSING THE BAR

Alfred Tennyson, 1889 — Joseph Barnby, 1893


1 Sun - set and eve - ning star, And one clear call for
me! And may there be no moan - ing of the bar When
I put out to sea, 2 But such a tide as mov - ing seems a -
sleep, Too full for sound and foam, When that which drew from out the

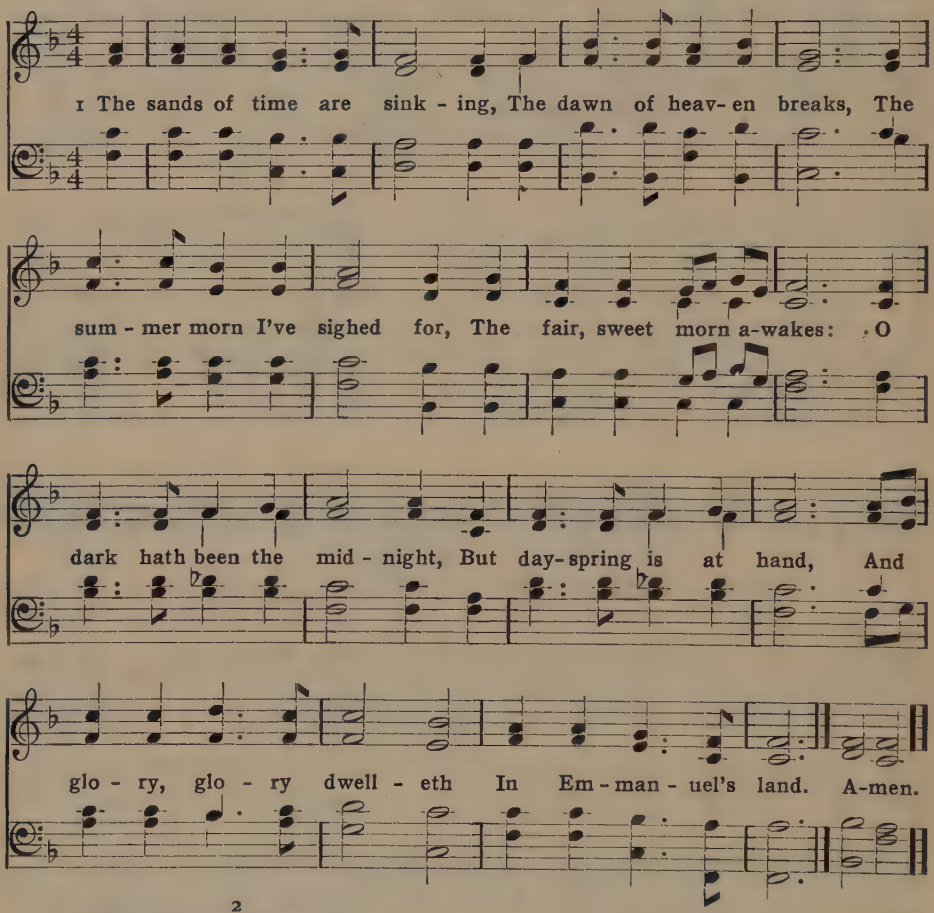
Asleep in Jesus


rall.
bound - less deep Turns a - gain home. 3 Twi - light and eve - ning
home. Twi - - light and
bell, And af - ter that the dark! And may there be no sad - ness
eve - ning bell,
cres
cen
of fare-well When I em - bark; 4 For, tho' from out our bourne of time and
do
rit.
f
place The flood may bear me far, I hope to see my
Pi - lot face to face When I have crossed the bar. A - men.

Our Father's House

RUTHERFORD 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 5.

Chrétien D'Urhan, 1834
Har. E. F. Rimbault, 1867


1 The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav- en breaks, The
sum - mer morn I've sighed for, The fair, sweet morn a-wakes: O
dark hath been the mid - night, But day-spring is at hand, And
glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Em - man - uel's land. A-men.

2

O Christ, he is the Fountain,
The deep sweet well of love!
The streams on earth I've tasted
More deep I'll drink above:
There to an ocean fulness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

3

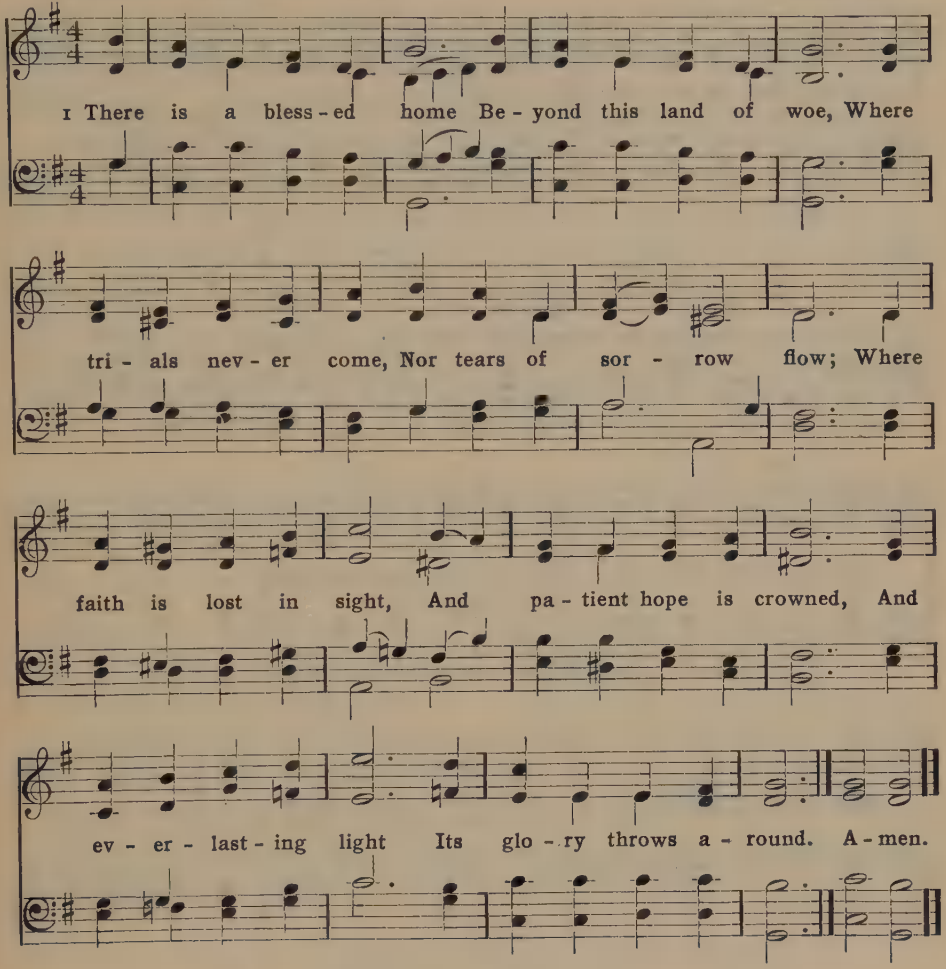
With mercy and with judgment
My web of time he wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustred by his love:
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

4

The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of grace;
Not at the crown he giveth,
But on his pierced hand:
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Emmanuel's land.

Annie R. Cousin, 1857

THE BLESSED HOME 6s. 8 l. John Stainer, 1875


1 There is a bless-ed home Be-yond this land of woe, Where
tri-als nev-er come, Nor tears of sor-row flow; Where
faith is lost in sight, And pa-tient hope is crowned, And
ev-er-last-ing light Its glo-ry throws a-round. A-men.

2

There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One,
And Spirit, evermore.

3

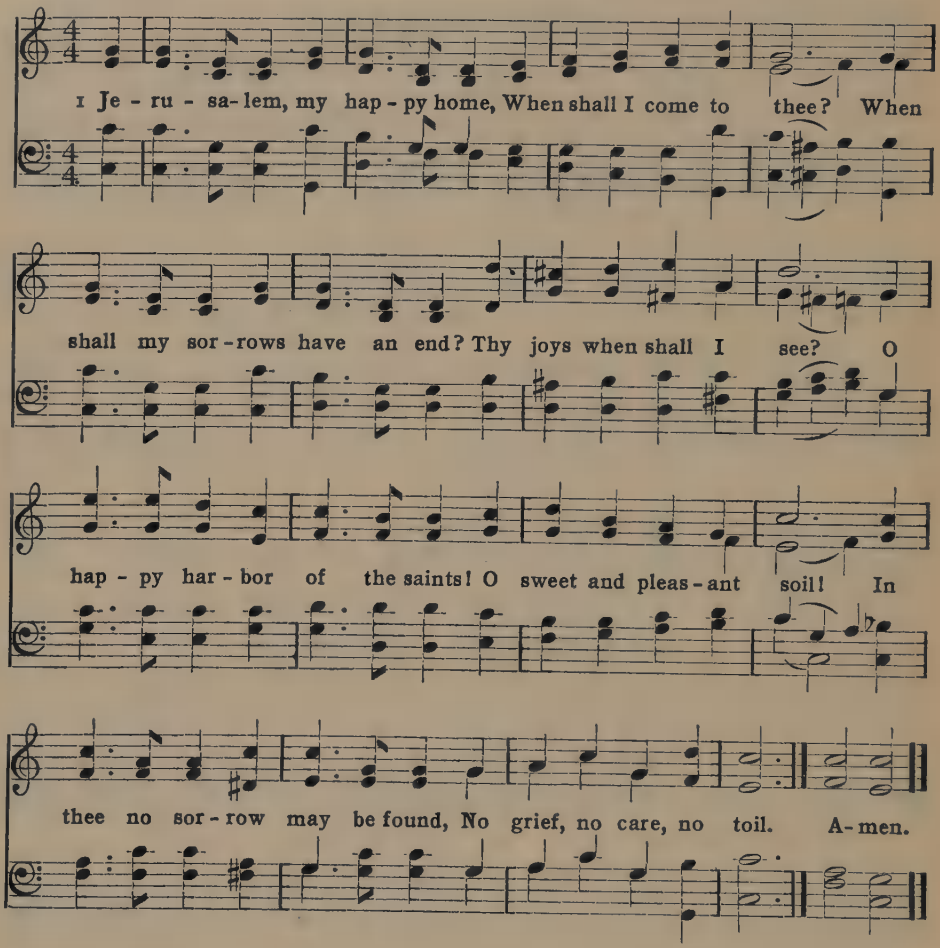
O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands and feet, and side;
To give to him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things he hath done.

4

Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe:
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

H. W. Baker, 1861

MATERNA C. M. D.

S. A. Ward, 1[illegible]

1 Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, When shall I come to thee? When
shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see? O
hap - py har - bor of the saints! O sweet and pleas - ant soil! In
thee no sor - row may be found, No grief, no care, no toil. A - men.

Part I

2

In thee no sickness may be seen,
No hurt, no ache, no sore;
In thee there is no dread of death,
But life for evermore.
No dampish mist is seen in thee,
No cold nor darksome night;
There every soul shines as the sun;
There God himself gives light.

3

There lust and lucre cannot dwell;
There envy bears no sway;
There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
But pleasure every way.
Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
God grant I once may see
Thy endless joys, and of the same
Partaker aye may be!

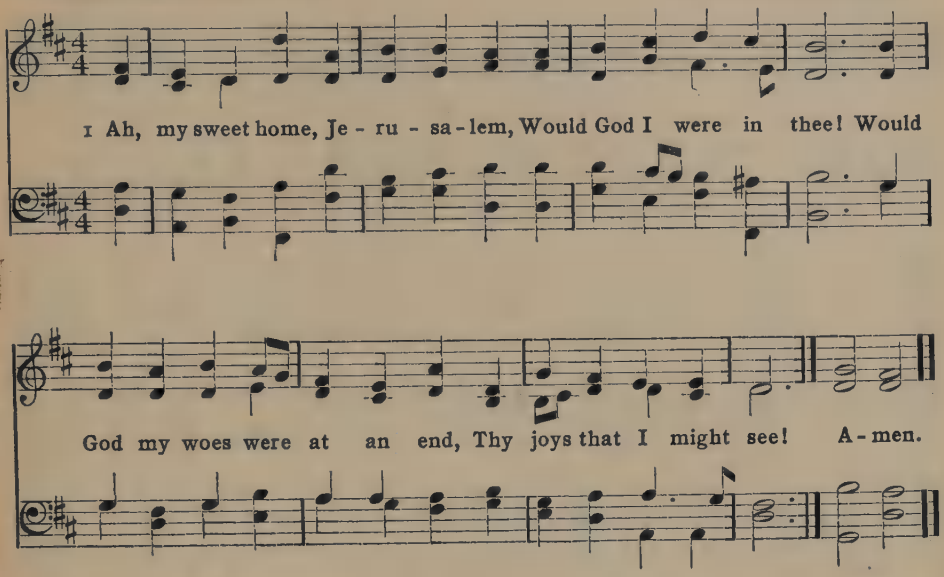
4

Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square;
Thy gates are of right orient pearl;
Exceeding rich and rare;
Thy houses are of ivory,
Thy windows crystal clear;
Thy tiles are made of beaten gold—
O God that I were there!

F. B. P. c. 1580: Based on St. Augustine

Our Father's House

REDHEAD No. 66 C. M. Richard Redhead, 1859



Part II

2

Thy saints are crowned with glory great;
They see God face to face;
They triumph still, they still rejoice:
Most happy is their case.

3

We that are here in banishment,
Continually do mourn;
Our joys scarce last the looking on,
Our sorrows still remain.

4

But there they live in such delight,
Such pleasure and such play,
As that to them a thousand years
Doth seem as yesterday.

5

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green; [flowers
There grow such sweet and pleasant
As nowhere else are seen.

6

Quite through the streets with silver sound
The flood of life doth flow,
Upon whose banks on every side
The wood of life doth grow.

7

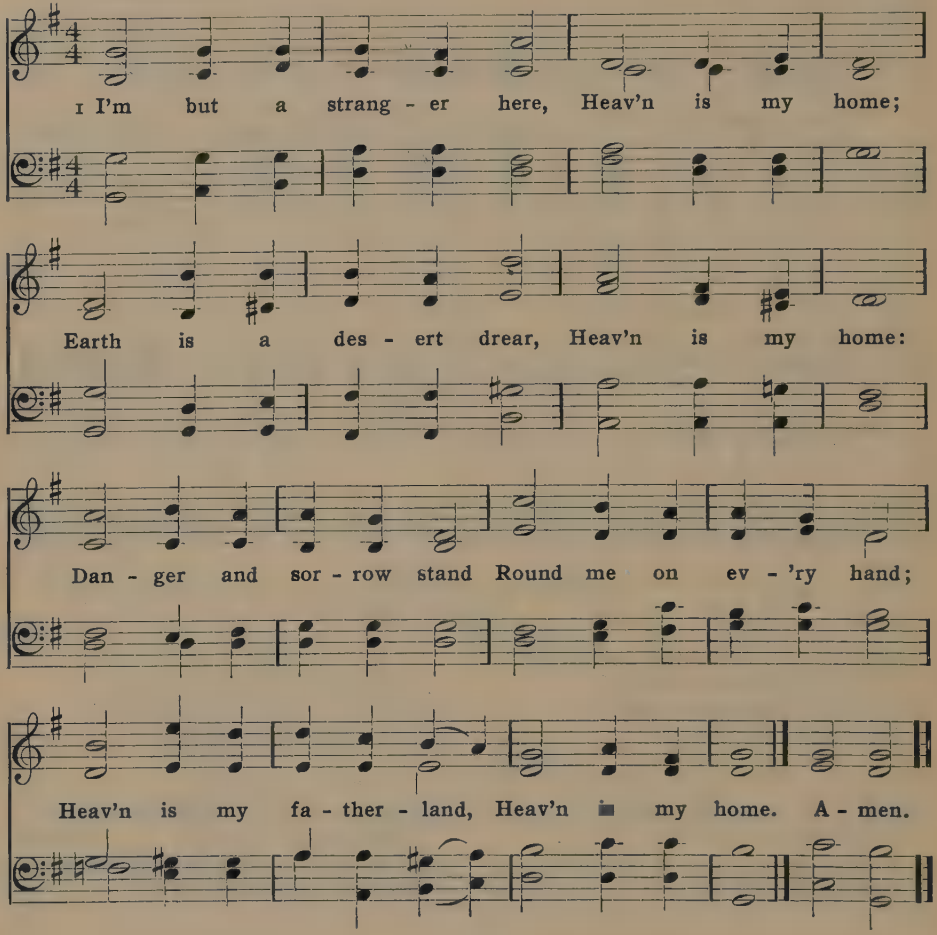
There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore do sing;

8

Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end
Thy joys that I might see!

 F. B. P. c. 1580: Based on St. Augustine

FATHERLAND 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4. Arthur Sullivan, 1872


1 I'm but a strang - er here, Heav'n is my home;
Earth is a des - ert drear, Heav'n is my home:
Dan - ger and sor - row stand Round me on ev - 'ry hand;
Heav'n is my fa - ther - land, Heav'n is my home. A - men.

2

What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home:
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon shall be overpast;
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

3

There, at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home:
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best;
And there I too shall rest,
Heaven is my home.

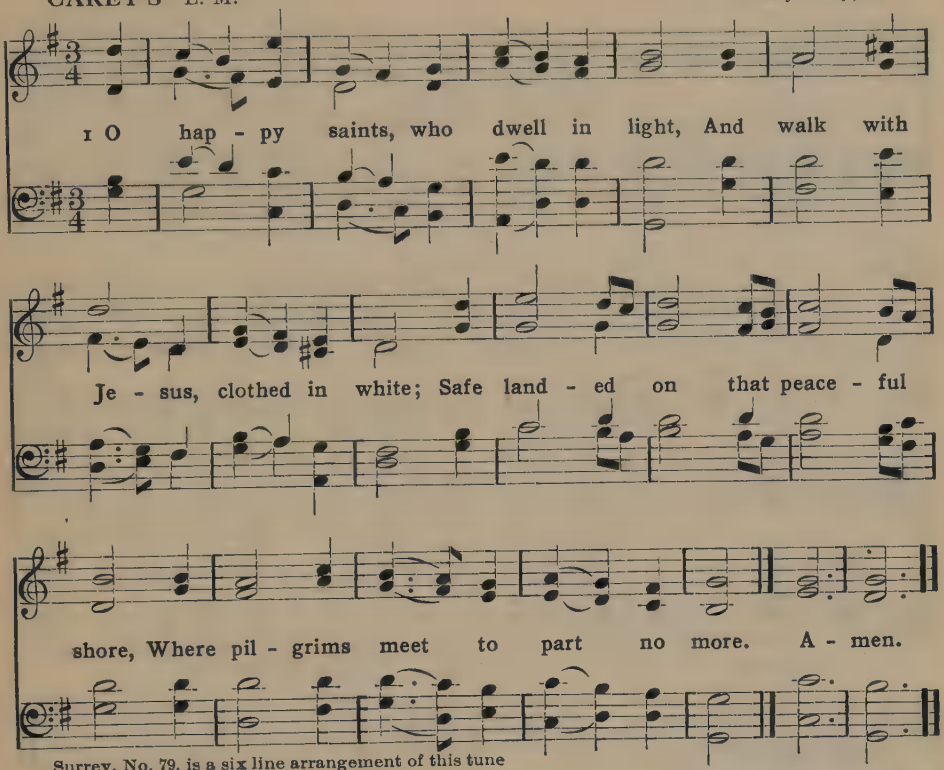
4

Therefore I murmur not,
Heaven is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home:
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

316 T. R. Taylor, 1807-1835

311 Our Father's House

CAREY'S L. M. Henry Carey, 1723


1 O hap - py saints, who dwell in light, And walk with
Je - sus, clothed in white; Safe land - ed on that peace - ful
shore, Where pil - grims meet to part no more. A - men.

Surrey, No. 79, is a six line arrangement of this tune

At thy right hand are pleasures forevermore.—Ps. xvi : 11

2

Released from sin, and toil, and grief,
Death was their gate to endless life;
An opened cage, to let them fly
And build their happy nest on high.

3

And now they range the heavenly plains;
And sing their hymns in melting strains;
And now their souls begin to prove
The heights and depths of Jesus' love.

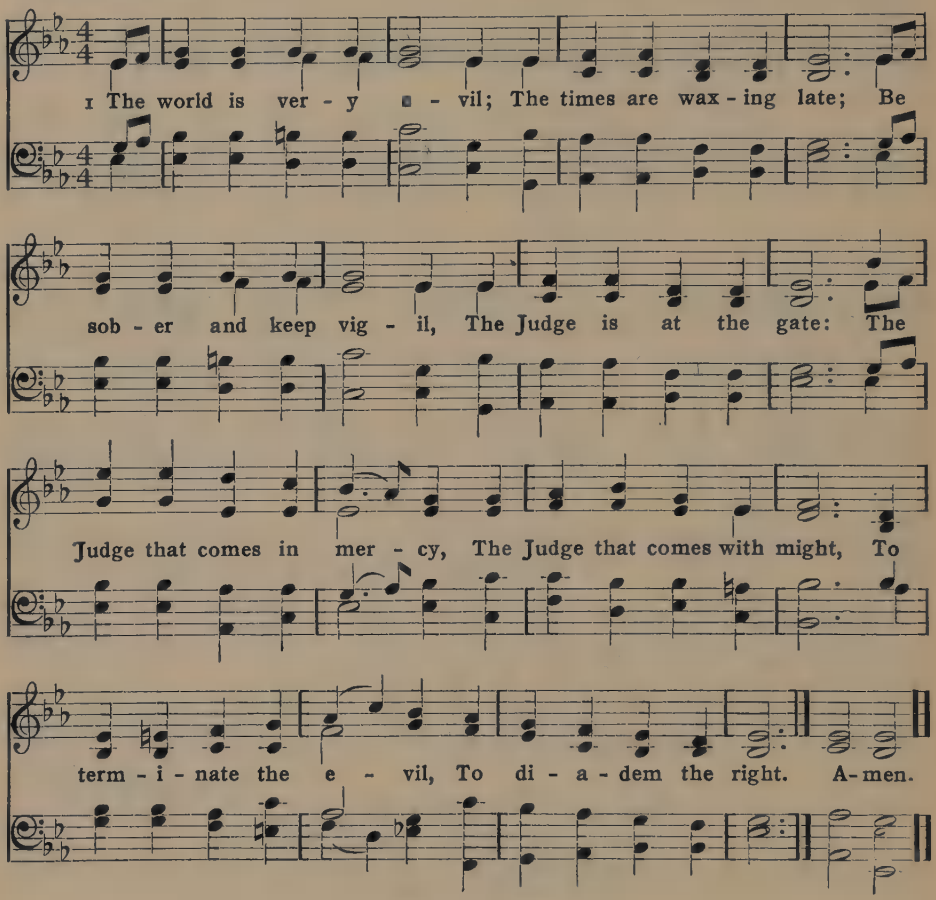
4

He cheers them with eternal smile;
They sing hosannas all the while;
Or, overwhelmed with rapture sweet,
Sink down adoring at his feet.

5

Ah, Lord, with tardy steps I creep,
And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep;
Yet strip me of this house of clay,
And I will sing as loud as they.

John Berridge, 1785

CALCUTTA 7. 6. 8 l. Melody by Reginald Heber, 1788-1826

1 The world is ver - y e - vil; The times are wax - ing late; Be
sob - er and keep vig - il, The Judge is at the gate: The
Judge that comes in mer - cy, The Judge that comes with might, To
term - i - nate the e - vil, To di - a - dem the right. A - men.

Hora Novissima Part I

2

Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead.
Then glory yet unheard of
Shall shed abroad its ray,
Resolving all enigmas,
An endless Sabbath-day;

3

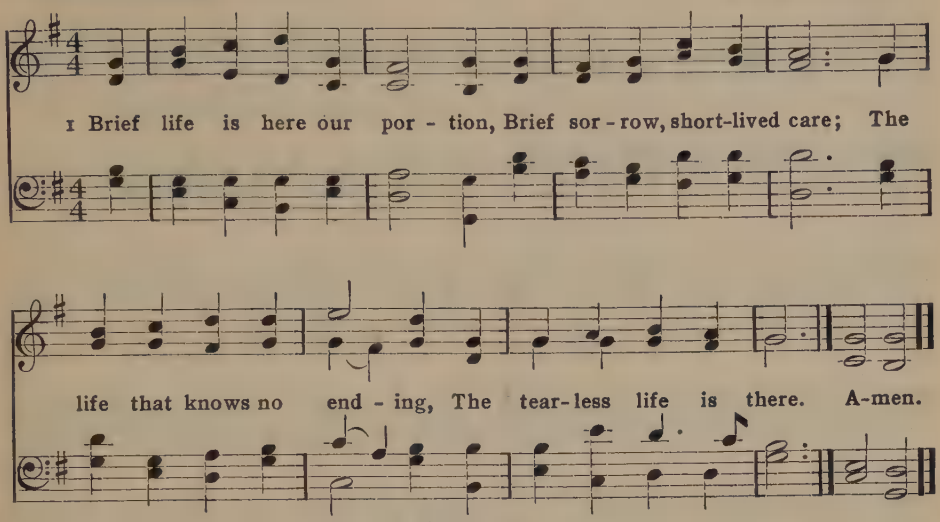
The home of fadeless splendor,
Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children
Who here as exiles mourn;
The peace of all the faithful,
The calm of all the blest,
Inviolate, unvaried,
Divinest, sweetest, best;

4

O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest;
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure of all distress!
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight;

Bernard of Cluny, c. 1145;
Tr. J. M. Neale, 1851

ST. ALPHEGE 7. 6. 4 l. H. J. Gauntlett, 1853


1 Brief life is here our por - tion, Brief sor - row, short-lived care; The
life that knows no end - ing, The tear-less life is there. A-men.

Hora Novissima Part II

2

O happy retribution,
Short toil, eternal rest,
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!

3

There grief is turned to pleasure,
Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know.

4

And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.

5

And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Sion in her anguish
With Babylon must cope.

6

But he whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see him
Shall have him for their own.

7

The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.

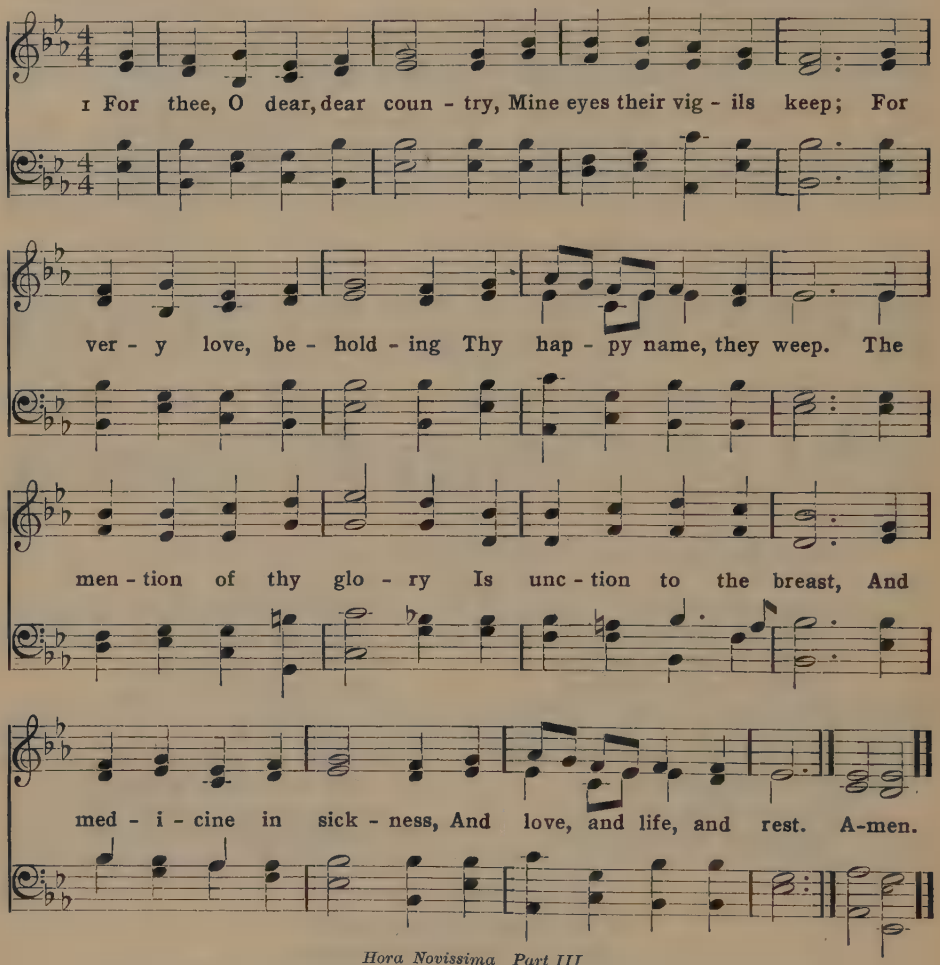
8

Yes, God, my King and Portion,
In fulness of his grace,
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face.

Bernard of Cluny, c. 1145
Tr. J. M. Neale, 1851

JERUSALEM 7. 6. 8 l.

From Ave Maria by Arcadelt, 1540:
Adapted by Rimbault


1 For thee, O dear, dear coun - try, Mine eyes their vig - ils keep; For
ver - y love, be - hold - ing Thy hap - py name, they weep. The
men - tion of thy glo - ry Is unc - tion to the breast, And
med - i - cine in sick - ness, And love, and life, and rest. A-men.

Hora Novissima Part III

2

O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
The Cross is all thy spendor,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

3

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

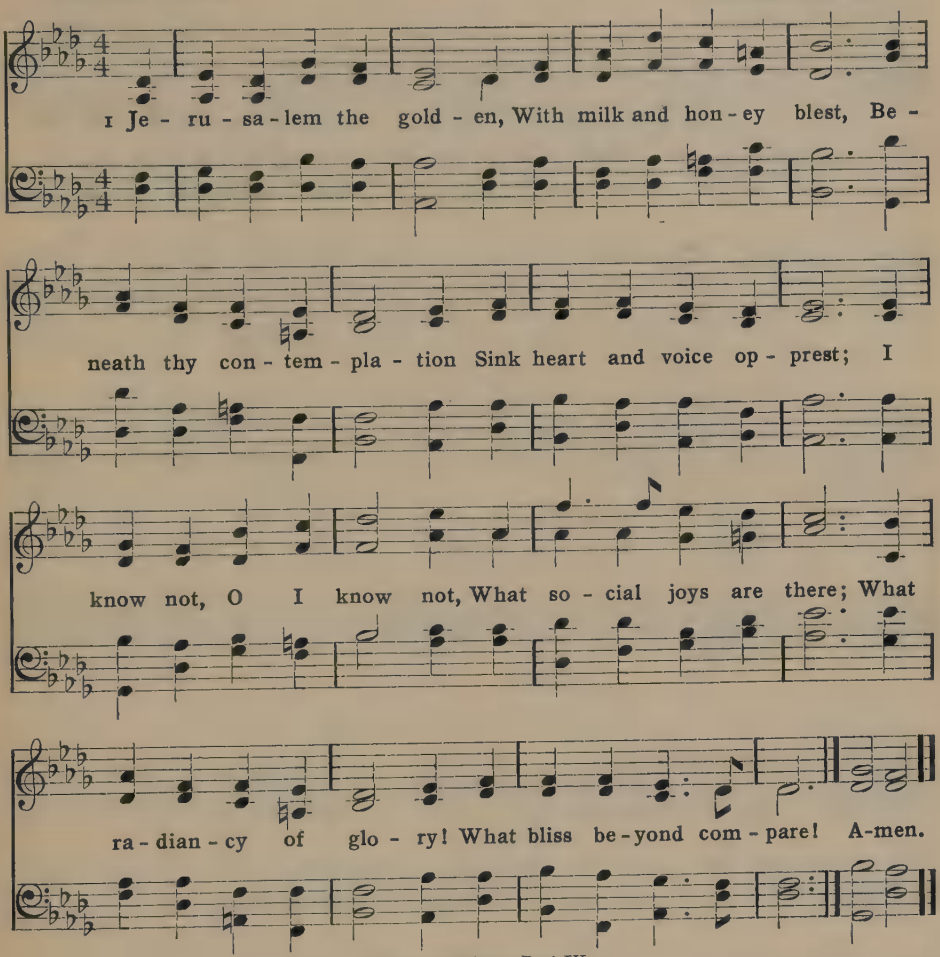
4

O mine, my golden Sion!
O lovelier far than gold!
With laurel-girt battalions,
And safe victorious fold.
O fields that see no sorrow!
O state that fears no strife!
O princely bowers! O land of flowers!
O realm and home of life!

Bernard of Cluny, c. 1145
Tr. J. M. Neale, 1851

Our Father's House

EWING 7. 6. 8 l.

Alexander Ewing, 1853

1 Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest, Be -
neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest; I
know not, O I know not, What so - cial joys are there; What
ra - dian - cy of glo - ry! What bliss be - yond com - pare! A-men.

Hora Novissima Part IV

2

They stand, those halls of Sion,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene,
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3

There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

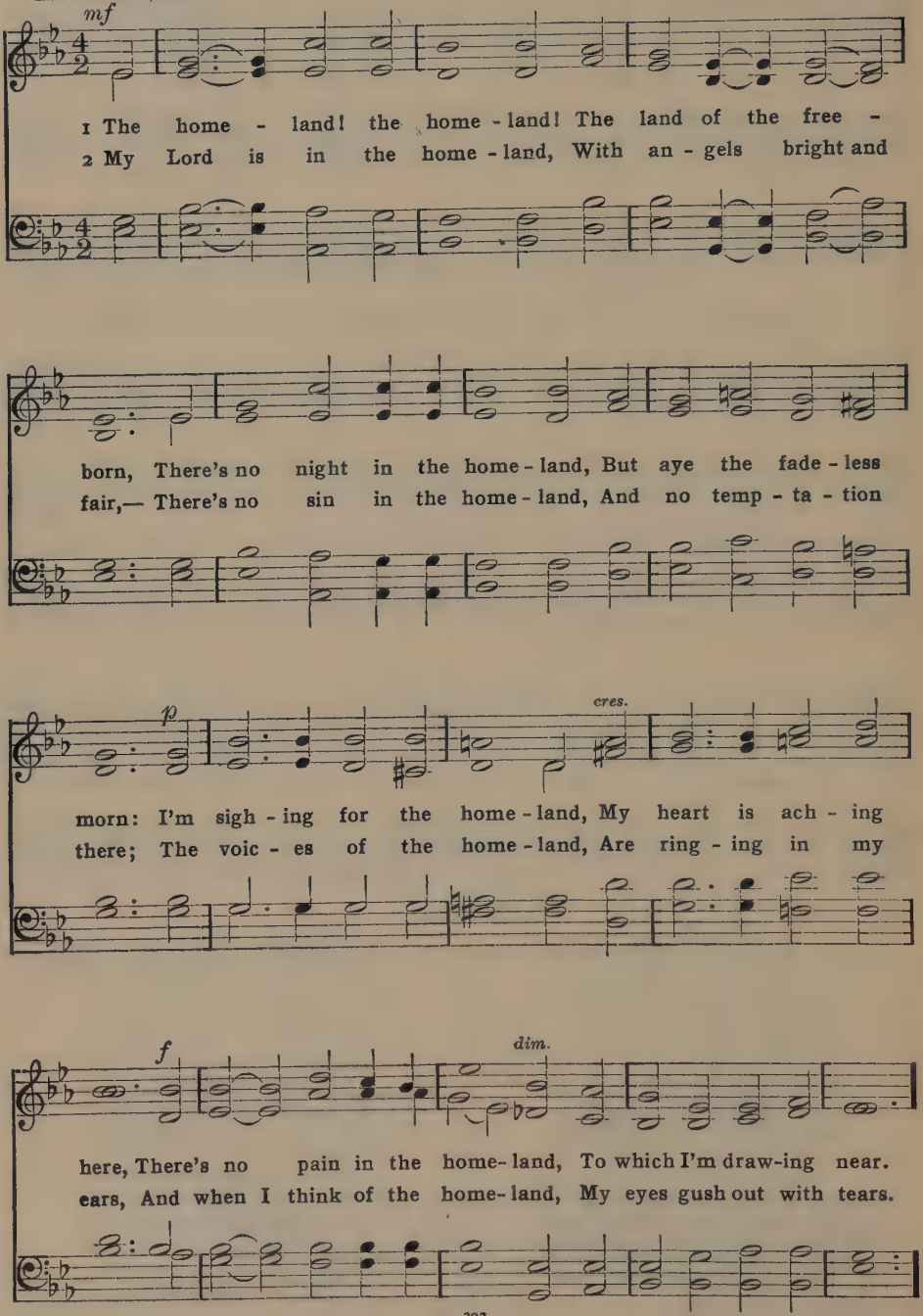
4

O sweet and blessèd country,
Shall I e'er see thy face?
O sweet and blessèd country,
Shall I e'er win thy grace?
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only, his for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

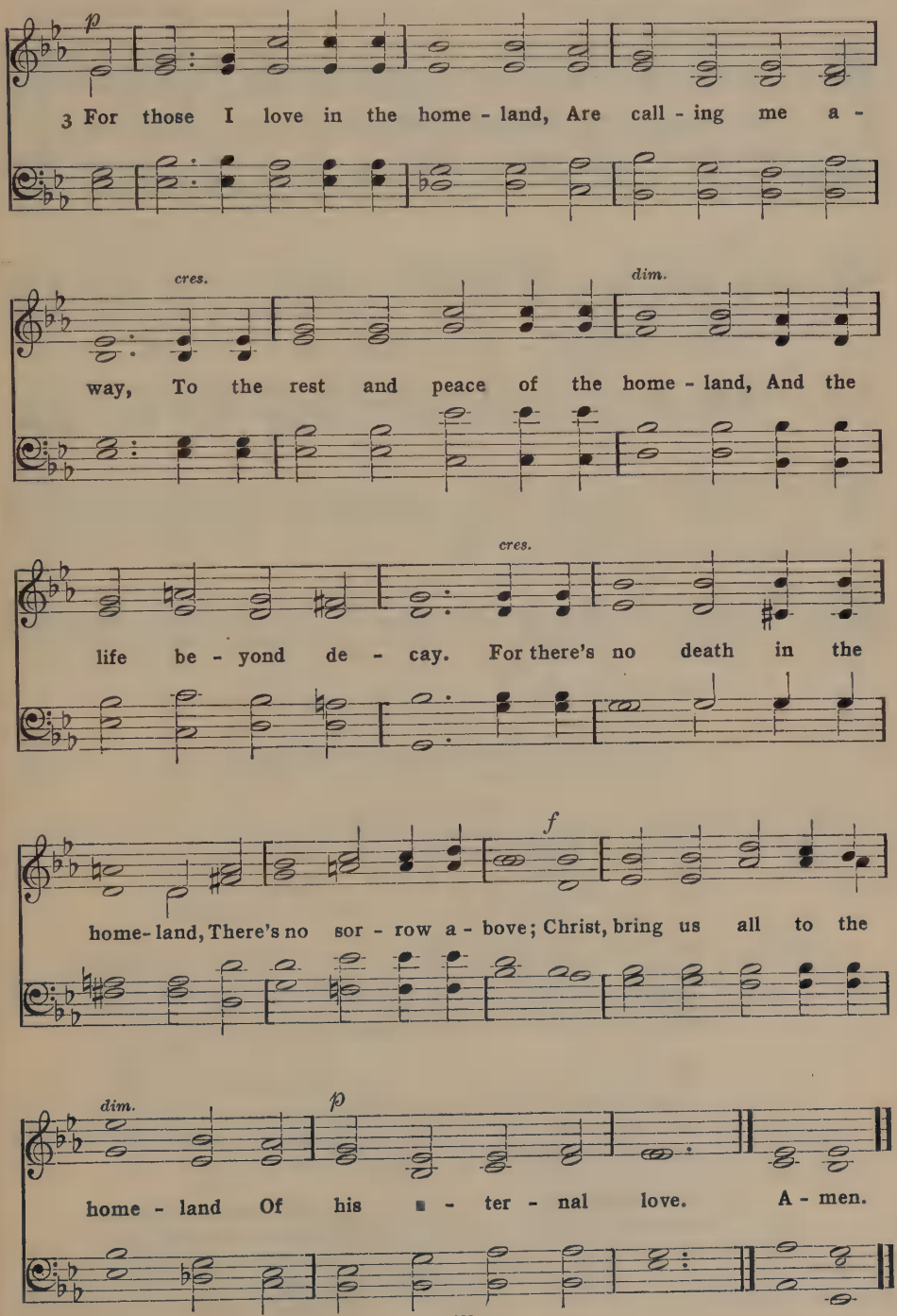
Bernard of Cluny, c. 1145:
Tr. J. M. Neale, 1851

THE HOMELAND

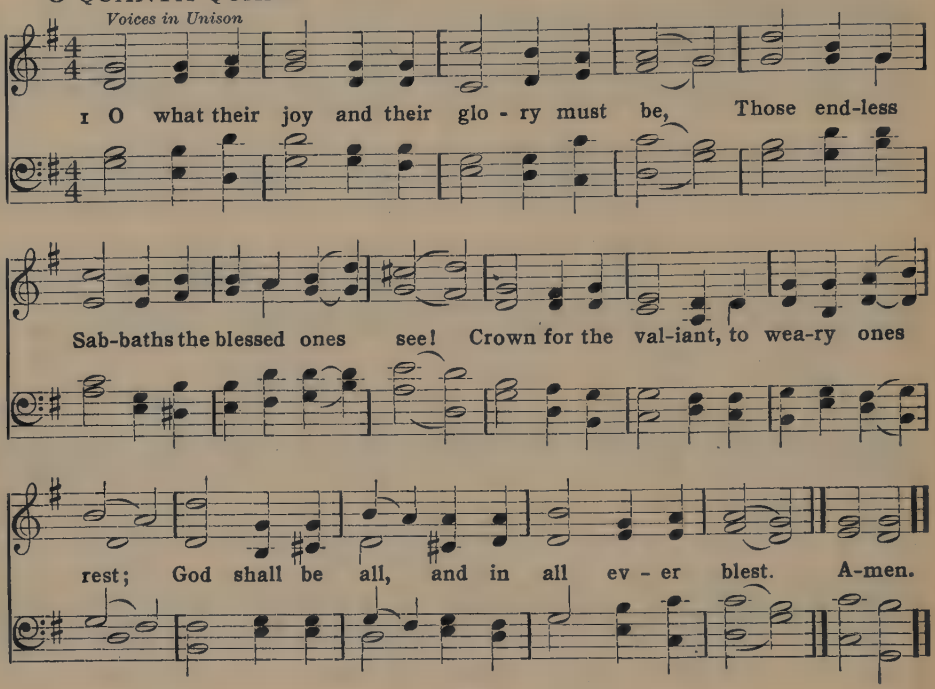
H. R. Haweis, 1855 — Arthur Sullivan, 1867


mf
1 The home - land! the home - land! The land of the free -
2 My Lord is in the home - land, With an - gels bright and
born, There's no night in the home - land, But aye the fade - less
fair,— There's no sin in the home - land, And no temp - ta - tion
p
cres.
morn: I'm sigh - ing for the home - land, My heart is ach - ing
there; The voic - es of the home - land, Are ring - ing in my
f
dim.
here, There's no pain in the home - land, To which I'm draw - ing near.
ears, And when I think of the home - land, My eyes gush out with tears.

Our Father's House


p
3 For those I love in the home - land, Are call - ing me a -
cres.
dim.
way, To the rest and peace of the home - land, And the
cres.
life be - yond de - cay. For there's no death in the
f
home- land, There's no sor - row a - bove; Christ, bring us all to the
dim.
p
home - land Of his - ter - nal love. A - men.

O QUANTA QUALIA 10s. 4 l. Ancient Plain Song


Voices in Unison
1 O what their joy and their glo - ry must be, Those end-less
Sab-baths the blessed ones see! Crown for the val-iant, to wea-ry ones
rest; God shall be all, and in all ev - er blest. A-men.

2
What are the monarch, his court, and his throne?
What are the peace and the joy that they own?
Tell us, ye blest ones, that in it have share,
If what ye feel ye can fully declare.

3
Truly "Jerusalem" name we that shore,
"Vision of peace," that brings joy evermore!
Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.

4
We, where no trouble distraction can bring,
Safely the anthems of Sion shall sing;
While for thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
Thy blessed people shall evermore raise.

5
There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,
Those Sabbath-keepers have one and no more;
One and unending is that triumph-song
Which to the angels and us shall belong.

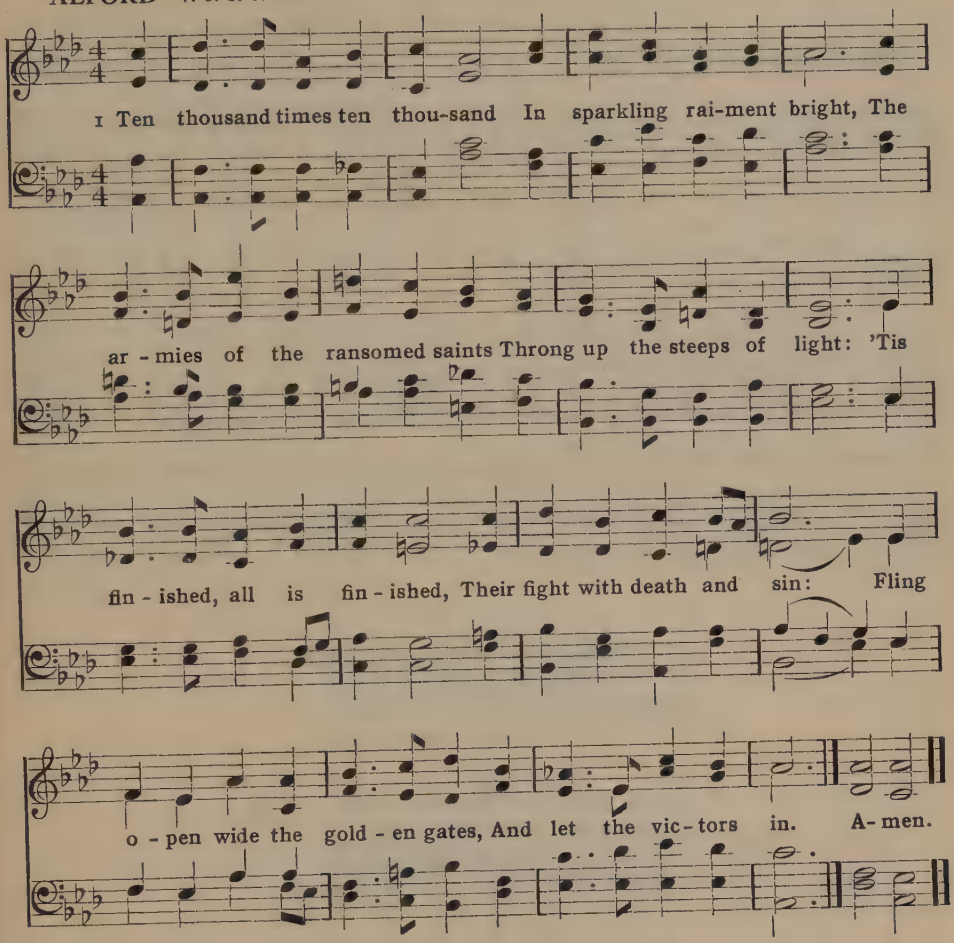
6
Low before him with our praises we fall,
Of whom, and in whom, and through whom are all;
Of whom, the Father; and through whom, the Son;
In whom, the Spirit, with these ever One.

3²4 P. Abelard, 1079-1142: Tr. J. M. Neale, 1854

Our Father's House

ALFORD 7. 6. 8. 6. 8 l.

J. B. Dykes, 1875


1 Ten thousand times ten thou-sand In sparkling rai-ment bright, The
ar - mies of the ransomed saints Throng up the steeps of light: 'Tis
fin - ished, all is fin - ished, Their fight with death and sin: Fling
o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic - tors in. A - men.

2

What rush of alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made;
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand fold repaid!

3

O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore;
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

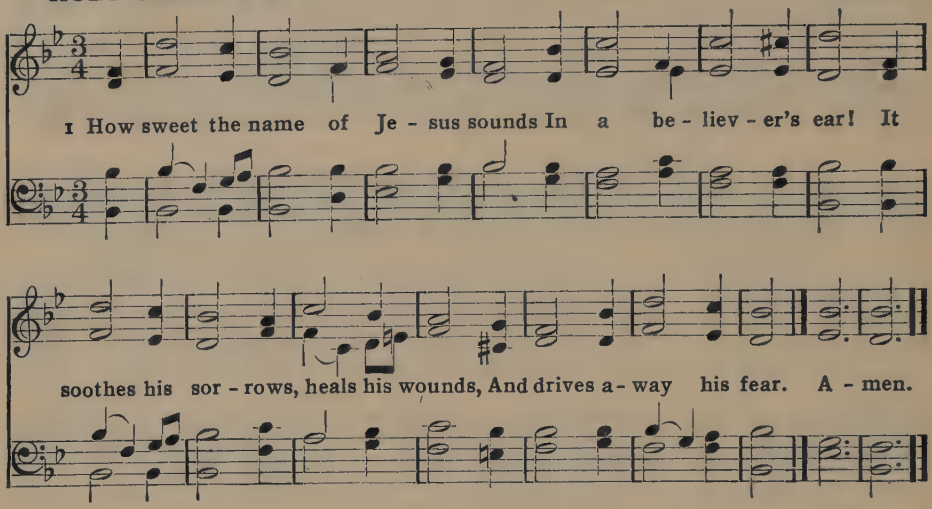
4

Bring near thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of thine elect,
Then take thy power, and reign:
Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home;
Show in the heaven thy promised sign;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come.

Henry Alford, 1867

Communion with Christ

HOLY CROSS C. M. Anon.


1 How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear! It
soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear. A - men.

2

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3

Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace;

4

Jesus, my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

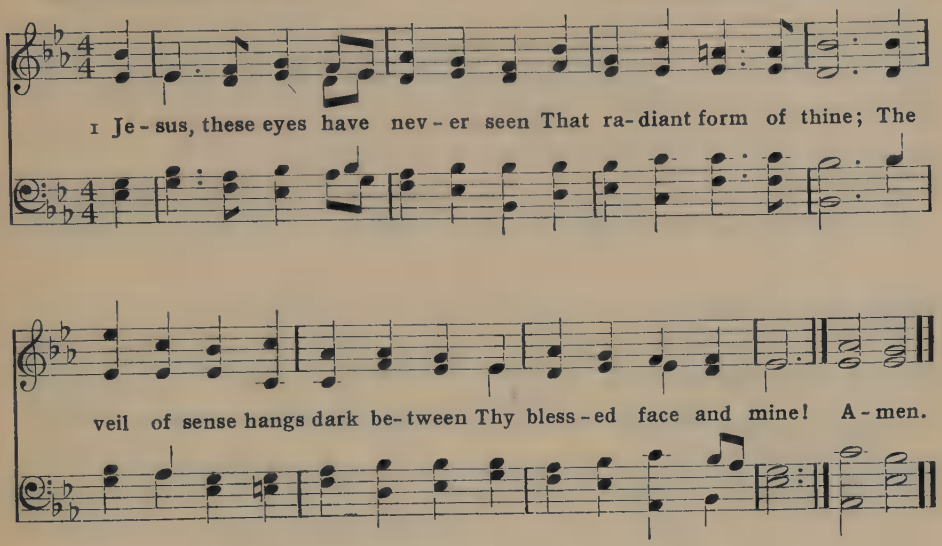
6

Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

326 John Newton, 1779

ST. BERNARD C. M.

Arr. by J. Richardson, 1863;
From Melody in Tochter Sion, 1741


1 Je-sus, these eyes have nev-er seen That ra-diant form of thine; The
veil of sense hangs dark be-tween Thy bless-ed face and mine! A-men.

2

I see thee not, I hear thee not,
Yet art thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with thee.

3

Like some bright dream that comes unsought,
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

4

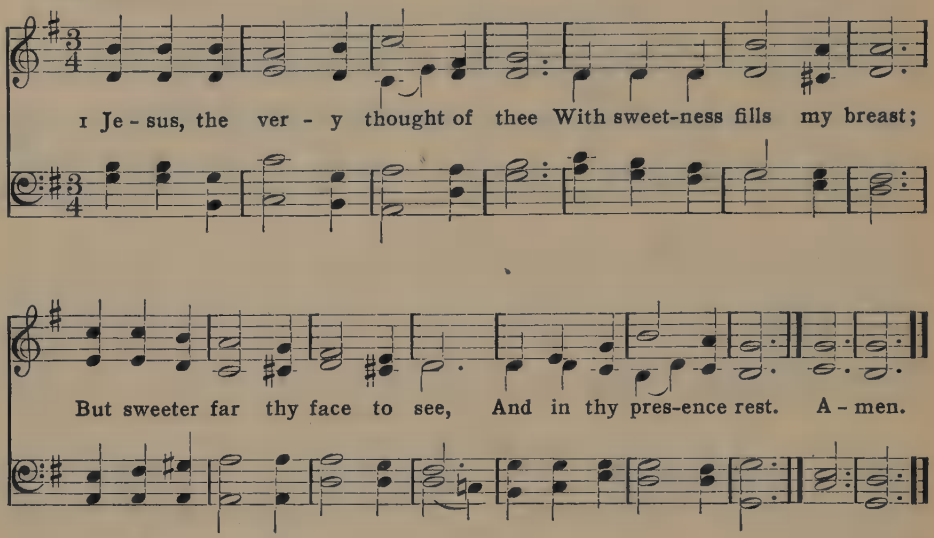
Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone;
I love thee, dearest Lord,—and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

5

When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall thee reveal,
All glorious as thou art.

Ray Palmer, 1858

ST. AGNES C. M. J. B. Dykes, 1866


1 Je - sus, the ver - y thought of thee With sweet-ness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see, And in thy pres-ence rest. A - men.

Part I *Jesu Dulcis Memoria*

2

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind.

3

O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4

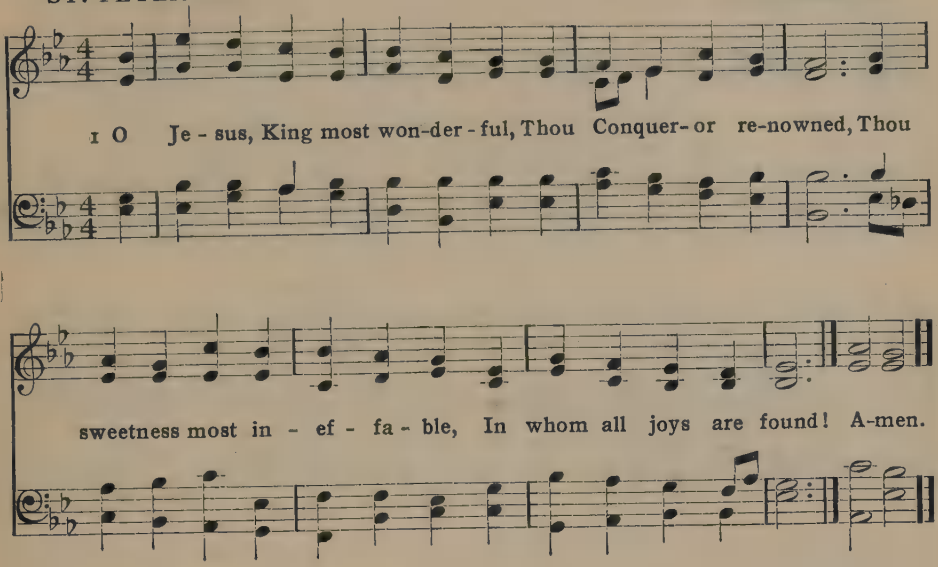
But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but his loved ones know.

5

Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091-1153:
Tr. Edward Caswall, 1849

ST. PETER C. M. A. R. Reinagle, 1826



Part II *Jesu Dulcis Memoria*

2

When once thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

3

O Jesus, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of life and fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire!

4

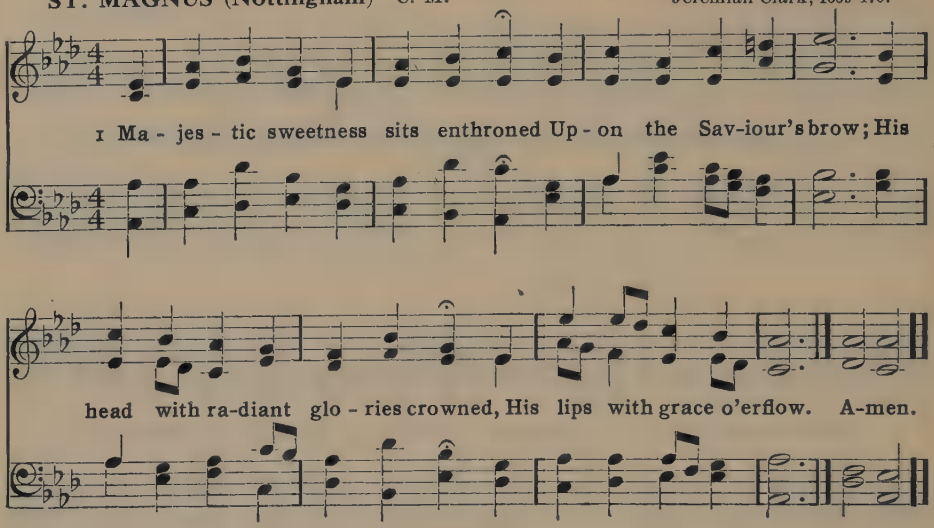
May every heart confess thy name,
And ever thee adore;
And seeking thee, itself inflame
To seek thee more and more.

5

Thee may our tongues for ever bless,
Thee may we love alone;
And ever in our lives express
The image of thine own.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091-1153;
Tr. Edward Caswall, 1849

ST. MAGNUS (Nottingham) C. M. Jeremiah Clark, 1669-1707


1 Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Up - on the Sav-iour's brow; His
head with ra-diant glo - ries crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow. A-men.

2

No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3

He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4

To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5

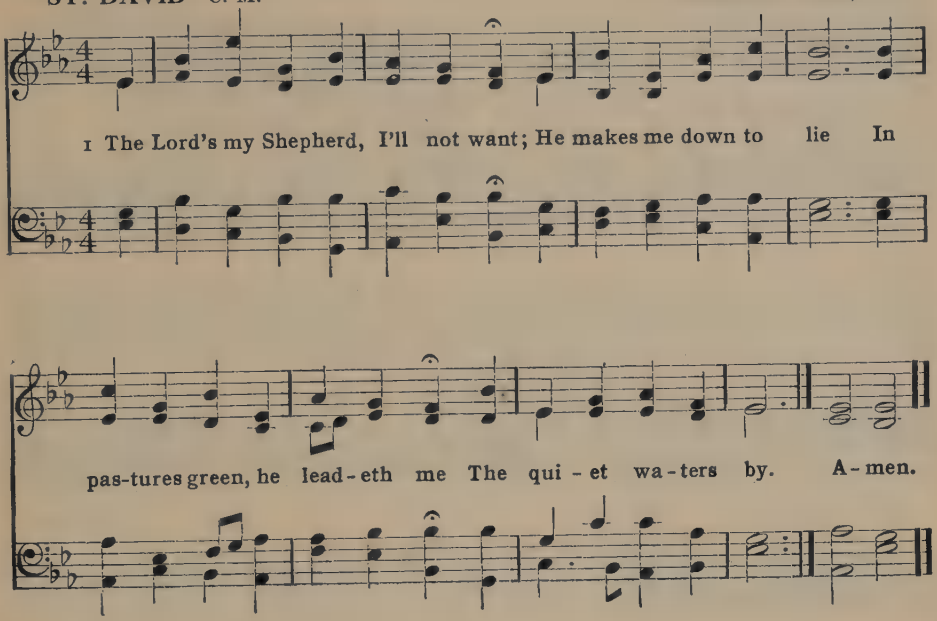
To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

6

Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

330 Samuel Stennett, 1787

ST. DAVID C. M. Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621



Psalm xxiii

2

My soul he doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Ev'n for his own name's sake.

3

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

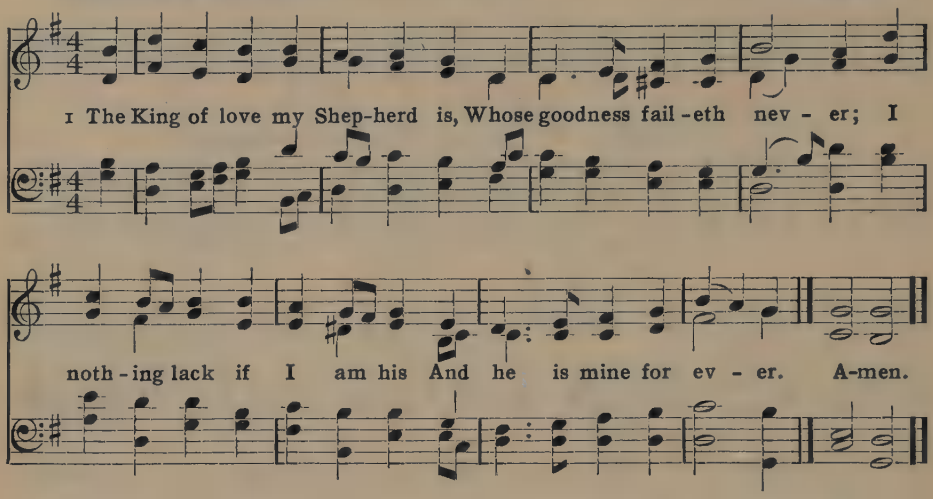
4

My table thou hast furnishèd
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

DOMINUS REGIT ME 8. 7. 41. First Tune — J. B. Dykes, 1868



Psalm xxiii

2

Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul he leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

5

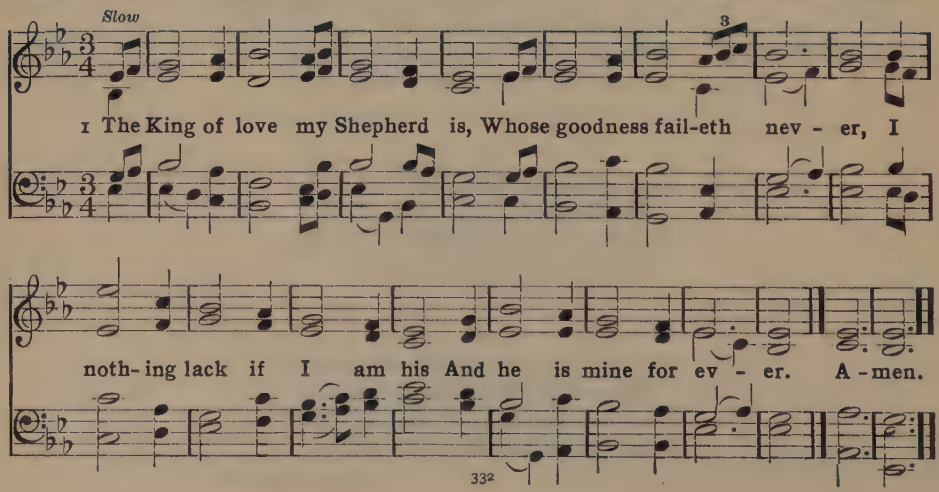
Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And O what transport of delight
From thy pure chalice floweth.

6

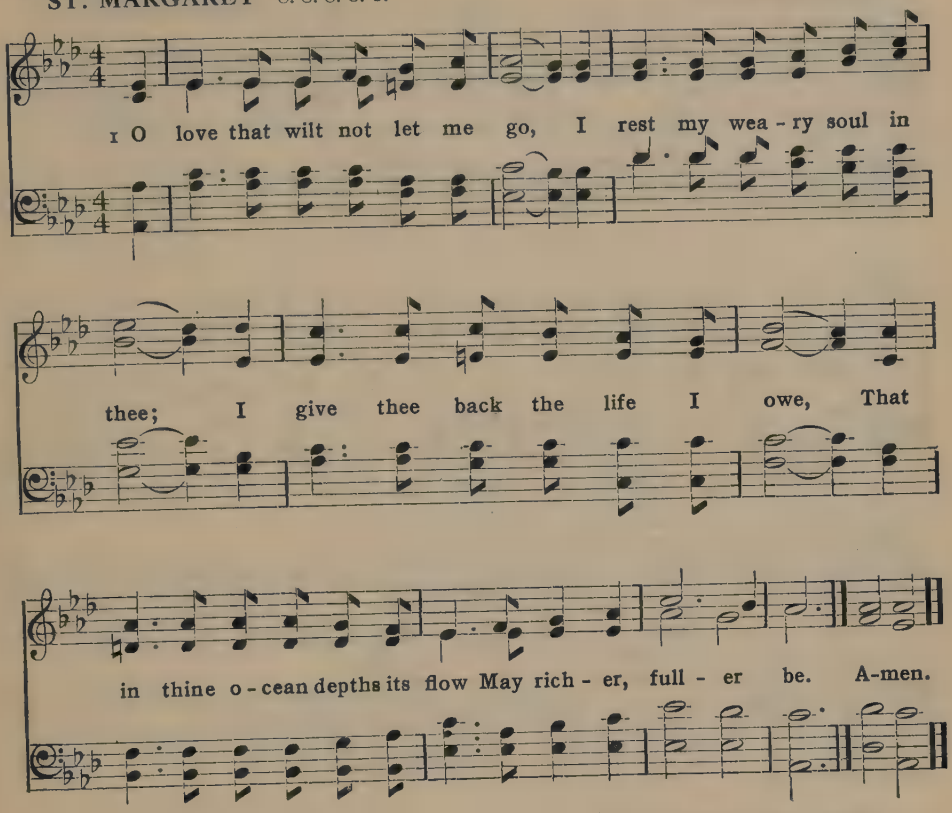
And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
Within thy house forever.

H. W. Baker, 1868

325 ST. COLUMBA 8. 7. 41. Second Tune — Ancient Irish Hymn Melody



ST. MARGARET 8. 8. 8. 8. 6. A. L. Peace, 1885


1 O love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea - ry soul in
thee; I give thee back the life I owe, That
in thine o - cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be. A-men.

2

O light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

3

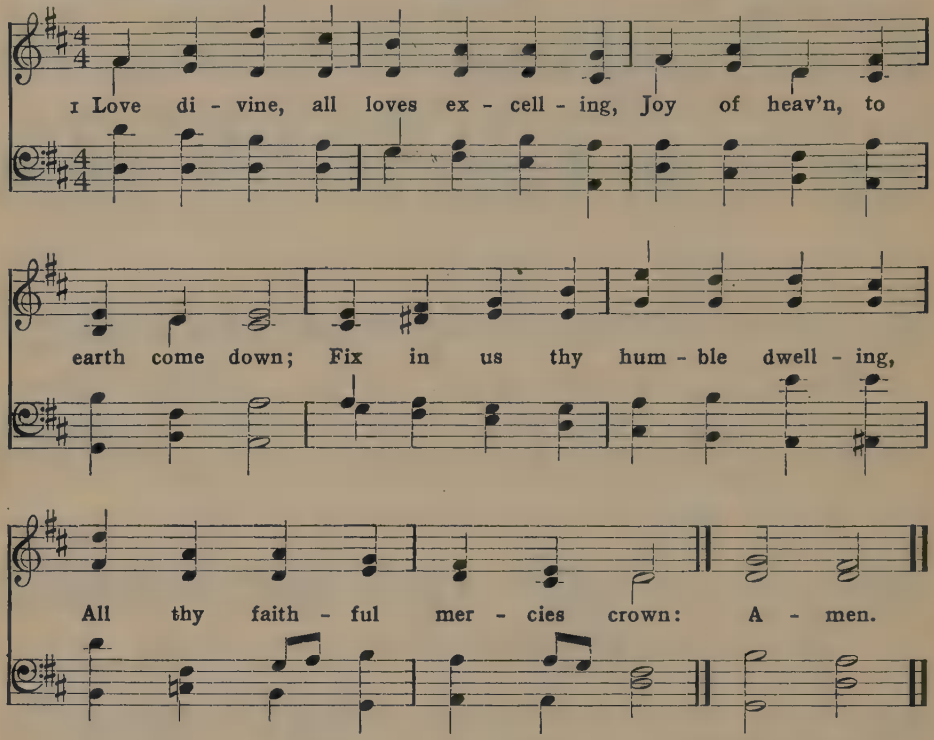
O joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

4

O cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

333 George Matheson, 1882

ALL FOR JESUS 8. 7. 4 l. First Tune John Stainer, 1840–1901


1 Love di - vine, all loves ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n, to
earth come down; Fix in us thy hum - ble dwell - ing,
All thy faith - ful mer - cies crown: A - men.

2 *The Love of Christ*

Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

3

Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest:

4

Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.

5

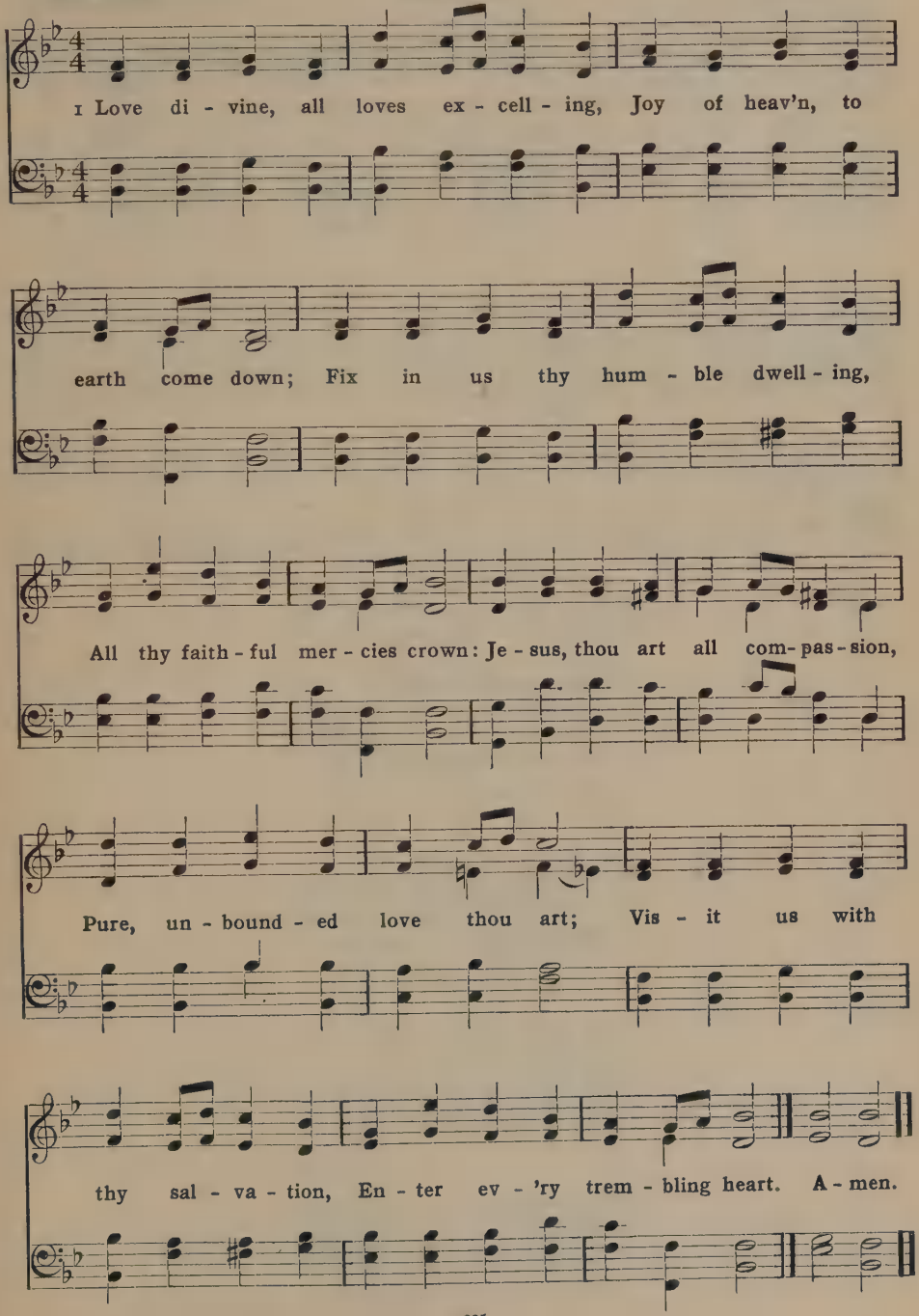
Finish, then, thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be:
Let us see thy great salvation
Perfectly restored in thee;

6

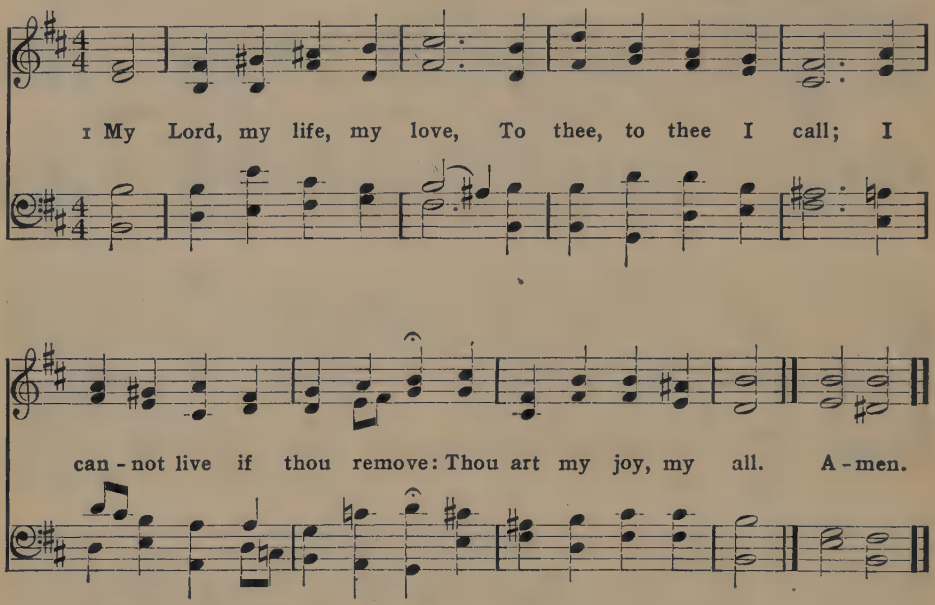
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

334 Charles Wesley, 1747

BEECHER 8. 7. 8 l. Second Tune John Zundel, 1870


1 Love di - vine, all loves ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n, to
earth come down; Fix in us thy hum - ble dwell - ing,
All thy faith - ful mer - cies crown: Je - sus, thou art all com - pas - sion,
Pure, un - bound - ed love thou art; Vis - it us with
thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trem - bling heart. A - men.

SONG 20 S. M. Orlando Gibbons, 1583-1625



2

My only sun to cheer
The darkness where I dwell;
The best and only true delight
My song hath found to tell.

3

To thee in very heaven
The angels owe their bliss;
To thee the saints, whom thou hast called
Where perfect pleasure is.

4

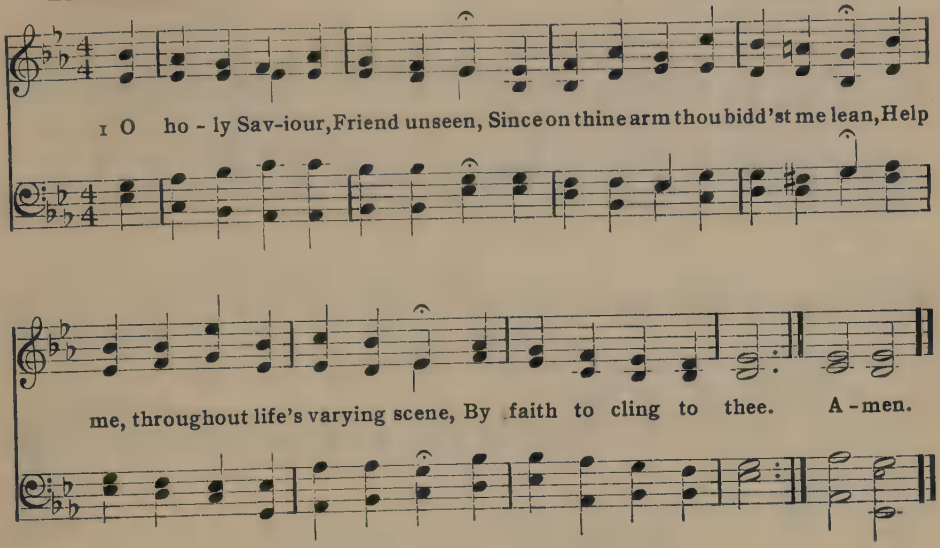
And how shall man, thy child,
Without thee happy be,
Who hath no comfort nor desire
In all the world but thee?

5

Return my love, my life,
Thy grace hath won my heart;
If thou forgive, if thou return,
I will no more depart.

336 Yattendon Hymnal, 1899: Based on Isaac Watts

ERSKINE 8. 8. 8. 6. W. H. Gladstone, 1840-1891


1 O ho - ly Sav-iour, Friend unseen, Since on thine arm thou bidd'st me lean, Help
me, throughout life's varying scene, By faith to cling to thee. A - men.

2

Blest with this fellowship divine,
Take what thou wilt, I'll ne'er repine;
E'en as the branches to the vine,
My soul would cling to thee.

3

Far from her home, fatigued, oppressed,
Here she has found her place of rest,
An exile still, yet not unblest
While she can cling to thee.

4

What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove,
With patient, uncomplaining love
Still would I cling to thee.

5

Though faith and hope may long be tried,
I ask not, need not aught beside:
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to thee!

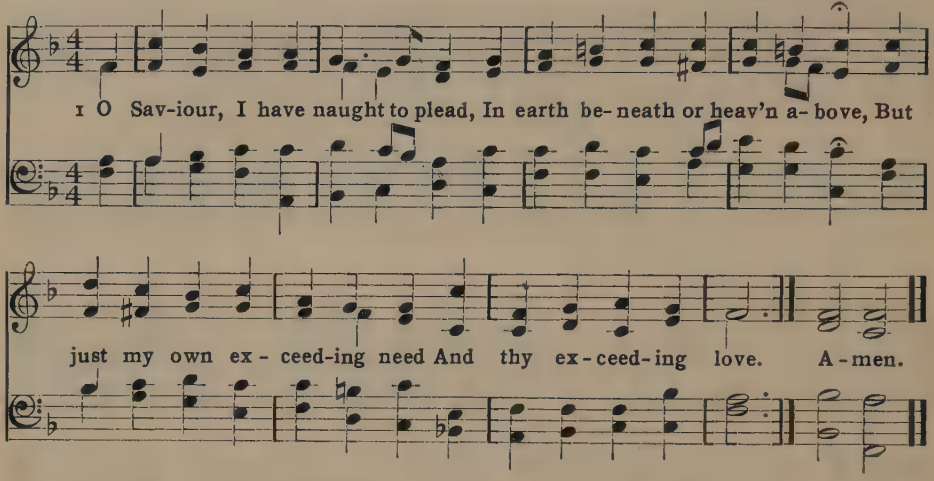
6

Blest is my lot, whate'er befall;
What can disturb me, who appal,
While as my strength, my rock, my all,
Saviour, I cling to thee?

Charlotte Elliott, 1834

330 AMOR DEI 8. 8. 8. 6.

Bremen Gesangbuch, 17—


1 O Sav-iour, I have naught to plead, In earth be-neath or heav'n a-bove, But
just my own ex-ceed-ing need And thy ex-ceed-ing love. A-men.

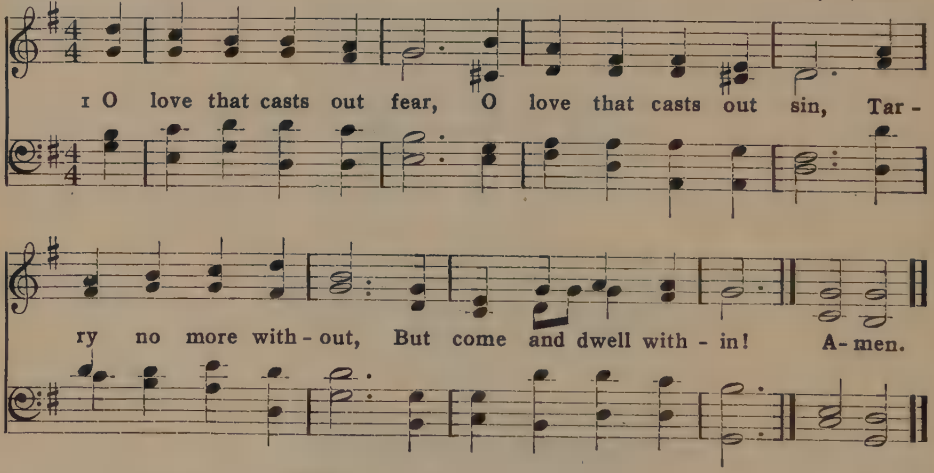
2

The need will soon be past and gone,
Exceeding great, but quickly o'er;
The love, unbought, is all thine own,
And lasts forever more.

Jane F. Crewdson, 1863

331 ST. CÆCILIA 6s. 4 l.

L. G. Hayne, 1863



1 John iv: 17-18

2

True sunlight of the soul,
Surround us as we go;
So shall our way be safe,
Our feet no straying know.

3

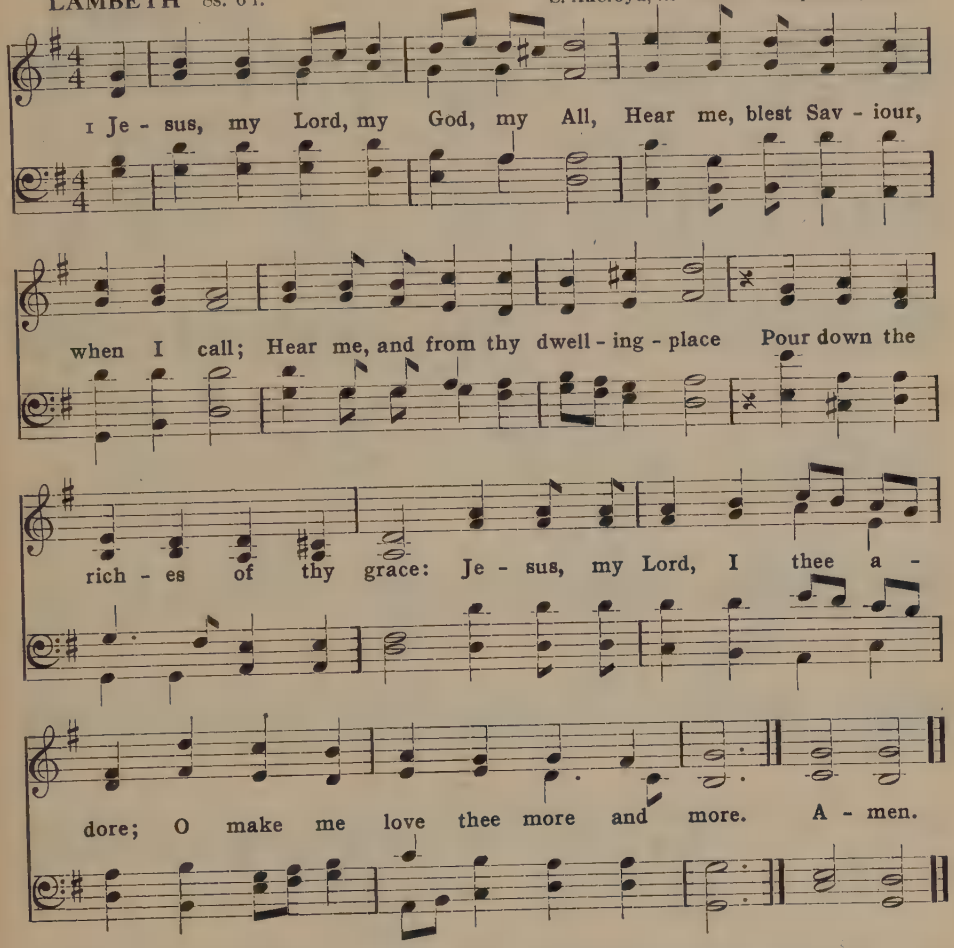
Great love of God come in!
Well-spring of heavenly peace;
Thou living water, come!
Spring up, and never cease.

4

Love of the living God,
Of Father and of Son;
Love of the Holy Ghost,
Fill thou each needy one.

Horatius Bonar, 1864

LAMBETH 8s. 6 l. S. Akeroyd, in "Divine Companion," 1722


1 Je - sus, my Lord, my God, my All, Hear me, blest Sav - iour,
when I call; Hear me, and from thy dwell - ing - place Pour down the
rich - es of thy grace: Je - sus, my Lord, I thee a -
dore; O make me love thee more and more. A - men.

2

Jesus, too late I thee have sought;
How can I love thee as I ought?
And how extol thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of thy name?
Jesus, my Lord, I thee adore;
O make me love thee more and more.

3

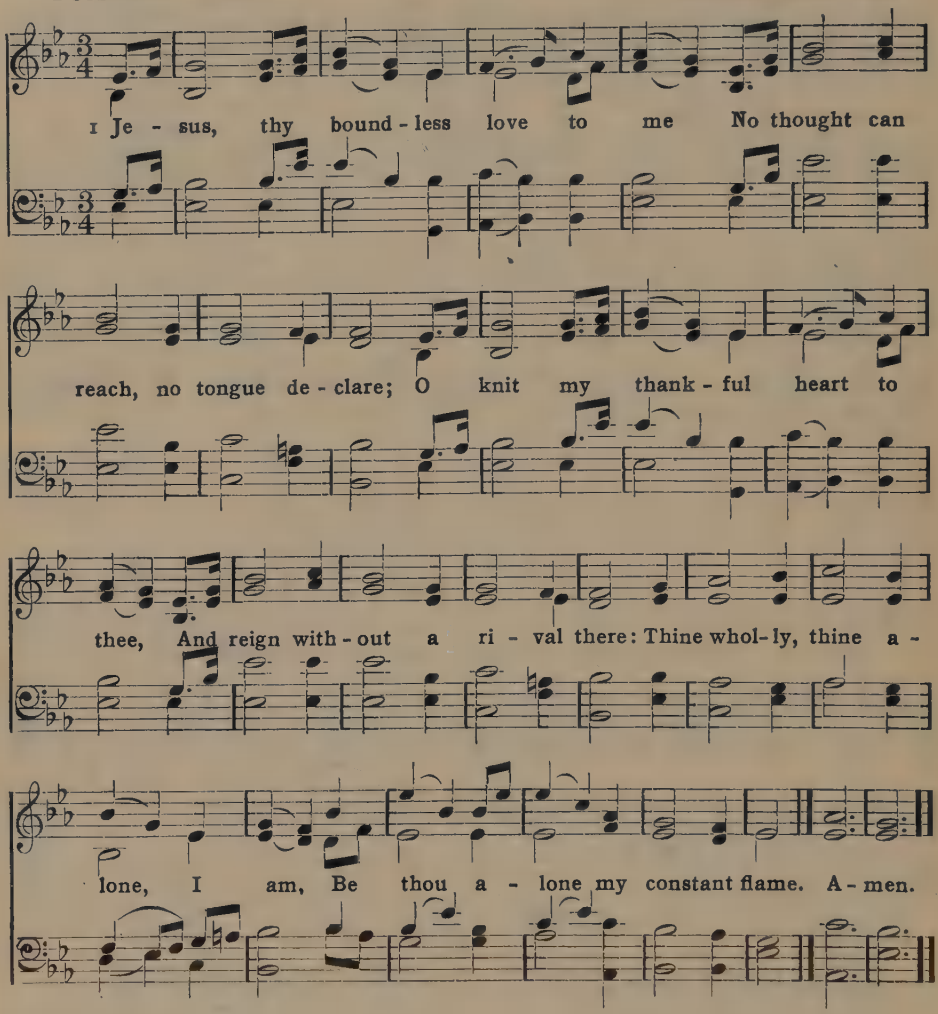
Jesus what didst thou find in me
That thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought!
Jesus, my Lord, I thee adore;
O make me love thee more and more.

4

Jesus, of thee shall be my song;
To thee my heart and soul belong:
All that I have or am is thine;
And thou, blest Saviour, thou art mine:
Jesus, my Lord, I thee adore;
O make me love thee more and more.

H. Collins, 1854

YOAKLEY L. M. 61. William Yoakley, c. 1821


1 Je - sus, thy bound - less love to me No thought can
reach, no tongue de - clare; O knit my thank - ful heart to
thee, And reign with - out a ri - val there: Thine whol - ly, thine a -
lone, I am, Be thou a - lone my constant flame. A - men.

2

O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but thy pure love alone;
O may thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown:
Strange fires far from my soul remove;
My every act, word, thought, be love.

3

O love, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies:
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise.
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Or hear, or feel, or think, but thee.

4

Still let thy love point out my way;
How wondrous things thy love hath wrought!
Still lead me, lest I go astray;
Direct my work, inspire my thought;
And if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

5

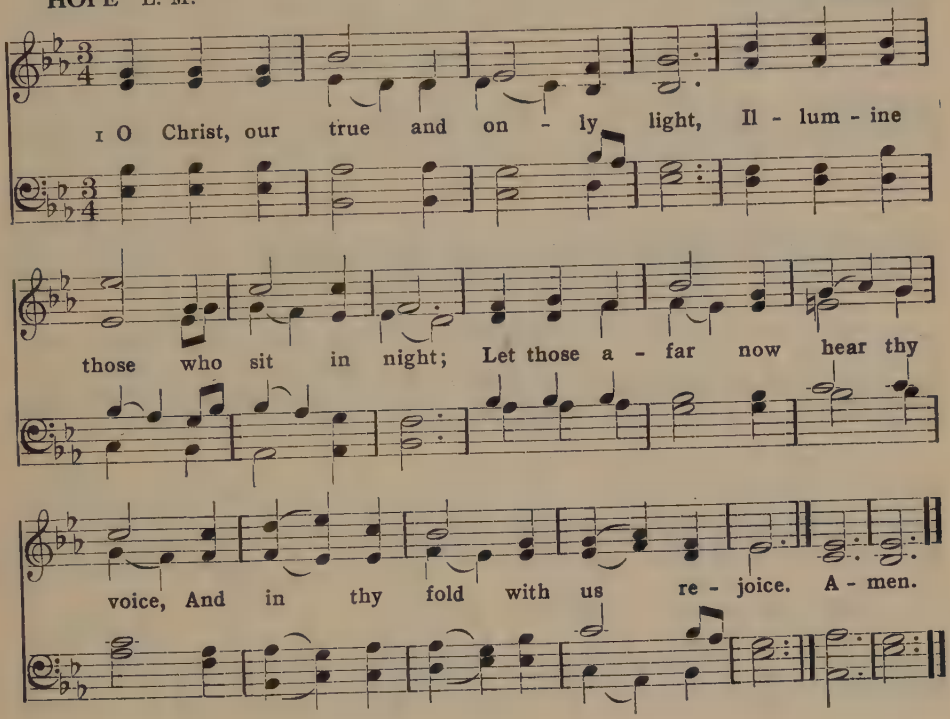
In suffering, be thy love my peace;
In weakness, be thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death, as life, be thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

Paul Gerhardt, 1653: Tr. John Wesley, 1739

The Master's Service

HOPE L. M.

H. S. Irons, 1834-1905


1 O Christ, our true and on - ly light, Il - lum - ine
those who sit in night; Let those a - far now hear thy
voice, And in thy fold with us re - joice. A - men.

2

And all who else have strayed from thee,
O gently seek; thy healing be
To every wounded conscience given;
And let them also share thy heaven.

3

O make the deaf to hear thy word;
And teach the dumb to speak, dear Lord,
Who dare not yet the faith avow
Though secretly they hold it now.

4

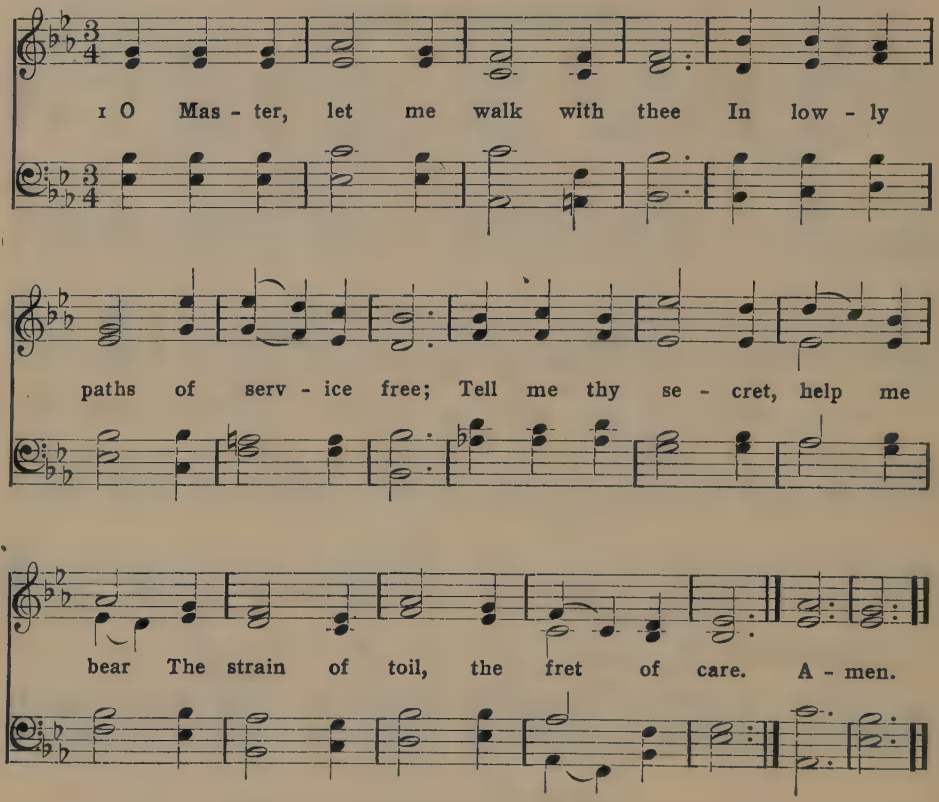
Shine on the darkened and the cold;
Recall the wanderers from thy fold;
Unite those now who walk apart;
Confirm the weak and doubting heart:

5

So they with us may evermore
Such grace with wondering thanks adore,
And endless praise to thee be given
By all the Church in earth and heaven.

Johann Heermann, 1630:
Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858

MARYTON L. M. H. P. Smith, 1874


1 O Mas - ter, let me walk with thee In low - ly
paths of serv - ice free; Tell me thy se - cret, help me
bear The strain of toil, the fret of care. A - men.

2

Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

3

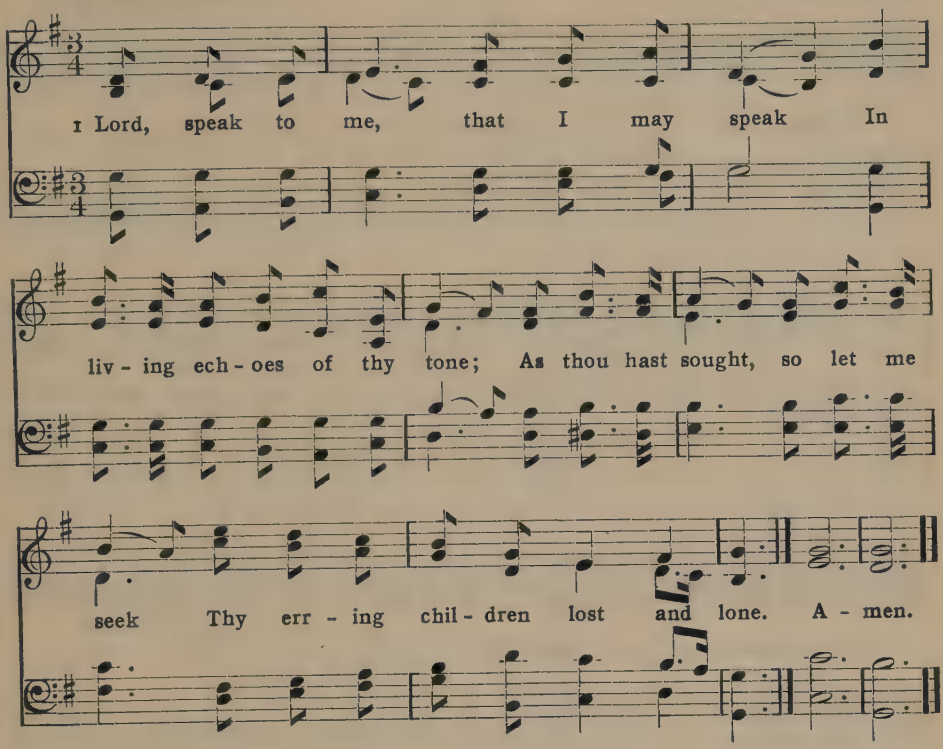
Teach me thy patience; still with thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong;

4

In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way;
In peace that only thou canst give,
With thee, O Master, let me live.

342 Washington Gladden, 1879

FAITHFULNESS L. M. G. A. Macfarren, 1813-1887


1 Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In
liv - ing ech - oes of thy tone; As thou hast sought, so let me
seek Thy err - ing chil - dren lost and lone. A - men.

A worker's prayer

2

O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

3

O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the rock, and strong in thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

4

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things thou dost impart;
And wing my words that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

5

O give thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

6

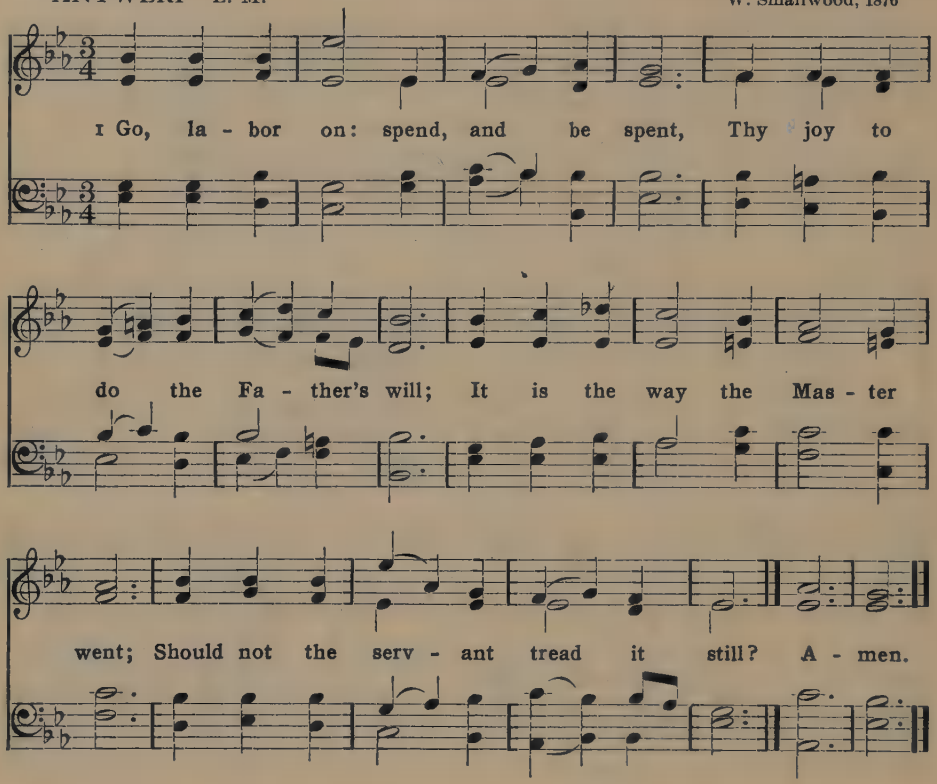
O fill me with thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, thy praise to show.

7

O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until thy blessèd face I see,
Thy rest, thy joy, thy glory share.

Frances R. Havergal, 1872

ANTWERP L. M. W. Smallwood, 1876


1 Go, la - bor on: spend, and be spent, Thy joy to
do the Fa - ther's will; It is the way the Mas - ter
went; Should not the serv - ant tread it still? A - men.

2

Go, labor on: 'tis not for naught;
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises:— what are men?

3

Go, labor on: enough while here
If he shall praise thee, if he deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer;
No toil for him shall be in vain.

4

Go, labor on while it is day:
The world's dark night is hastening on,
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away;
It is not thus that souls are won.

5

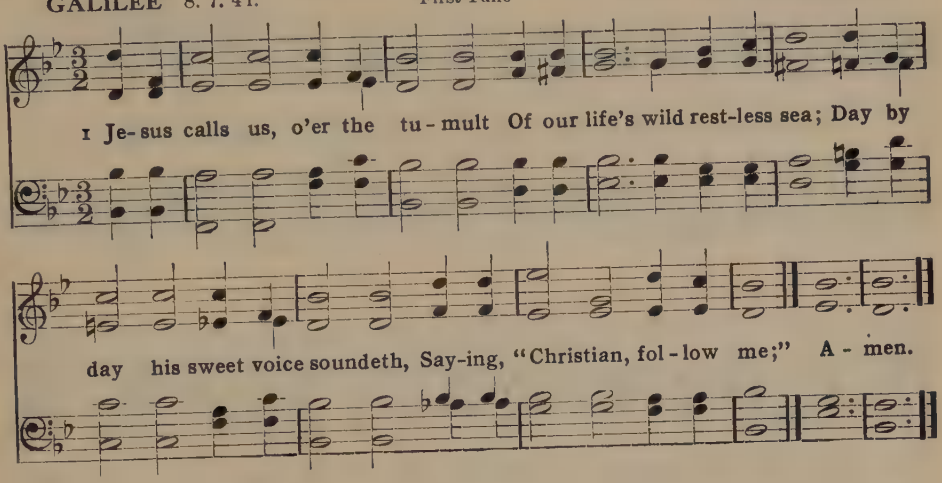
Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray;
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

6

Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come."

 Horatius Bonar, 1843

GALILEE 8. 7. 4 l. First Tune W. H. Jude, 1874


1 Je-sus calls us, o'er the tu-mult Of our life's wild rest-less sea; Day by
day his sweet voice soundeth, Say-ing, "Christian, fol-low me;" A-men.

2

As of old Saint Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home and toil and kindred,
Leaving all for his dear sake.

3

Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love me more."

4

In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love me more than these."

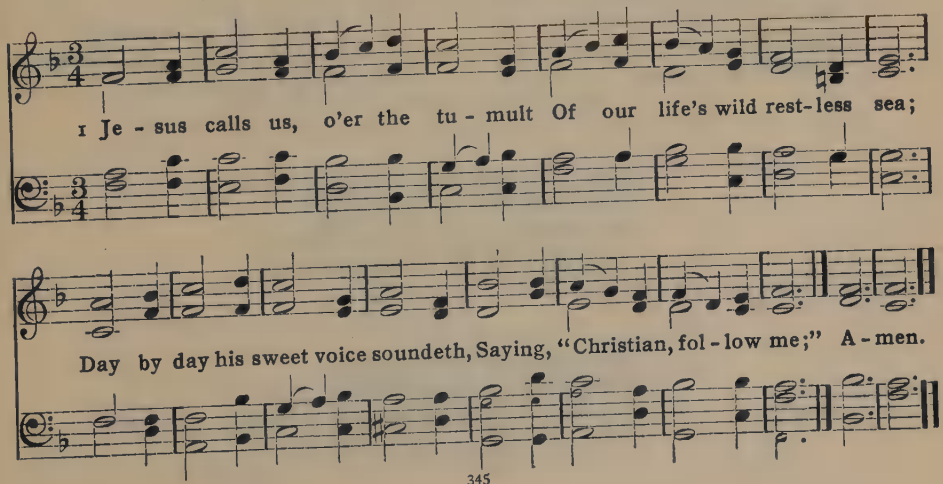
5

Jesus calls us: by thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear thy call,
Give our hearts to thy obedience,
Serve and love thee best of all.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander, 1852

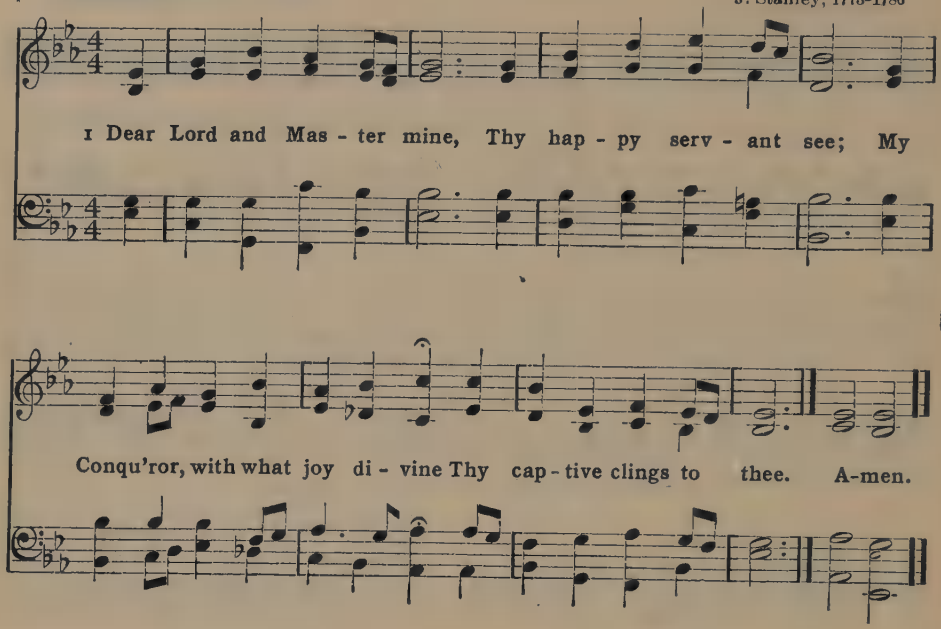
338 QUEM PASTORES LAUDAVERE 8. 7. 4 l.

Second Tune Melody from a (15th cent), German MS.


1 Je - sus calls us, o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild rest-less sea;
Day by day his sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Christian, fol - low me;" A - men.

BIRMINGHAM S. M.

J. Stanley, 1713-1786



2

I love thy yoke to wear,
To feel thy gracious bands;
Sweetly restrained by thy care,
And happy in thy hands.

3

No bar would I remove,
No bond would I unbind;
Within the limits of thy love
Full liberty I find.

4

I would not walk alone,
But still with thee, my God;
At every step my blindness own,
And ask of thee the road.

5

The weakness I enjoy
That casts me on thy breast;
The conflicts that thy strength employ
Make me divinely blest.

6

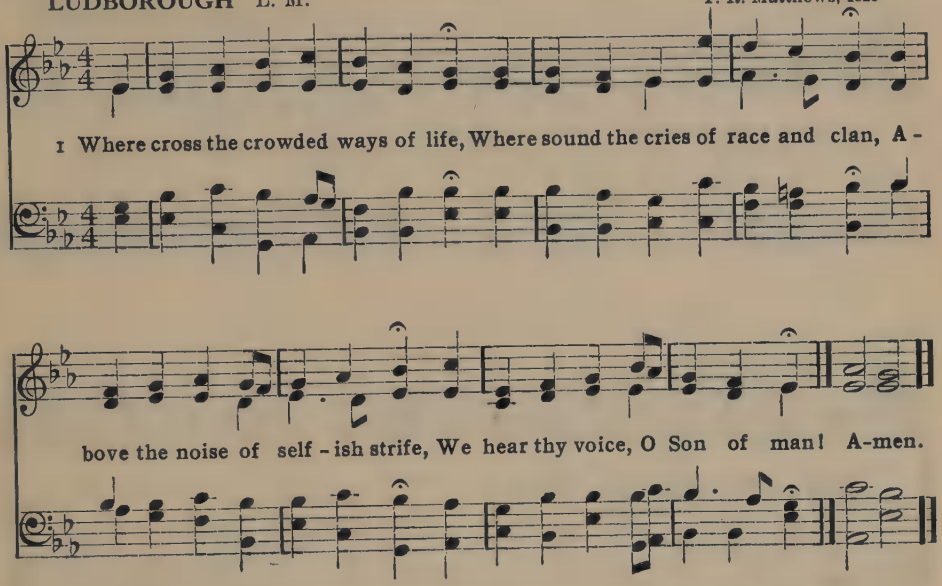
Dear Lord and Master mine,
Still keep thy servant true;
My guardian and my guide divine,
Bring, bring thy pilgrim through.

7

My Conqueror and my King,
Still keep me in thy train;
And with thee thy glad captive bring
When thou return'st to reign.

T. H. Gill, 1868

LUDBOROUGH L. M. T. R. Matthews, 1826—


1 Where cross the crowded ways of life, Where sound the cries of race and clan, A-
bove the noise of self-ish strife, We hear thy voice, O Son of man! A-men.

2

In haunts of wretchedness and need,
On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
From paths where hide the lures of greed,
We catch the vision of thy tears.

3

From tender childhood's helplessness
From woman's grief, man's burdened toil,
From famished souls, from sorrow's stress,
Thy heart has never known recoil.

4

The cup of water given for thee
Still holds the freshness of thy grace;
Yet long these multitudes to see
The sweet compassion of thy face.

5

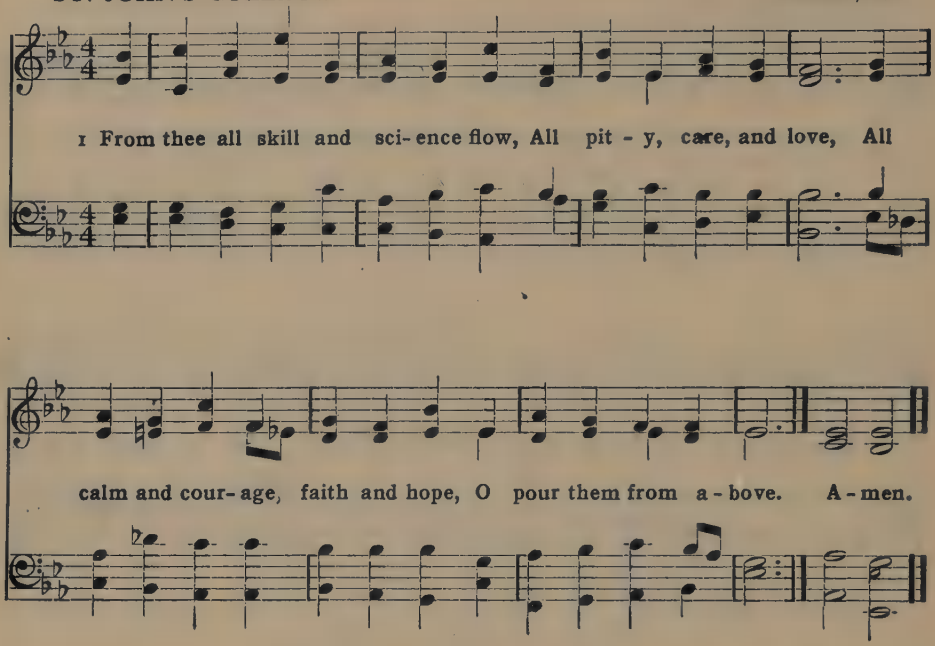
O Master, from the mountain side,
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain.
Among these restless throngs abide,
O tread the city's streets again,

6

Till sons of men shall learn thy love
And follow where thy feet have trod:
Till glorious from thy heaven above
Shall come the city of our God.

F. M. North, 1905

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE C. M. G. M. Garrett, 1872


1 From thee all skill and sci- ence flow, All pit - y, care, and love, All
calm and cour- age, faith and hope, O pour them from a - bove. A - men.

2

And part them, Lord, to each and all,
As each and all shall need,
To rise, like incense, each to thee,
In noble thought and deed.

3

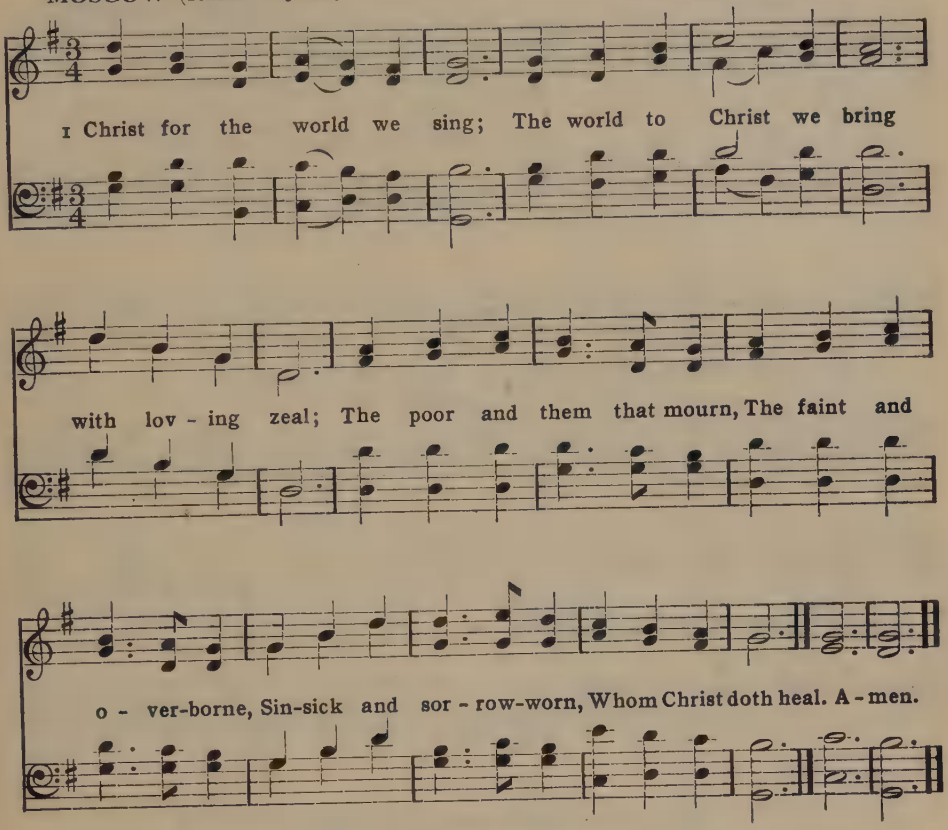
And hasten, Lord, that perfect day
When pain and death shall cease,
And thy just rule shall fill the earth
With health, and light, and peace;

4

When ever blue the sky shall gleam,
And ever green the sod,
And man's rude work deface no more
The Paradise of God.

348 Charles Kingsley, 1871

MOSCOW (Italian Hymn) 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4. Adapted from F. de Giardini, 1769


1 Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring
with lov - ing zeal; The poor and them that mourn, The faint and
o - ver-borne, Sin-sick and sor - row-worn, Whom Christ doth heal. A - men.

2

Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With fervent prayer;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost
From dark despair.

3

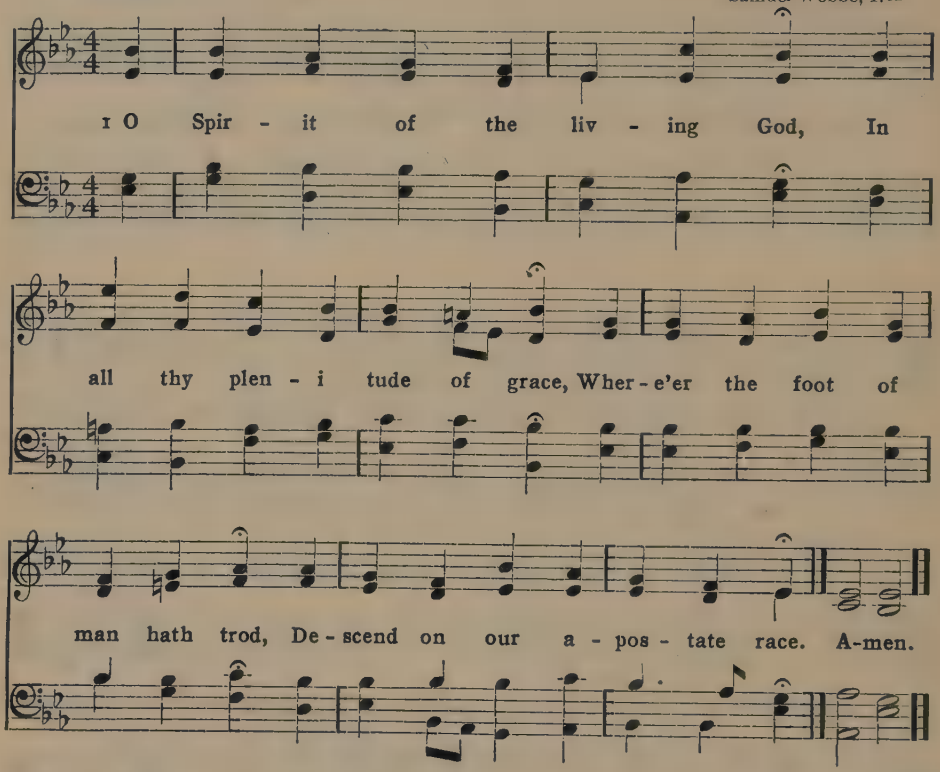
Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

4

Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With joyful song;
The new-born souls whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

349 Samuel Wolcott, 1869

MELCOMBE L. M. Samuel Webbe, 1792


1 O Spir - it of the liv - ing God, In
all thy plen - i tude of grace, Wher - e'er the foot of
man hath trod, De - scend on our a - pos - tate race. A-men.

The Spirit and the Word

2

Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

3

Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4

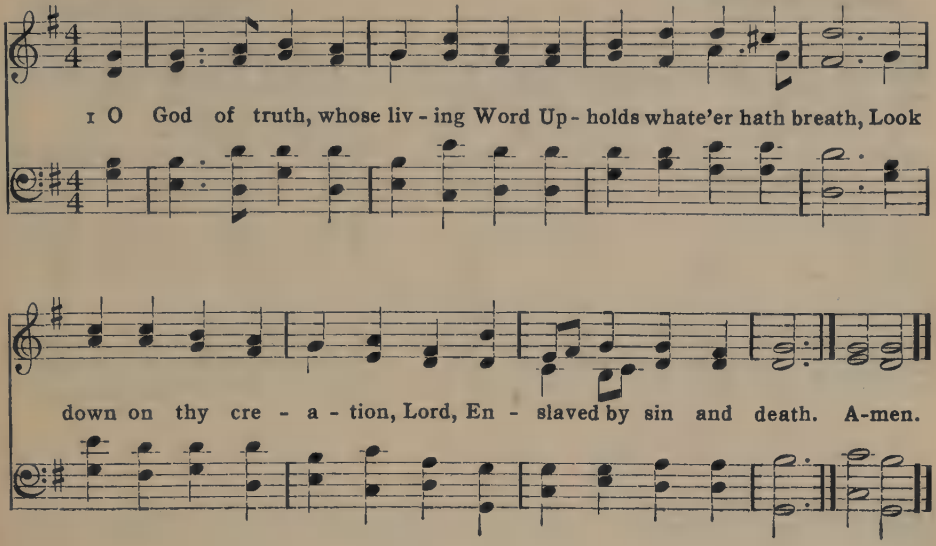
O Spirit of the Lord, prepare
All the round earth her God to meet;
Breathe thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

5

Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord,

350 James Montgomery, 1823

FARRANT C. M. Richard Farrant, 1530-1585


1 O God of truth, whose liv - ing Word Up - holds whate'er hath breath, Look
down on thy cre - a - tion, Lord, En - slaved by sin and death. A-men.

2

Set up thy standard, Lord, that we,
Who claim a heavenly birth,
May march with thee to smite the lies
That vex thy groaning earth.

3

Ah! would we join that blest array,
And follow in the might
Of him, the faithful and the true,
In raiment clean and white!

4

We fight for truth, we fight for God,—
Poor slaves of lies and sin!
He who would fight for thee on earth
Must first be true within.

5

Then, God of truth for whom we long,
Thou who wilt hear our prayer,
Do thine own battle in our hearts,
And slay the falsehood there.

6

Still smite; still burn; till naught is left
But God's own truth and love;
Then, Lord, as morning dew come down,
Rest on us from above.

7

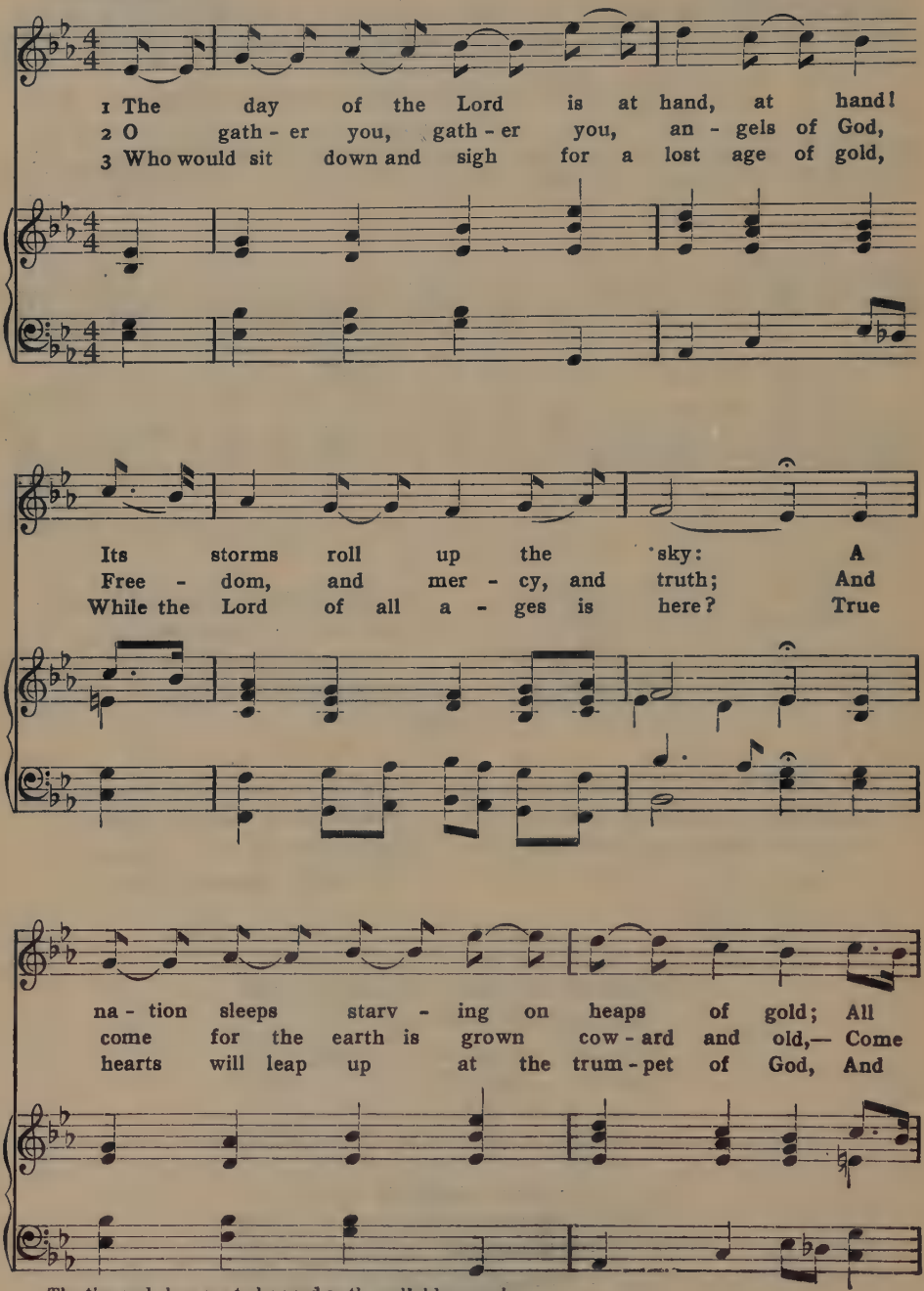
Yea, come: then, tried as in the fire,
From every lie set free,
Thy perfect truth shall dwell in us,
And we shall live in thee.

351 Thomas Hughes, 1859

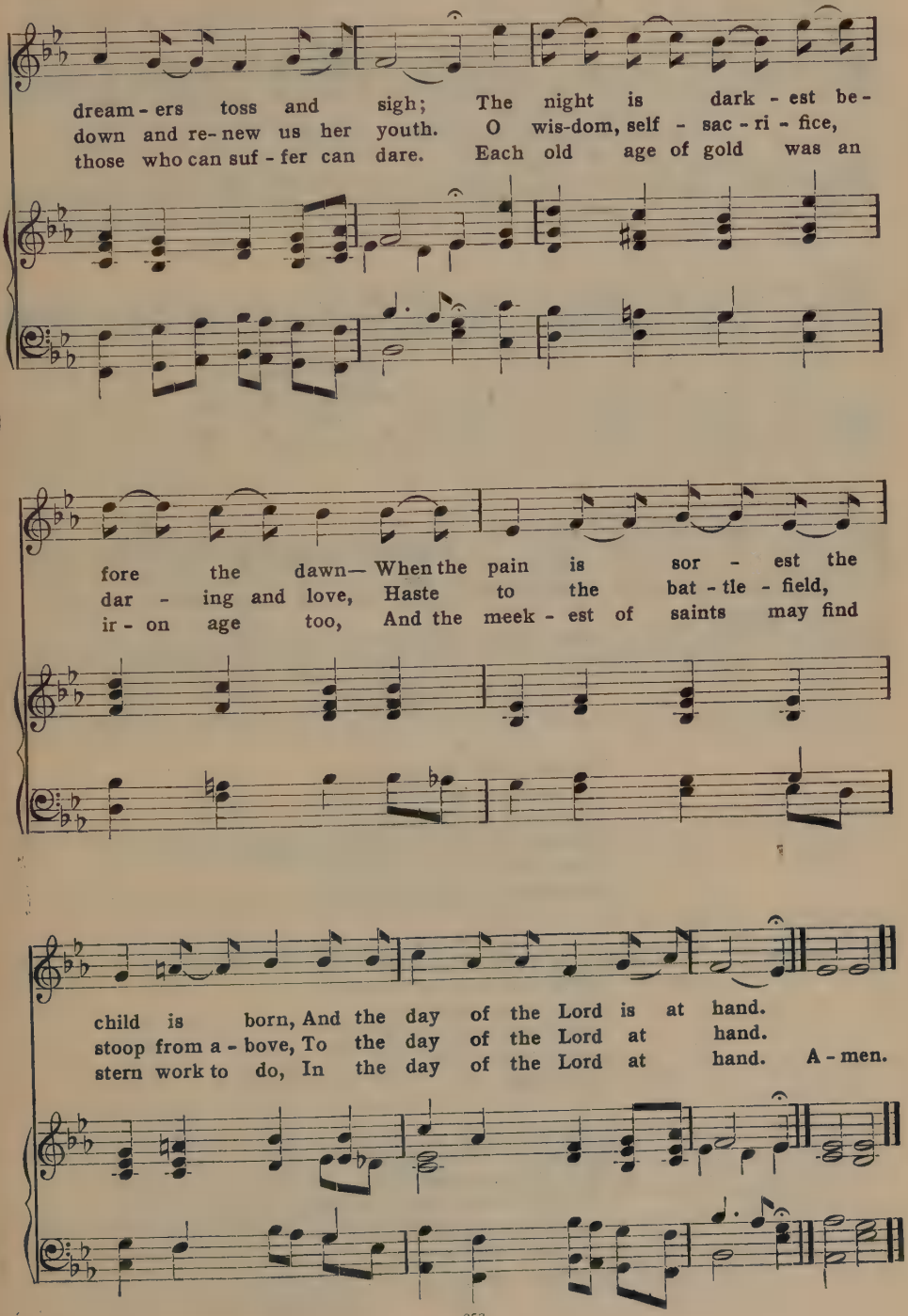
DAY OF THE LORD

Charles Kingsley, 1849

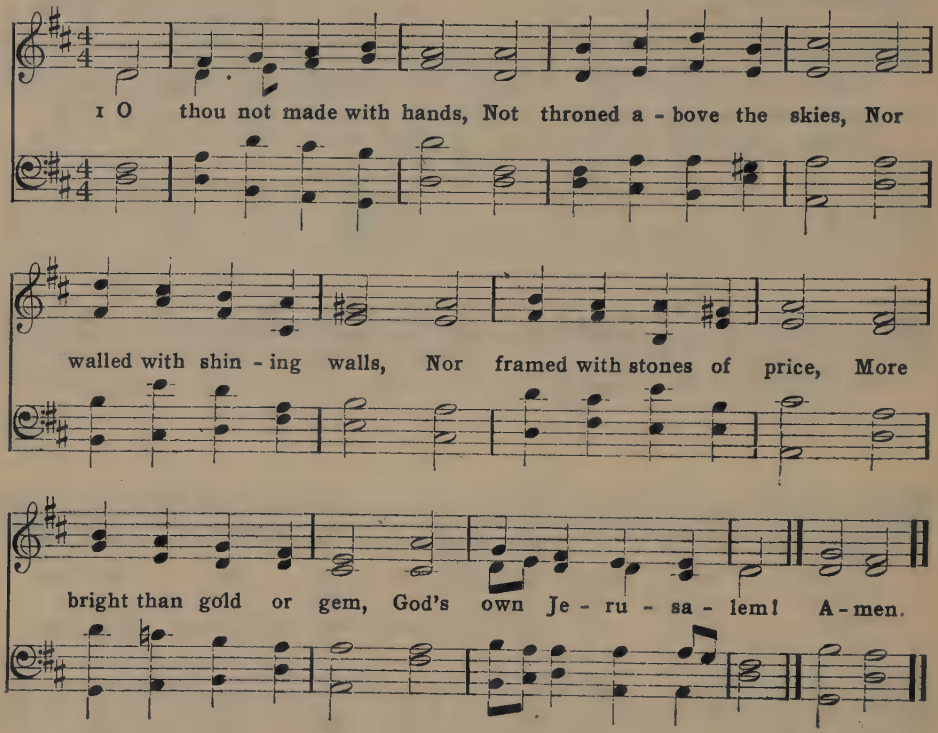
Based on a Hymn Melody of the Bohemian Brethren


1 The day of the Lord is at hand, at hand!
2 O gath - er you, gath - er you, an - gels of God,
3 Who would sit down and sigh for a lost age of gold,
Its storms roll up the sky: A
Free - dom, and mer - cy, and truth; And
While the Lord of all a - ges is here? True
na - tion sleeps starv - ing on heaps of gold; All
come for the earth is grown cow - ard and old,— Come
hearts will leap up at the trum - pet of God, And

The ties and slurs are to be used as the syllables require


dream - ers toss and sigh; The night is dark - est be -
down and re - new us her youth. O wis-dom, self - sac - ri - fice,
those who can suf - fer can dare. Each old age of gold was an
fore the dawn— When the pain is sor - est the
dar - ing and love, Haste to the bat - tle - field,
ir - on age too, And the meek - est of saints may find
child is born, And the day of the Lord is at hand.
stoop from a - bove, To the day of the Lord at hand.
stern work to do, In the day of the Lord at hand. A - men.

OLD 120th 6s. 6 l. Melody from Este's Psalter, 1592


1 O thou not made with hands, Not throned a - bove the skies, Nor
walled with shin - ing walls, Nor framed with stones of price, More
bright than gold or gem, God's own Je - ru - sa - lem! A - men.

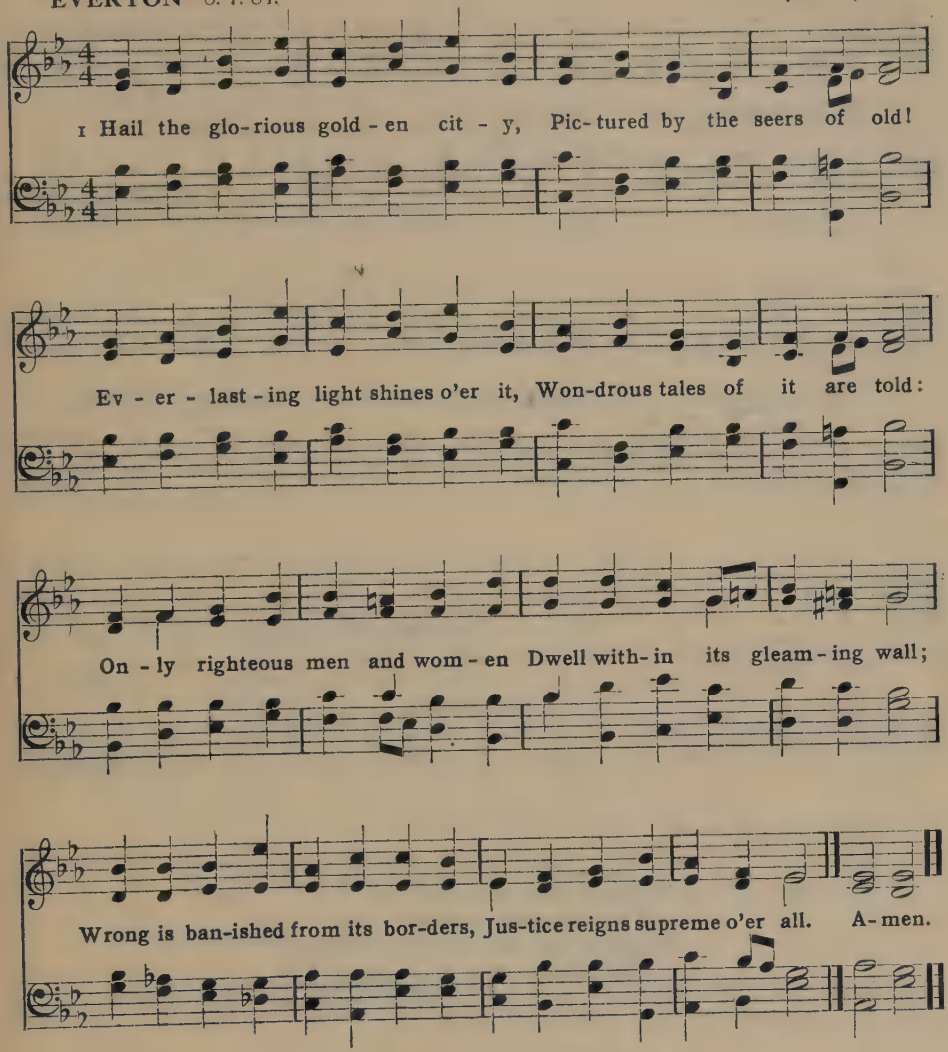
2
Thou art where'er the proud
In humbleness melts down;
Where self itself yields up;
Where martyr's win their crown;
Where faithful souls possess
Themselves in perfect peace;

3
Where in life's common ways
With cheerful feet we go;
Where in his steps we tread,
Who trod the way of woe;
Where he is in the heart,
City of God, thou art.

4
Not throned above the skies,
Nor golden-walled afar,
But where Christ's two or three
In his name gathered are,
Be in the midst of them,
God's own Jerusalem.

354 F. T. Palgrave, 1867

EVERTON 8. 7. 8 l. Henry Smart, 1867


1 Hail the glo-rious gold-en cit-y, Pic-tured by the seers of old!
Ev-er-last-ing light shines o'er it, Won-drous tales of it are told:
On-ly righteous men and wom-en Dwell with-in its gleam-ing wall;
Wrong is ban-ished from its bor-ders, Jus-tice reigns supreme o'er all. A-men.

2

We are builders of that city;
All our joys and all our groans
Help to rear its shining ramparts;
All our lives are building-stones:
Whether humble or exalted,
All are called to task divine;
All must aid alike to carry
Forward one sublime design.

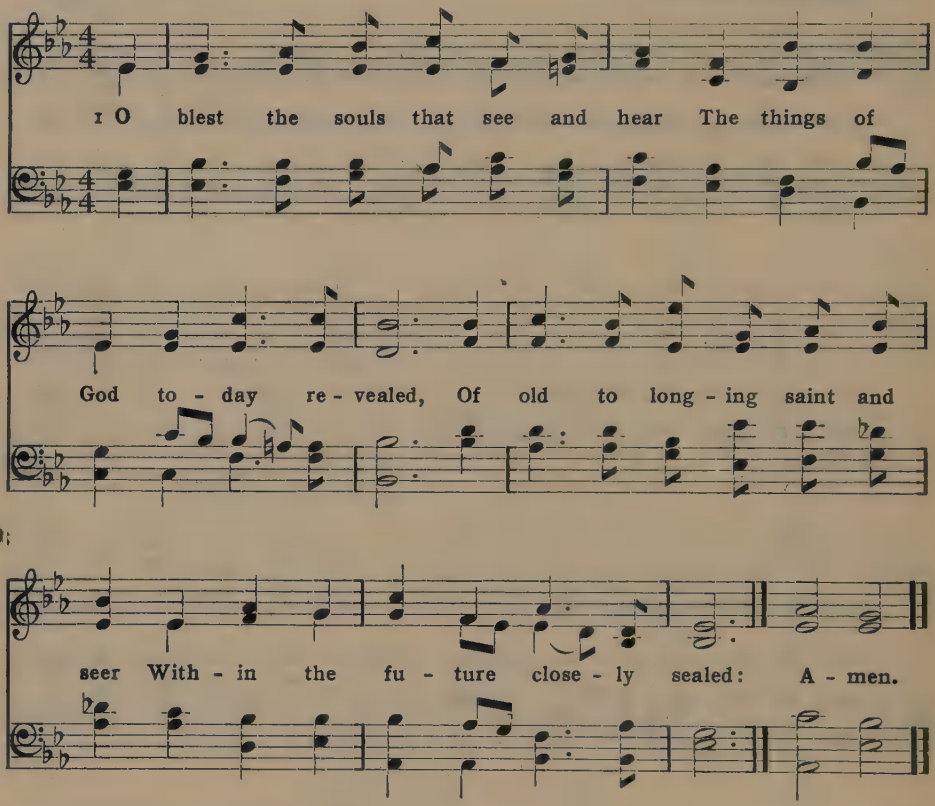
3

And the work that we have builded,
Oft with bleeding hands and tears,
And in error and in anguish,
Will not perish with our years:
It will last and shine transfigured
In the final reign of right;
It will merge into the splendors
Of the city of the light.

Felix Adler, 1878, 1909

By permission of Editors of Hymns of the Kingdom of God

THORPE L. M. Samuel Reay, 1822–


1 O blest the souls that see and hear The things of
God to - day re - vealed, Of old to long - ing saint and
seer With - in the fu - ture close - ly sealed: A - men.

2

The stir of nations near and far,
The wakened hearts that beat as one,
The flow of peace, the ebb of war,
The passing night, the risen sun!

3

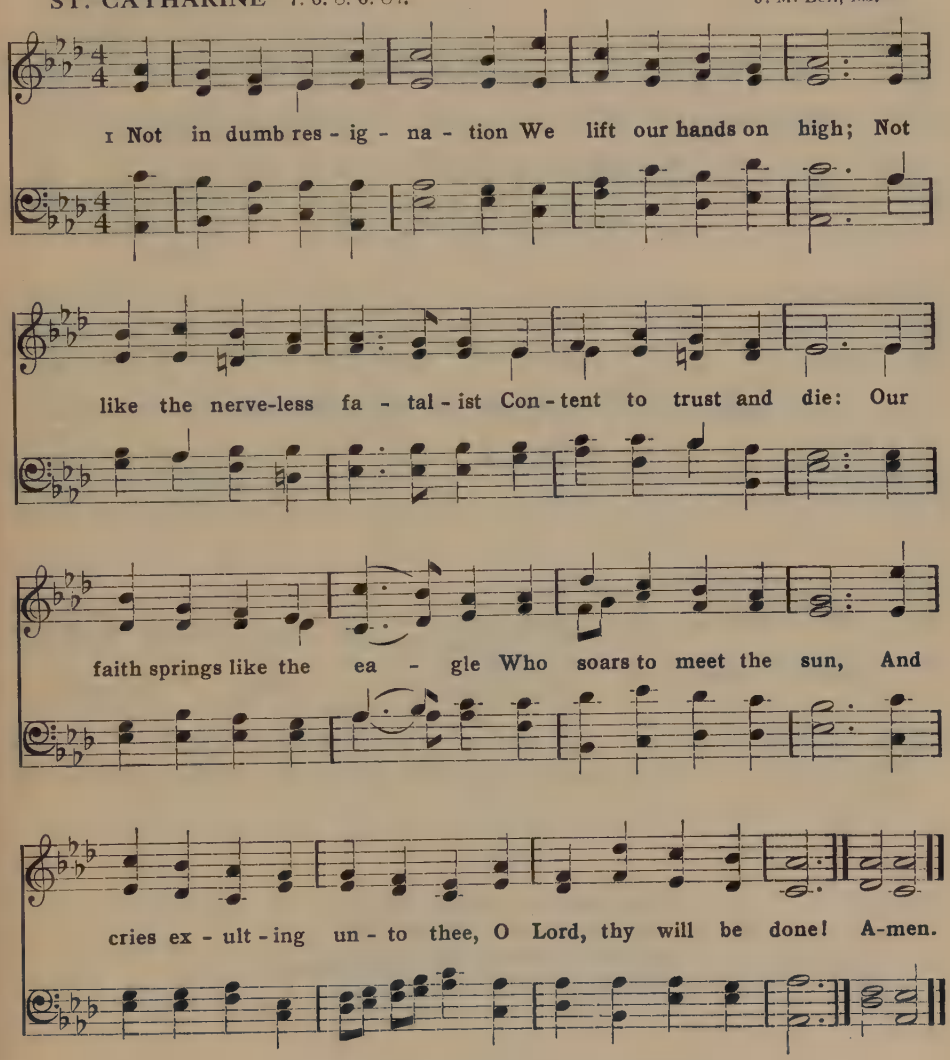
Be ours the vision, ours the will
To follow, though the faithless ban,
The love that triumphs over ill,
The trust in God and hope for man.

4

And thou whose tides of purpose bear
These mortal lives that come and go,
Give us to feel through toil and prayer
Thy deep eternal underflow!

 F. L. Hosmer, 1909

ST. CATHARINE 7. 6. 8. 6. 8l. J. M. Bell, 1837—

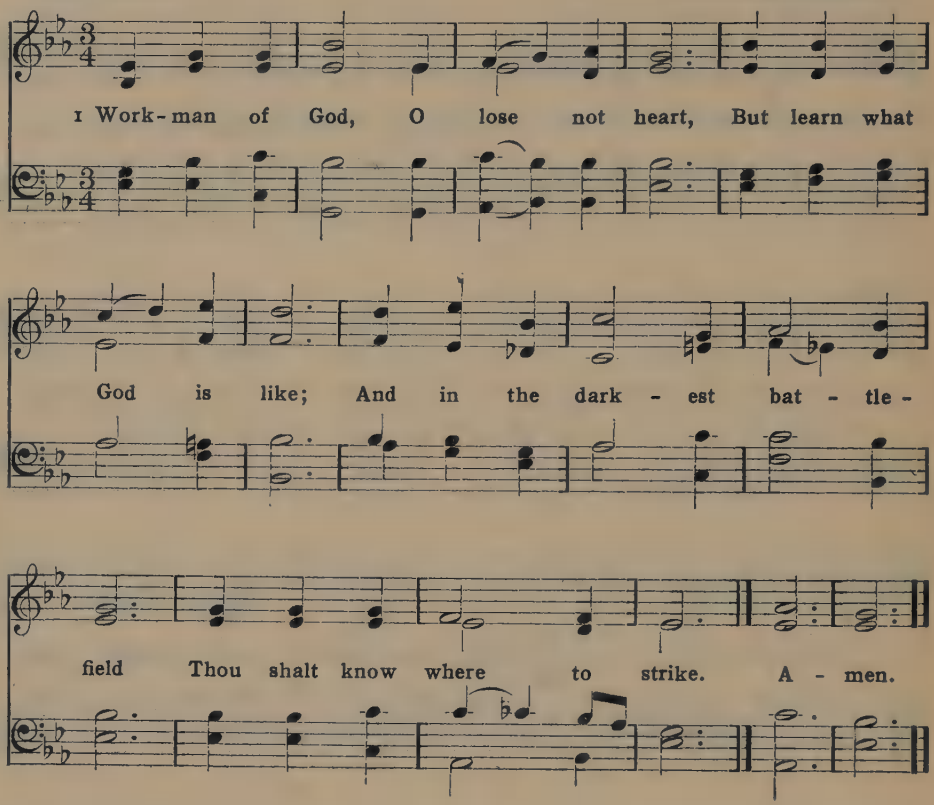

1 Not in dumb res - ig - na - tion We lift our hands on high; Not
like the nerve-less fa - tal - ist Con - tent to trust and die: Our
faith springs like the ea - gle Who soars to meet the sun, And
cries ex - ult - ing un - to thee, O Lord, thy will be done! A-men.

2

Thy will! It strengthens weakness,
It bids the strong be just;
No lip to fawn, no hand to beg,
No brow to seek the dust.
Wherever man oppresses man
Beneath thy liberal sun,
O Lord be there thine arm made bare,
Thy righteous will be done!

357 John Hay, 1891

WALDRONS C. M.

C. E. Miller, 1856—

1 Work-man of God, O lose not heart, But learn what
God is like; And in the dark - est bat - tle -
field Thou shalt know where to strike. A - men.

2

Thrice blest is he who can divine,
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

3

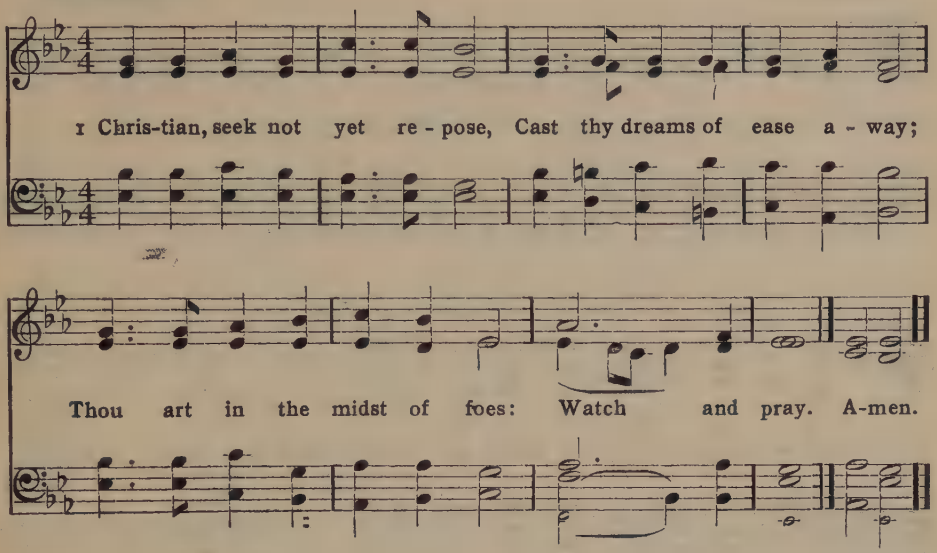
Then learn to scorn the praise of men,
And learn to lose with God;
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee his road.

4

For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

358 F. W. Faber, 1849

VIGILATE 7. 7. 7. 3. W. H. Monk, 1868



2 *Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation*

Principalities and powers
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours:
Watch and pray.

3

Gird thy heavenly armor on,
Wear it ever, night and day:
Ambushed lies the evil one:
Watch and pray.

4

Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warriors way;
All with one sweet voice exclaim,
"Watch and pray."

5

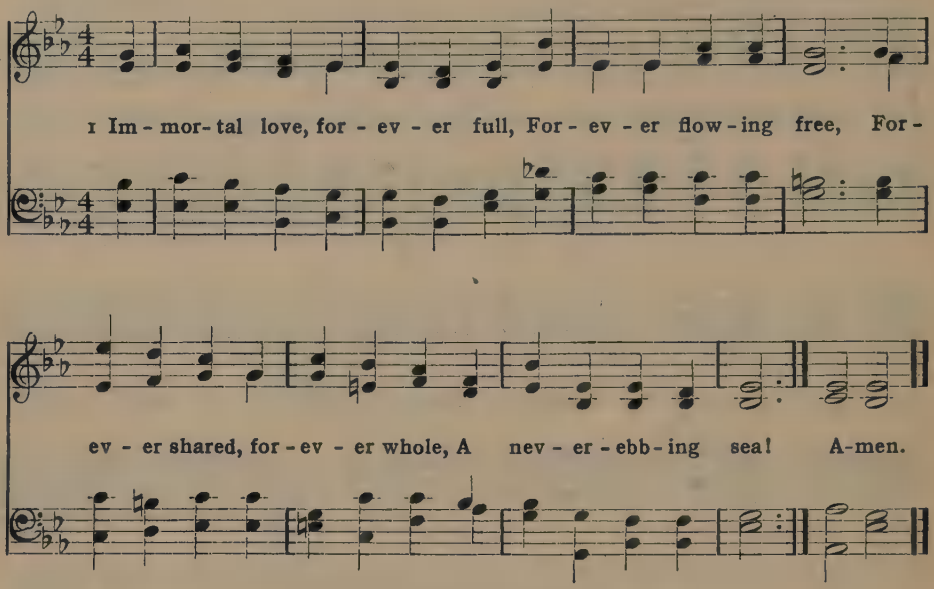
Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart his word,
"Watch and pray."

6

Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray, that help may be sent down:
Watch and pray.

359 Charlotte Elliott, 1839

FINGAL C. M. J. S. Anderson, 1865



Part I

2

Our outward lips confess the name
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

3

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For him no depths can drown:

4

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

5

The healing of his seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

6

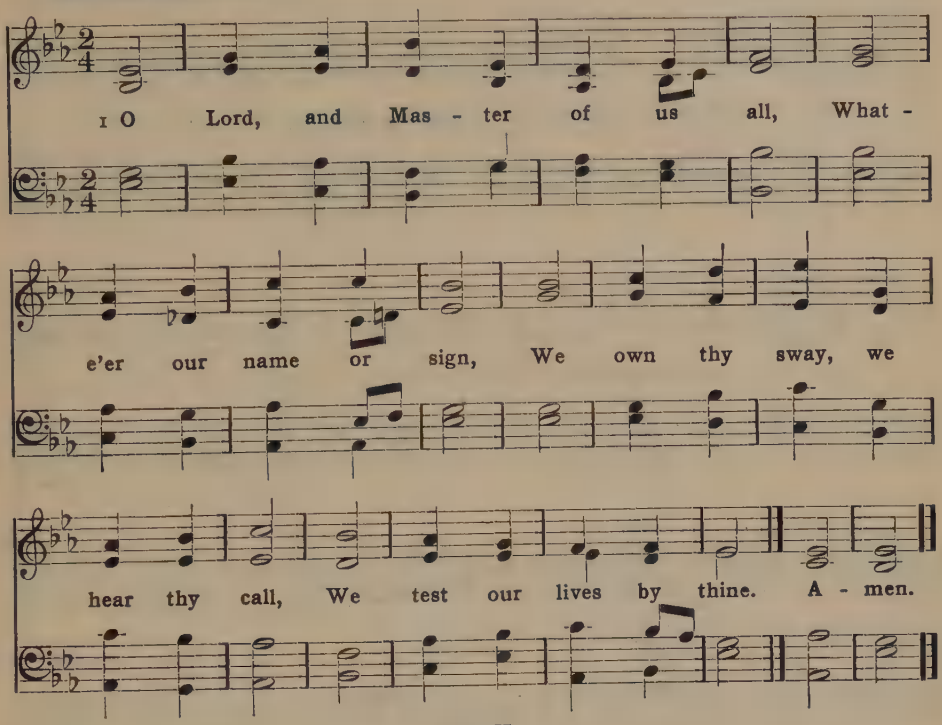
Through him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with his name.

7

Alone, O love ineffable,
Thy saving name is given;
To turn aside from thee is hell,
To walk with thee is heaven.

360 J. G. Whittier, 1866

CAITHNESS C. M. Melody in Scottish Psalter, 1635



Part II

2

Thou judgest us; thy purity
Doth all our lusts condemn;
The love that draws us nearer thee
Is hot with wrath to them;

3

Our thoughts lie open to thy sight;
And naked to thy glance,
Our secret sins are in the light
Of thy pure countenance.

4

Yet weak and blinded though we be
Thou dost our service own;
We bring our varying gifts to thee,
And thou rejectest none.

5

To thee our full humanity,
Its joys and pains belong;
The wrong of man to man on thee
Inflicts a deeper wrong.

6

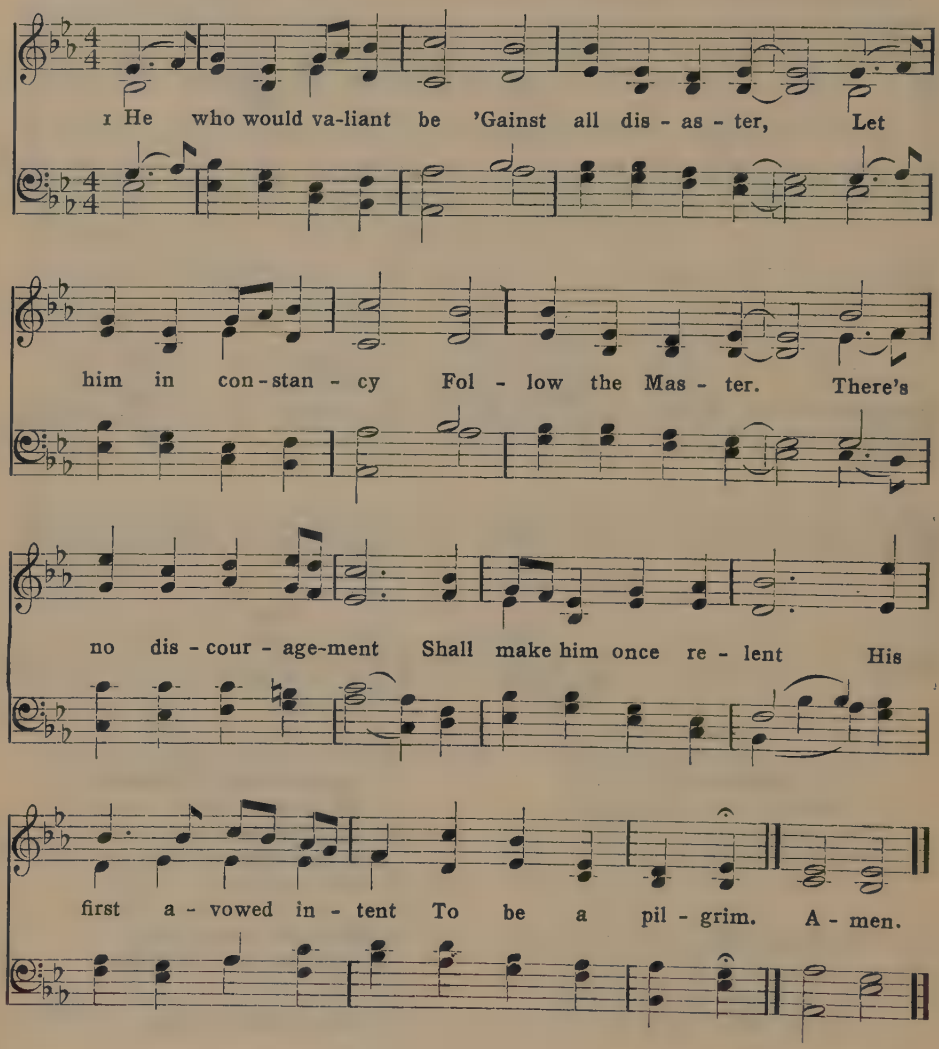
Who hates, hates thee; who loves, becomes
Therein to thee allied:
All sweet accords of hearts and homes
In thee are multiplied.

7

Apart from thee all gain is loss,
All labor vainly done;
The solemn shadow of the cross
Is better than the sun.

361 J. G. Whittier, 1866

MONK'S GATE 11. 11. 12. 11. Adapted from an English Traditional Melody


1 He who would va-liant be 'Gainst all dis - as - ter, Let
him in con-stan - cy Fol - low the Mas - ter. There's
no dis - cour - age-ment Shall make him once re - lent His
first a - vowed in - tent To be a pil - grim. A - men.

2

Who so beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound—
His strength the more is.
No lion can him fright,
He'll with a giant fight
But he will have the right
To be a pilgrim.

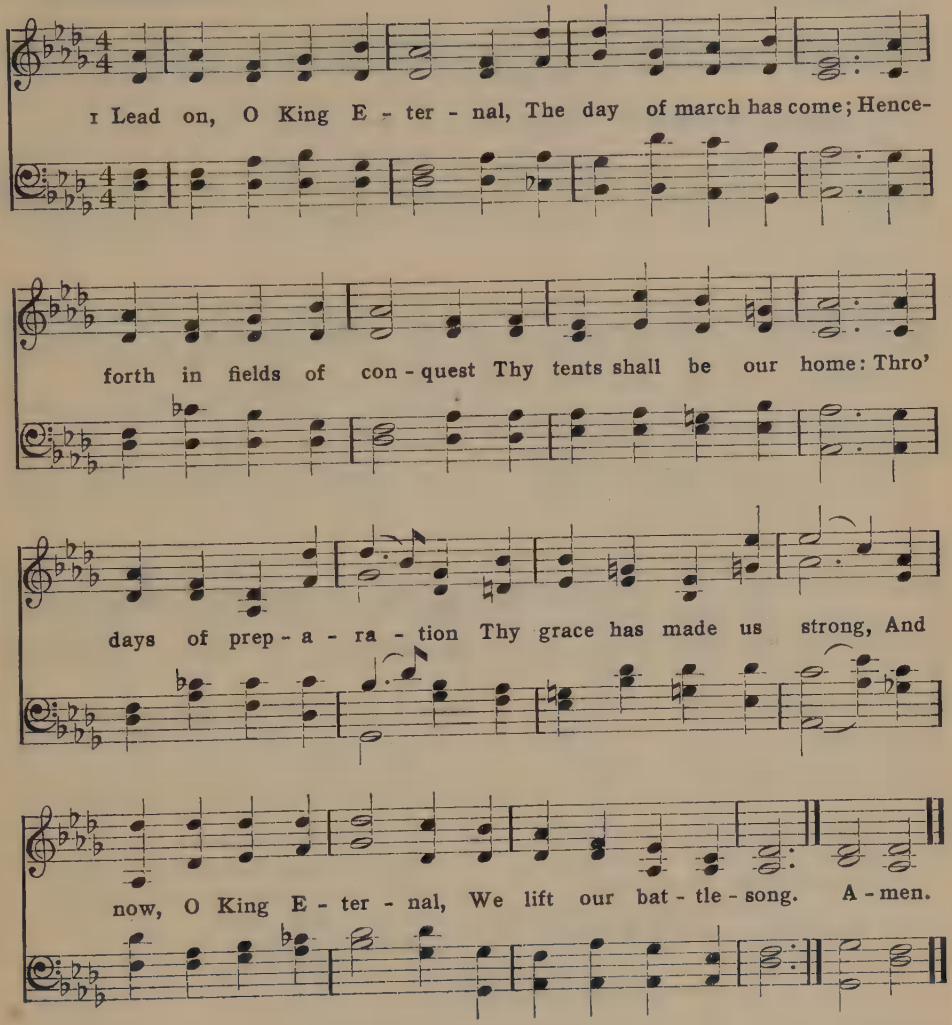
3

Since, Lord, thou dost defend
Us with thy Spirit,
We know we at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies flee away!
I'll fear not what men say,
I'll labor night and day
To be a pilgrim.

362

J. Bunyan, 1628-88, and others

LANCASHIRE 7. 6. 8 l. Henry Smart, 1836


1 Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, The day of march has come; Hence-
forth in fields of con - quest Thy tents shall be our home: Thro'
days of prep - a - ra - tion Thy grace has made us strong, And
now, O King E - ter - nal, We lift our bat - tle - song. A - men.

The Captain of our Salvation

2

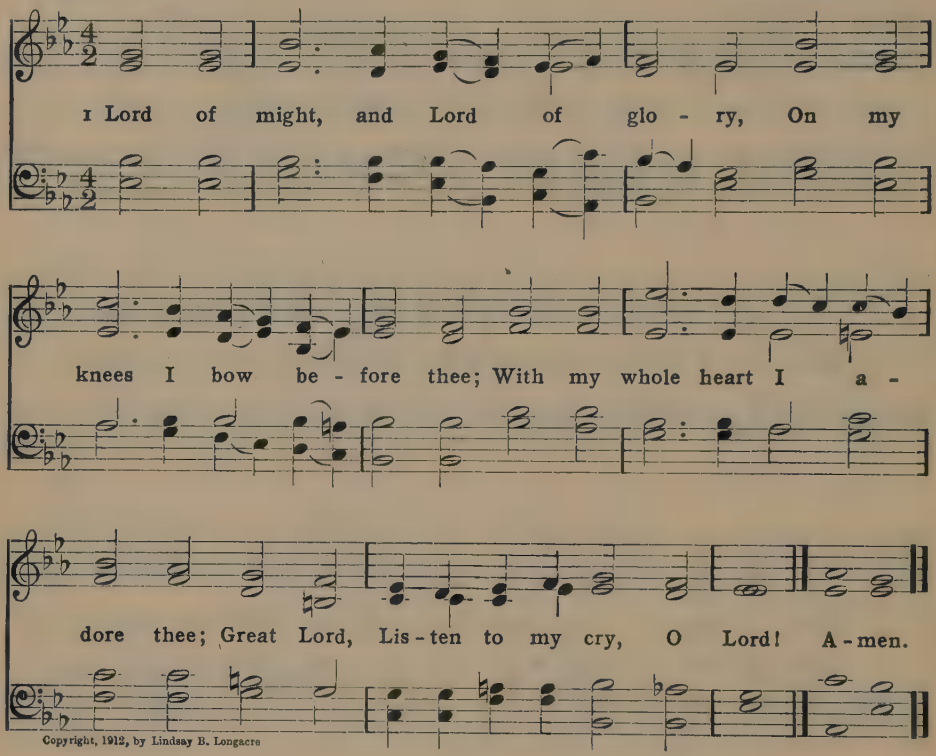
Lead on, O King Eternal,
Till sin's fierce war shall cease,
And holiness shall whisper
The sweet amen of peace;
For not with swords loud clashing,
Nor roll of stirring drums,
But deeds of love and mercy
The heavenly kingdom comes.

3

Lead on, O King Eternal:
We follow, not with fears;
For gladness breaks like morning
Where'er thy face appears;
Thy cross is lifted o'er us;
We journey in its light;
The crown awaits the conquest;
Lead on, O God of might.

E. W. Shurtleff, 1888

ILIFF 8. 8. 8. 2. 7. Lindsay B. Longacre


1 Lord of might, and Lord of glo - ry, On my
knees I bow be - fore thee; With my whole heart I a -
dore thee; Great Lord, Lis - ten to my cry, O Lord! A - men.

Copyright, 1912, by Lindsay B. Longacre

2

Groping dim, and bending lowly,
Mortal vision catcheth slowly
Glimpses of the pure and holy;
Now, Lord,
Open thou mine eyes, O Lord!

3

In the deed that no man knoweth,
Where no praiseful trumpet bloweth,
Where he may not reap who soweth,
There, Lord,
Let my heart serve thee, O Lord!

4

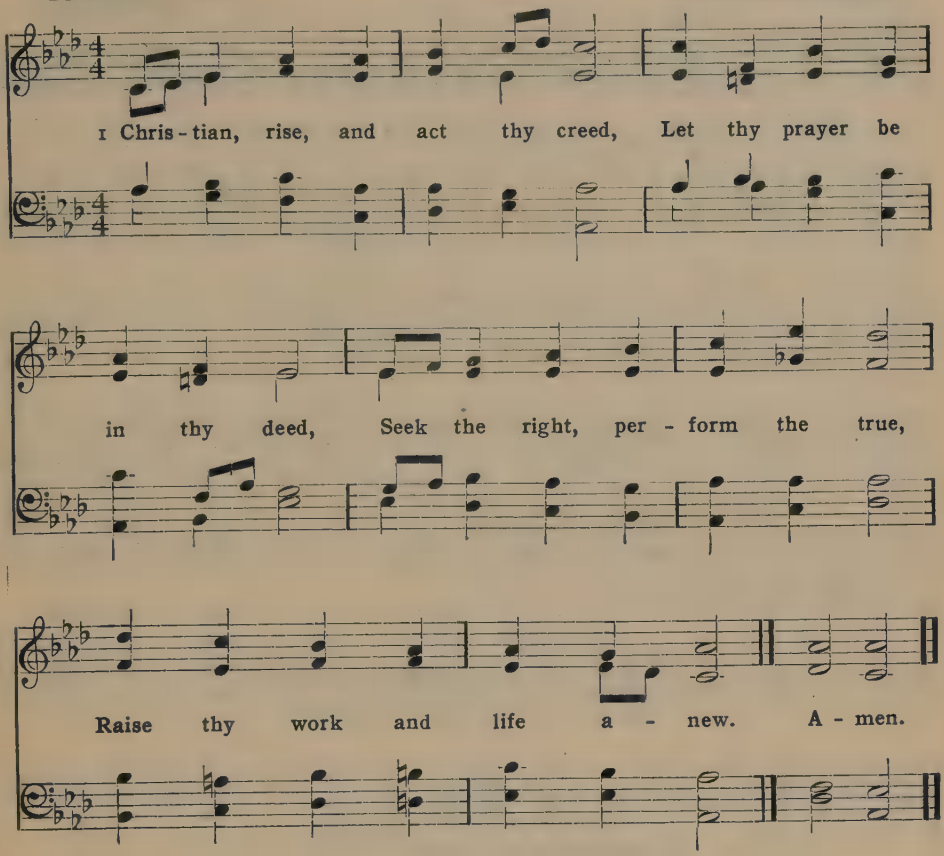
In the work that no gold payeth,
Where he speedeth best who prayeth,
Doeth most who little sayeth,
There, Lord,
Let me work thy will, O Lord!

5

In his name, who meek and lowly,
Died to make poor sinners holy,
Stumbling oft, and creeping slowly,
Great Lord,
Guide me by thy truth, O Lord!

364 J. S. Blackie, 1876

BARNET 7s. 4 l. Arthur Cottman, 1842-1879


1 Chris - tian, rise, and act thy creed, Let thy prayer be
in thy deed, Seek the right, per - form the true,
Raise thy work and life a - new. A - men.

2

Hearts around thee sink with care;
Thou canst help their load to bear,
Thou canst bring inspiring light,
Arm their faltering wills to fight.

3

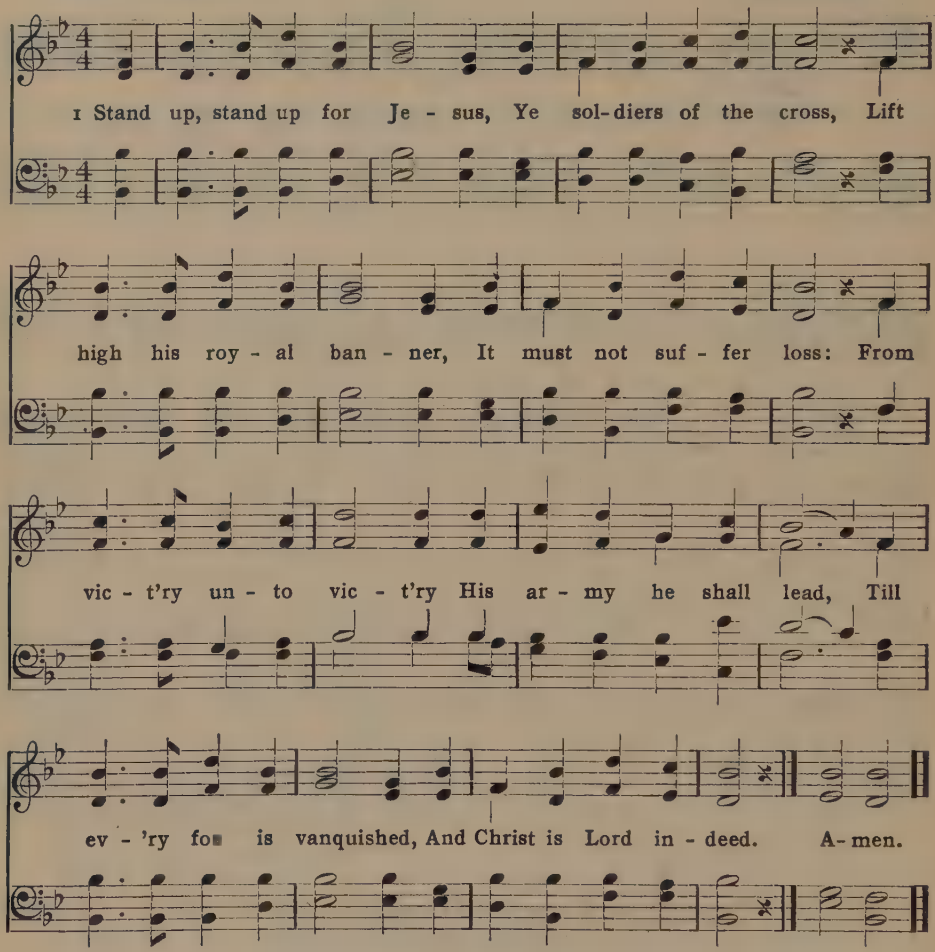
Let thine alms be hope and joy,
And thy worship, God's employ;
Give him thanks in humble zeal,
Learning all his will to feel.

4

Come then, law divine, and reign,
Freest faith assailed in vain,
Perfect love bereft of fear,
Born in heaven and radiant here.

 F. A. Rollo Russell, 1849—

WEBB 7. 6. 8 l. G. J. Webb, 1837


1 Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross, Lift
high his roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From
vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my he shall lead, Till
ev - 'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed. A-men.

2

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this his glorious day:
Ye that are men now serve him
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3

Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4

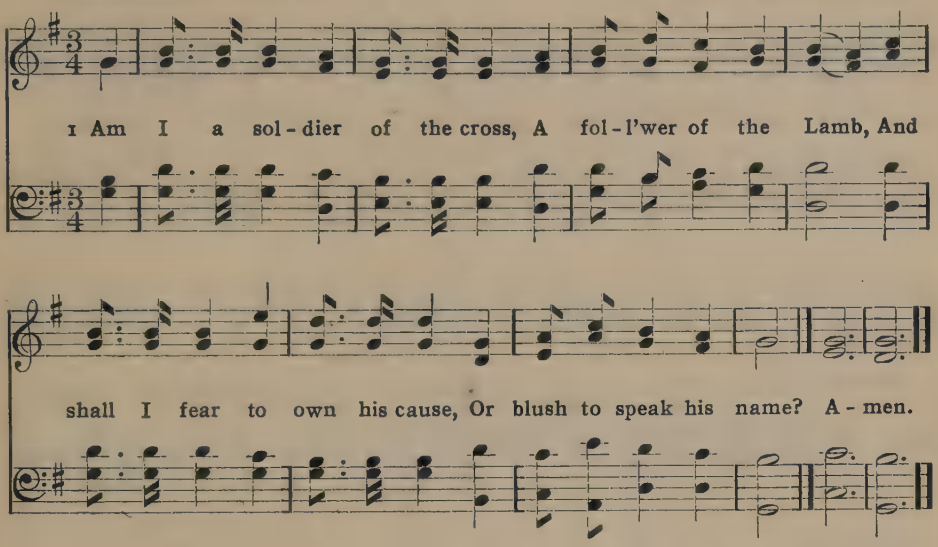
Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

Ephesians vi: 10-13

George Duffield, 1858

ARLINGTON C. M.

Arr. from T. A. Arne, 1762



Watch ye, stand fast in the faith: quit you like men; be strong.—1 Cor. xvi: 13

2

Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3

Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4

Sure I must fight if I would reign:
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5

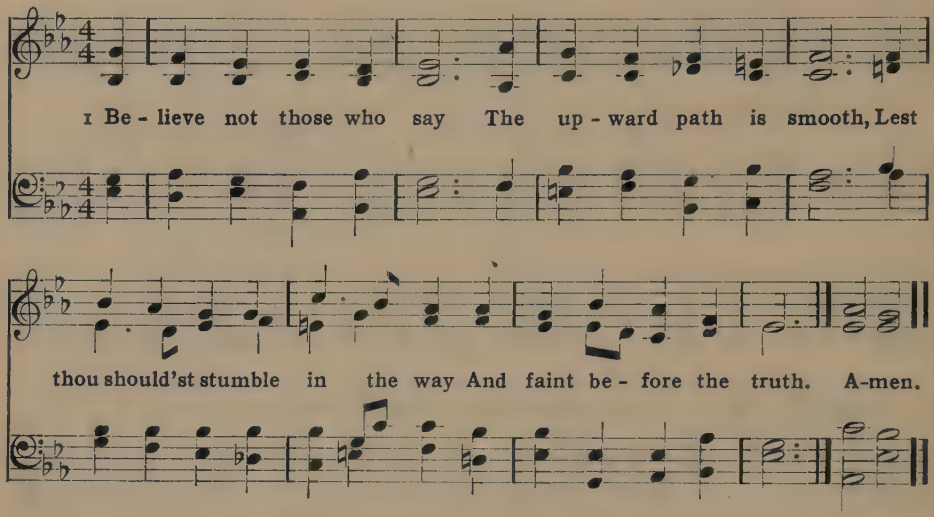
Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die:
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6

When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

Isaac Watts, 1723

WOODCHURCH S. M. F. R. Statham, 1872


1 Be - lieve not those who say The up - ward path is smooth, Lest
thou should'st stumble in the way And faint be - fore the truth. A-men.

2 *The narrow way.—Matt. vii: 13-14*

It is the only road
  Unto the realms of joy;
But he who seeks that blest abode,
  Must all his powers employ.

3

Arm—arm thee for the fight!
  Cast useless loads away:
Watch through the darkest hours of night:
  Toil through the hottest day.

4

To labor and to love,
  To pardon and endure,
To lift thy heart to God above,
  And keep thy conscience pure;

5

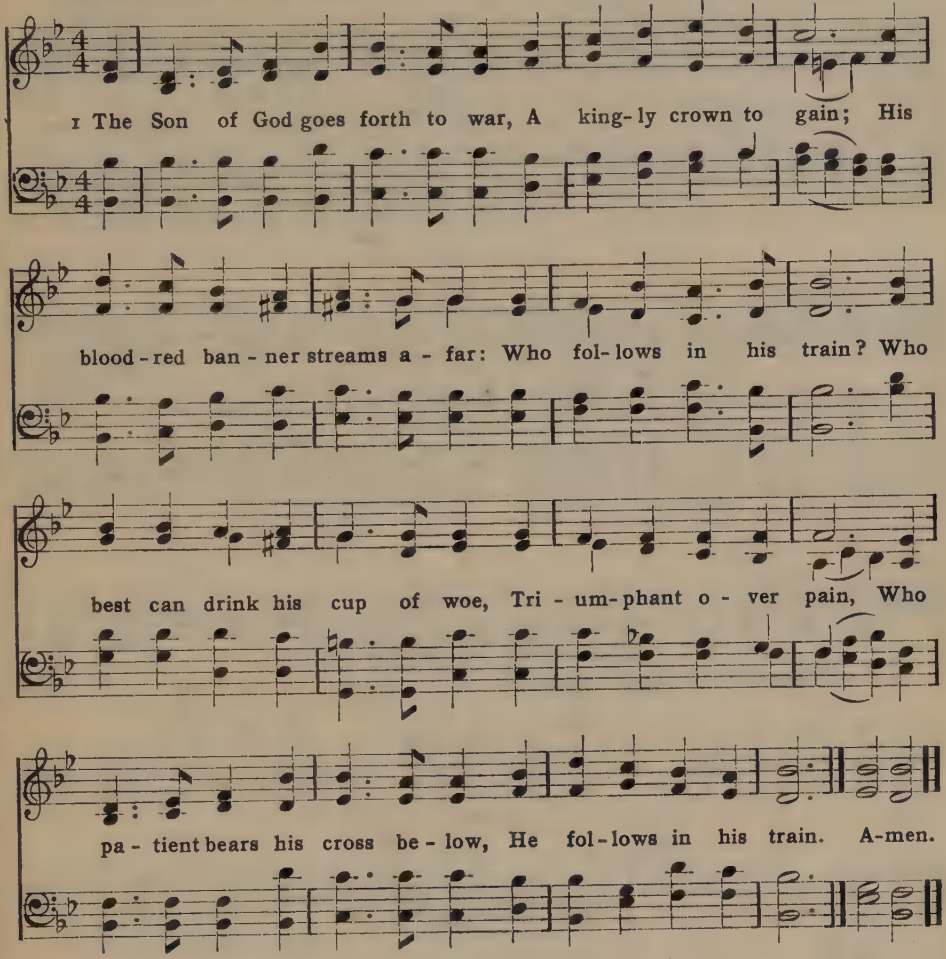
Be this thy constant aim,
  Thy hope, thy chief delight;
What matter who should whisper blame,
  Or who should scorn or slight;

6

If but thy God approve,
  And if within thy breast,
Thou feel the comfort of his love
  The earnest of his rest?

368 Anne Bronte, 1820-1849

ALL SAINTS NEW C. M. D. H. S. Cutler, 1872


1 The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain; His
blood-red ban-ner streams a-far: Who fol-lows in his train? Who
best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-um-phant o-ver pain, Who
pa-tient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in his train. A-men.

2

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on him to save:
Like him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

3

A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came, [knew,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
And mocked the cross and flame:
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane; [feel:
They bowed their necks the death to
Who follows in their train?

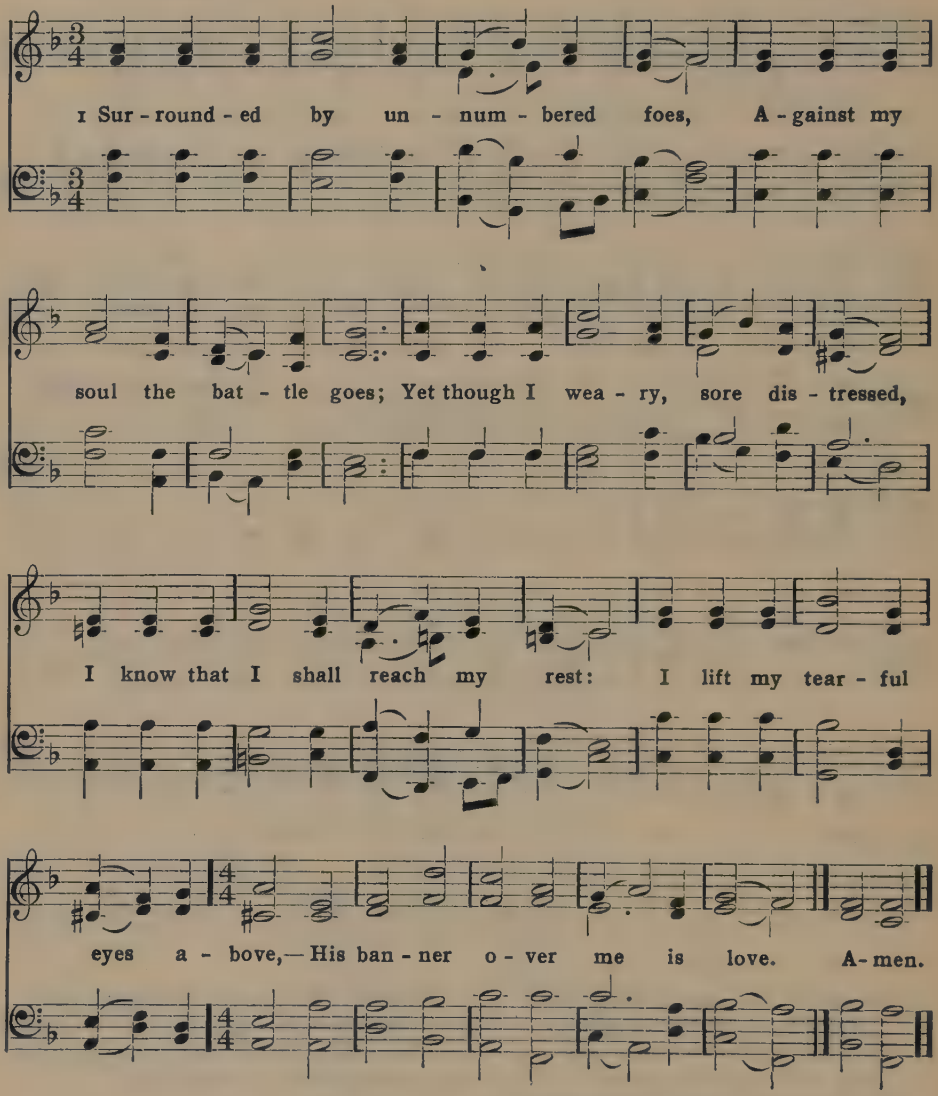
4

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed:
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

Reginald Heber, 1783-1826

GOD OF THE LIVING 8s. 6 l.

E. Hulton


1 Sur - round - ed by un - num - bered foes, A - gainst my
soul the bat - tle goes; Yet though I wea - ry, sore dis - tressed,
I know that I shall reach my rest: I lift my tear - ful
eyes a - bove,— His ban - ner o - ver me is love. A - men.

2

Its sword my spirit will not yield,
Though flesh may faint upon the field;
He waves before my fading sight
The branch of palm, the crown of light:
I lift my brightening eyes above,—
His banner over me is love.

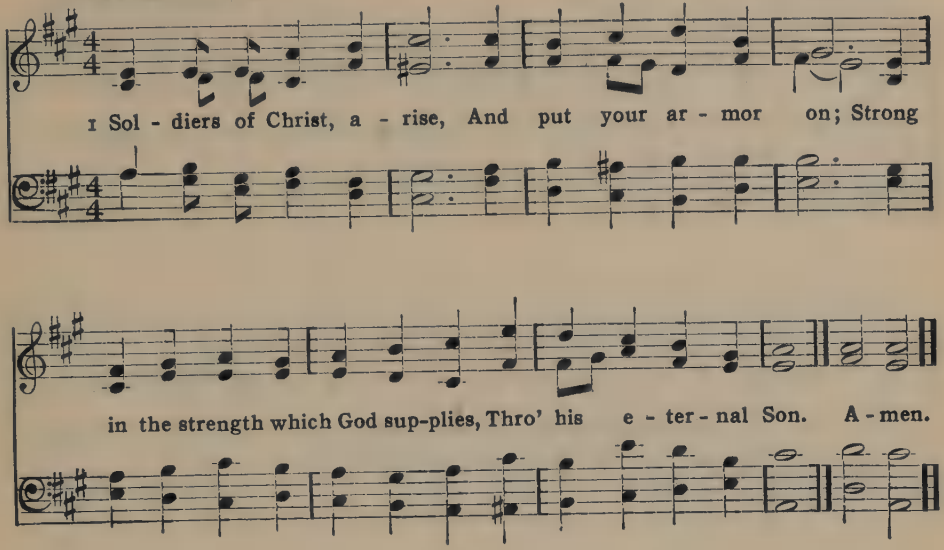
3

My cloud of battle-dust may dim,
His veil of splendor curtain him;
And in the midnight of my fear
I may not feel him standing near:
But, as I lift mine eyes above,
His banner over me is love.

370

Gerald Massey, 1869

DOMENICA S. M. H. S. Oakley, 1889



2 *"The whole armor of God."—Eph. vi: 10-12*

Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3

Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4

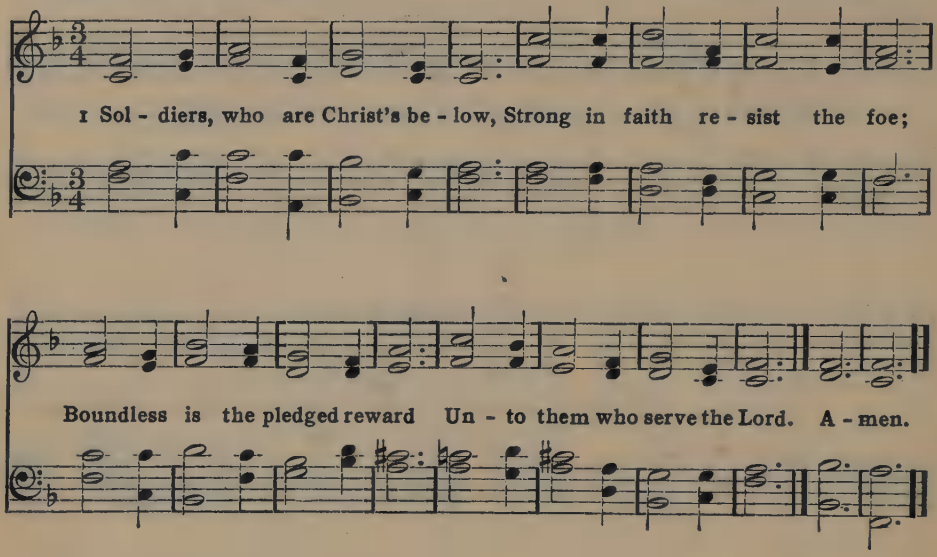
From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

5

That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

371 Charles Wesley, 1749

ORIENTIS PARTIBUS 7s. 4 l. Mediæval French Melody


1 Sol - diers, who are Christ's be - low, Strong in faith re - sist the foe;
Boundless is the pledged reward Un - to them who serve the Lord. A - men.

Romans viii: 18:
2 Corinthians iv: 17–18

2

'Tis no palm of fading leaves
That the conqueror's hand receives;
Joys are his, serene and pure,
Light that ever shall endure.

3

For the souls that overcome
Waits the beauteous heavenly home,
Where the blessèd evermore
Tread on high the starry floor.

4

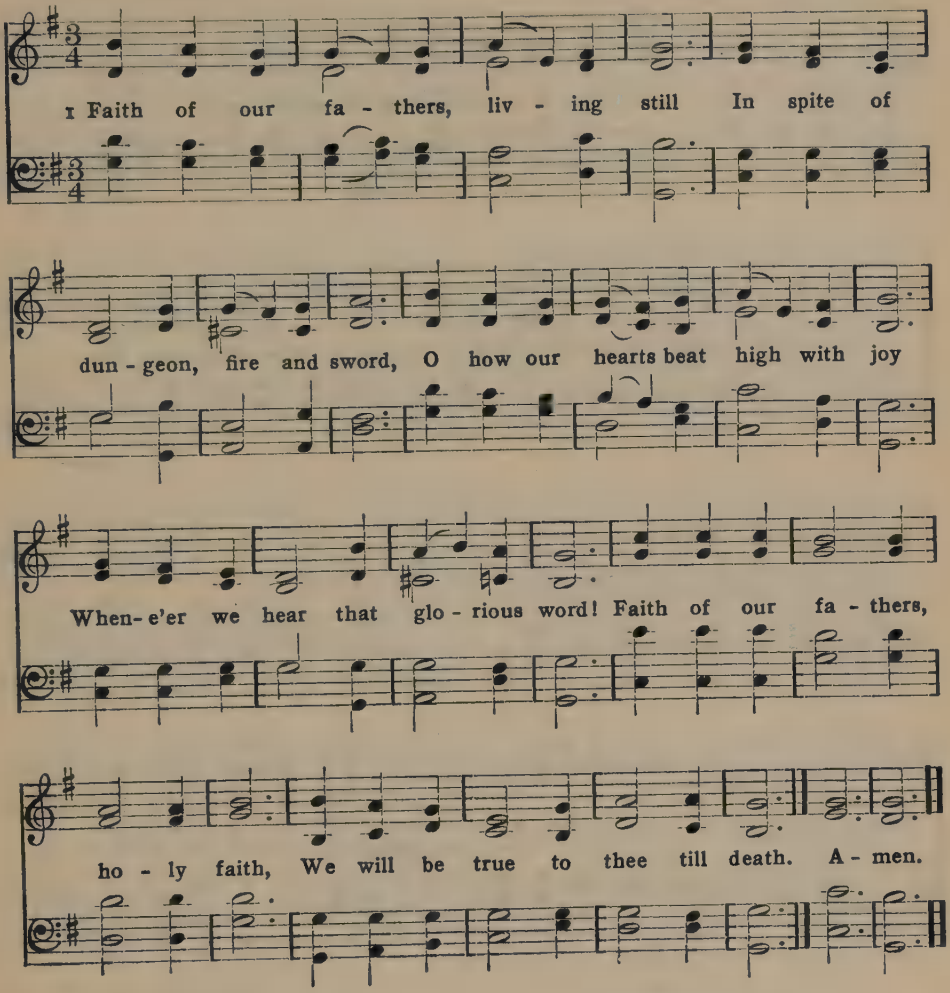
Passing soon and little worth
Are the things that tempt on earth;
Heavenward lift thy soul's regard;
God himself is thy reward.

5

Father who the crown dost give,
Saviour by whose death we live,
Spirit who our hearts doth raise,
Three in One, thy name we praise.

372 Anon. Latin, (18th Cent.): Tr. J. H. Clark, 1865

ST. CATHERINE 8s. 6 l. H. F. Hemy, 1865 and J. G. Walton, 1874


1 Faith of our fa - thers, liv - ing still In spite of
dun - geon, fire and sword, O how our hearts beat high with joy
When- e'er we hear that glo - rious word! Faith of our fa - thers,
ho - ly faith, We will be true to thee till death. A - men.

2

Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
And blest would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, should die for thee:
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

3

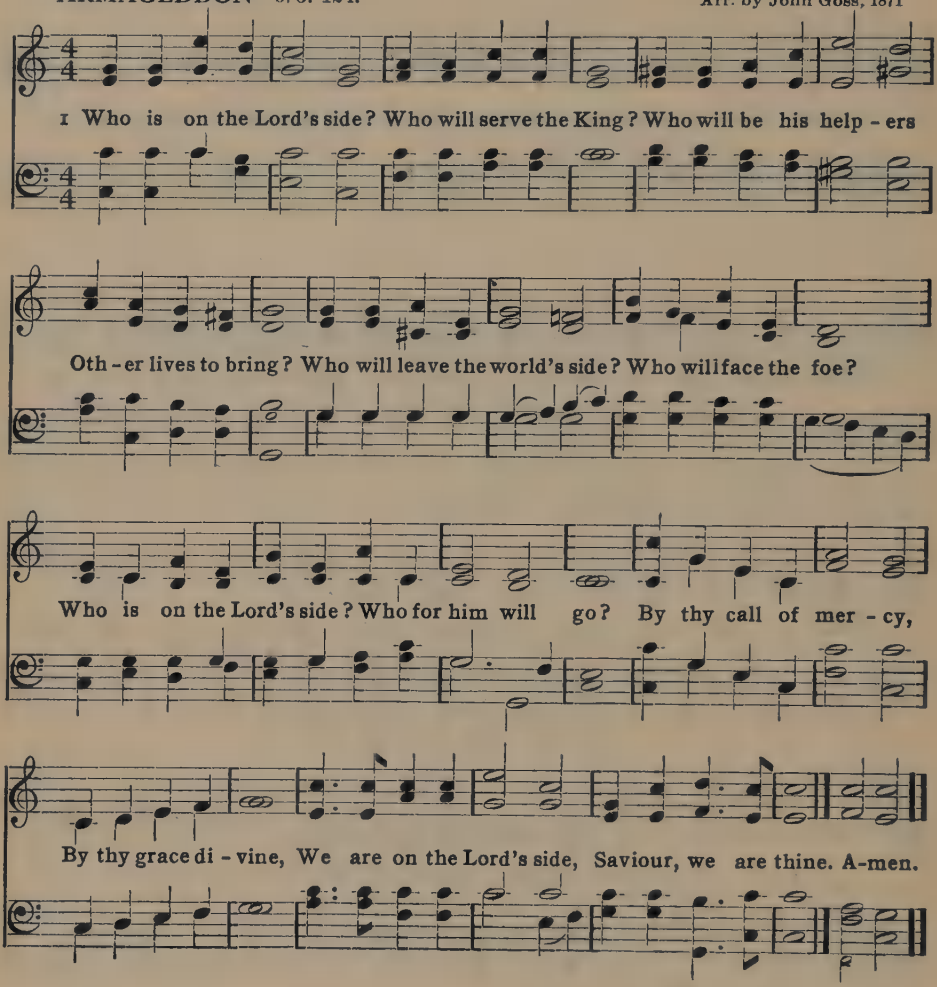
Faith of our fathers, we will strive
To win all nations unto thee;
And through the truth that comes from [God
Mankind shall then indeed be free:
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

4

Faith of our fathers, we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife,
And preach thee, too, as love knows how
By kindly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

F. W. Faber, 1849, and others

ARMAGEDDON 6. 5. 121. Arr. by John Goss, 1871


1 Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be his help - ers
Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
Who is on the Lord's side? Who for him will go? By thy call of mer - cy,
By thy grace di - vine, We are on the Lord's side, Saviour, we are thine. A-men.

"Choose you this day whom you will serve."—Joshua xxiv: 15

2

Not for weight of glory,
Not for crown and palm,
Enter we the army,
Raise the warrior psalm;
But for love that claimeth
Lives for whom he died;
He whom Jesus nameth
Must be on his side.
By thy love constraining,
By thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour we are thine.

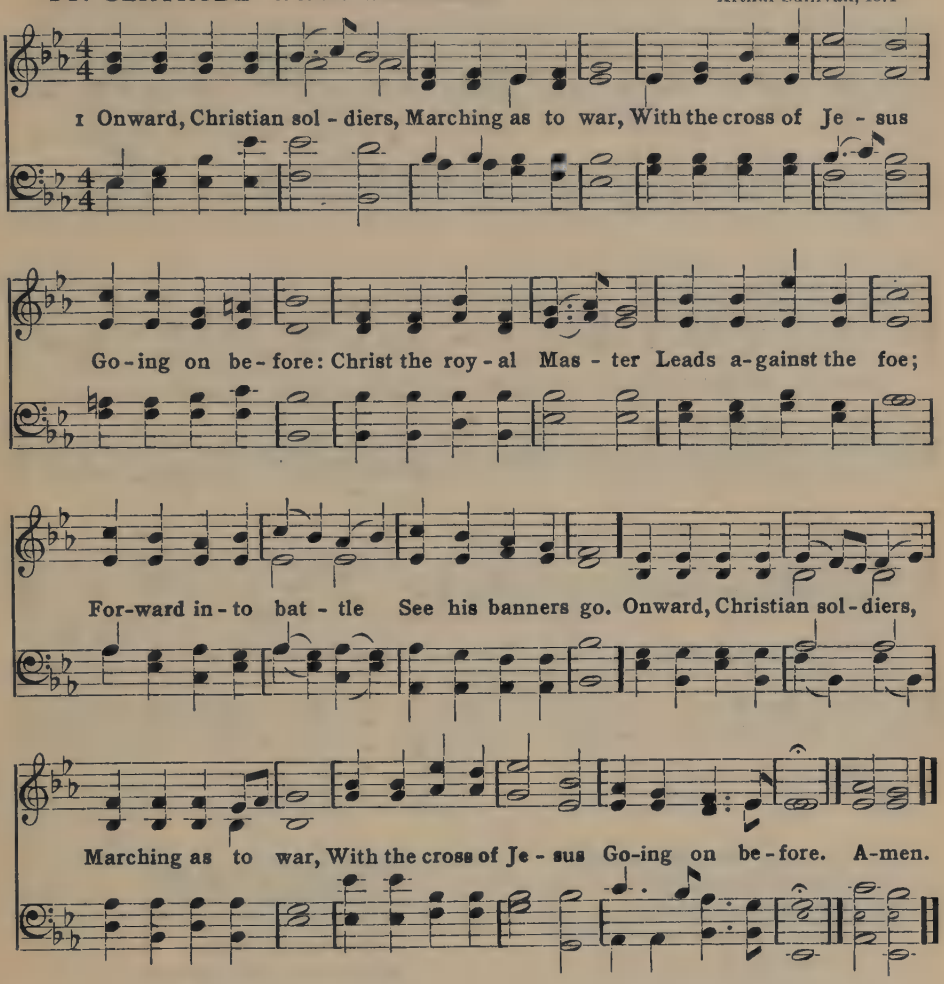
3

Jesus, thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
But with thine own life-blood,
For thy diadem:
With thy blessing filling
Each who comes to thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.
By thy grand redemption,
By thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are thine.

Frances R. Havergal, 1877

ST. GERTRUDE 6. 5. 81. With Refrain

Arthur Sullivan, 1871


1 Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
Go - ing on be - fore: Christ the roy - al Mas - ter Leads a - gainst the foe;
For - ward in - to bat - tle See his banners go. Onward, Christian sol - diers,
Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. A - men.

2

Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

3

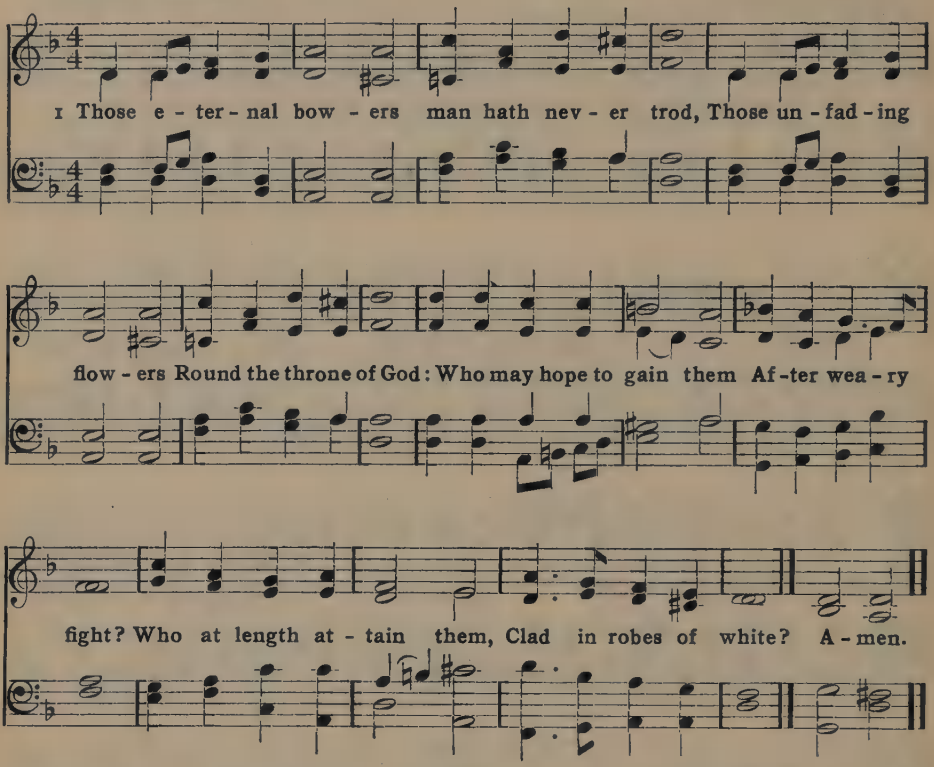
Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

4

Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing,

S. Baring-Gould, 1865

GUTE BÄUME BRINGEN 6. 5. 81. P. Sohren, died c, 1692


1 Those e - ter - nal bow - ers man hath nev - er trod, Those un - fad - ing
flow - ers Round the throne of God: Who may hope to gain them Af - ter wea - ry
fight? Who at length at - tain them, Clad in robes of white? A - men.

2

He who wakes from slumber
At the Spirit's voice,
Daring here to number
Things unseen his choice:
He who casts his burden
Down at Jesus' cross;
Christ's reproach his guerdon,
All beside but loss.

3

He who gladly barters
All on earthly ground;
He who, like the martyrs,
Says, "I will be crowned:"
He whose one oblation
Is a life of love,
Knit in God's salvation
To the blest above.

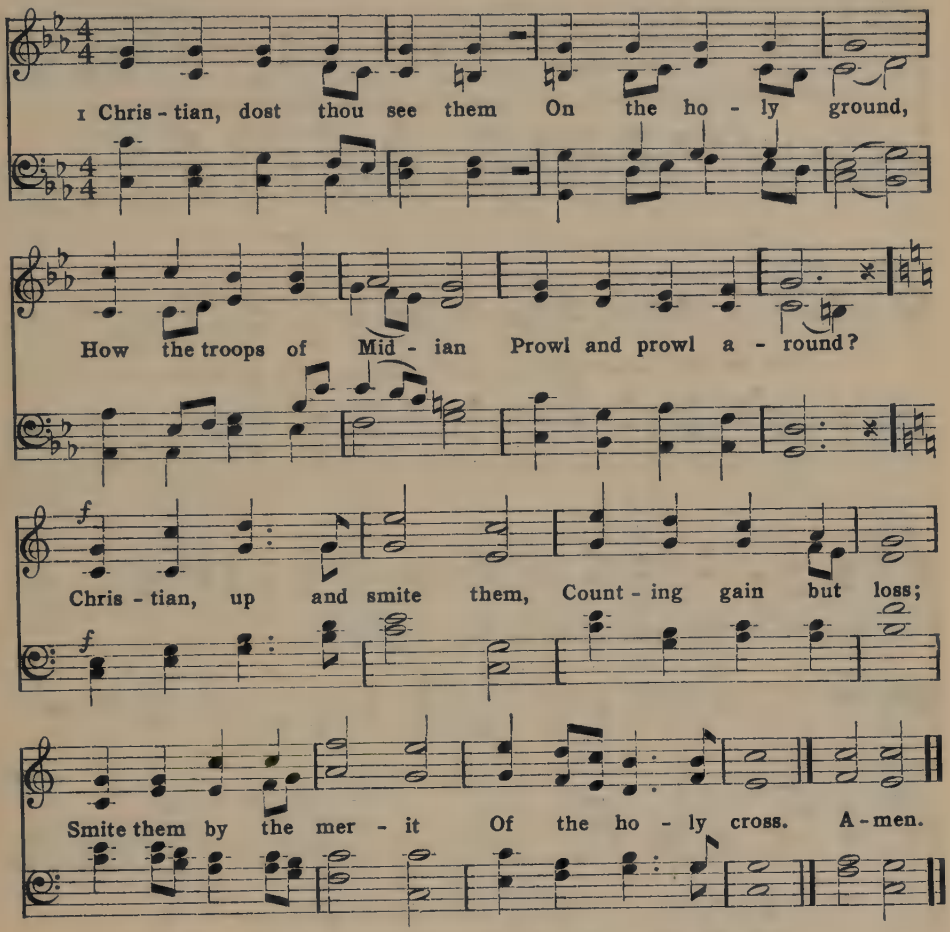
4 *1 Thess. v: 4-9*

Shame upon you, legions
Of the heavenly King,
Citizens of regions
Past imagining!
What, with pipe and tabor
Dream away the light!
When he bids you labor,
When he tells you, "Fight?"

5

Jesus, Lord of glory,
As we breast the tide,
Whisper thou the story
Of the other side;
Where the saints are casting
Crowns before thy feet,
Safe for everlasting,
In thyself complete.

John of Damascus, (8th Cent.)
Tr. J. M. Neale, 1862

ST. ANDREW OF CRETE 6. 5. 8 l. J. B. Dykes, 1868

1 Chris - tian, dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground,
How the troops of Mid - ian Prowl and prowl a - round?
Chris - tian, up and smite them, Count - ing gain but loss;
Smite them by the mer - it Of the ho - ly cross. A - men.

2

Christian, dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian, never tremble;
Never be down-cast;
Gird thee for the battle,
Watch and pray and fast.

3

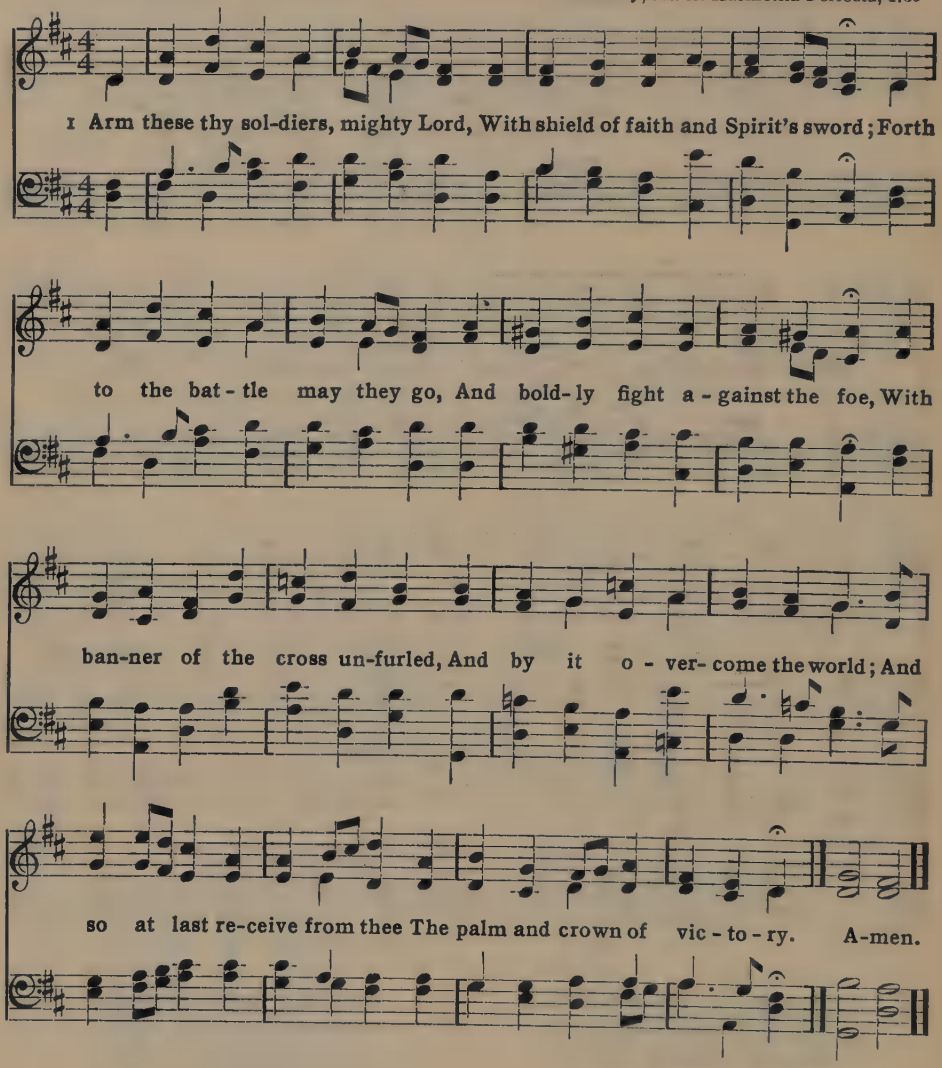
Christian, dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian, answer boldly,
"While I breathe, I pray:"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

4

"Well I know thy trouble,
O my servant true;
Thou art very weary,—
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all mine own,—
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near my throne."

J. M. Neale, 1862; St. 2, l. 7 and 8 alt: From the Greek, 7th Cent.

BUCKLEBURY L. M. D. Old Melody, alt. fr. Harmonia Perfecta, 1730


1 Arm these thy sol-diers, mighty Lord, With shield of faith and Spirit's sword; Forth
to the bat-tle may they go, And bold-ly fight a-gainst the foe, With
ban-ner of the cross un-furled, And by it o-ver-come the world; And
so at last re-ceive from thee The palm and crown of vic-to-ry. A-men.

2

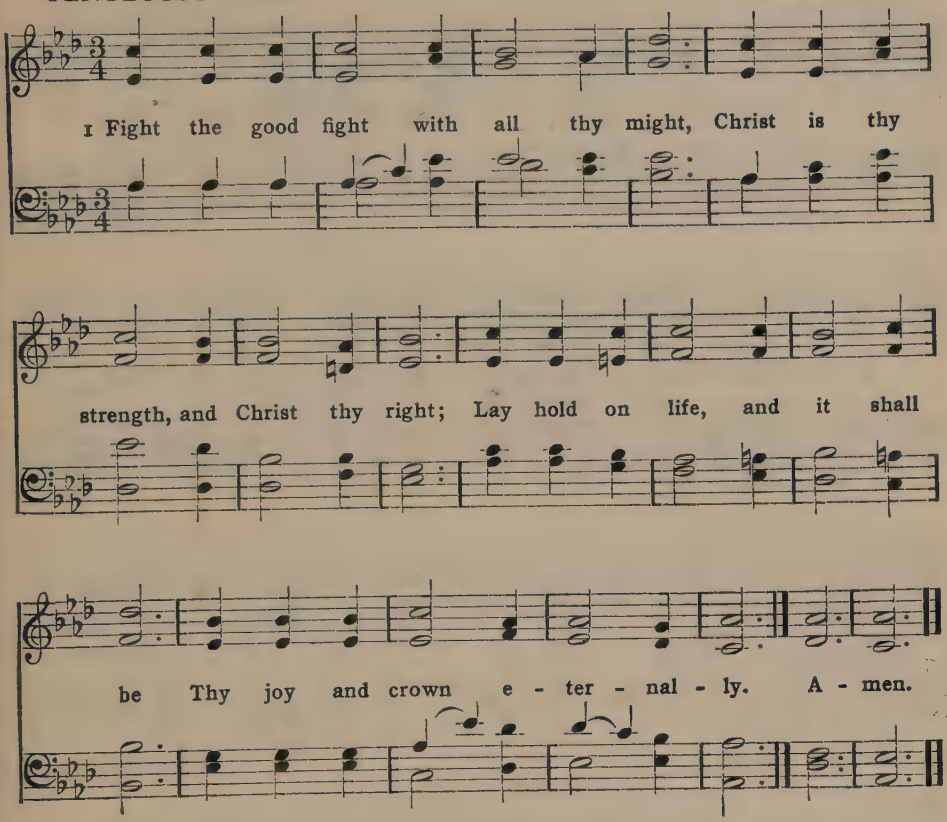
Come, ever blessed Spirit, come,
And make thy servants' hearts thy home;
Thus consecrated, Lord, to thee,
May each a living temple be:
Enrich that temple's holy shrine
With sevenfold gifts of grace divine;
With wisdom, light, and knowledge bless,
Strength, counsel, fear, and, godliness.

3

O Trinity, in Unity,
One only God, and Persons Three,
In whom, through whom, by whom we live,
To thee we praise and glory give;
O grant us so to use thy grace
That we may see thy glorious face,
And ever with the heavenly host
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1862

PENTECOST L. M. William Boyd, 1868


1 Fight the good fight with all thy might, Christ is thy
strength, and Christ thy right; Lay hold on life, and it shall
be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly. A - men.

2

Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek his face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

3

Cast care aside, upon thy Guide
Lean, and his mercy will provide;
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life; and Christ its love.

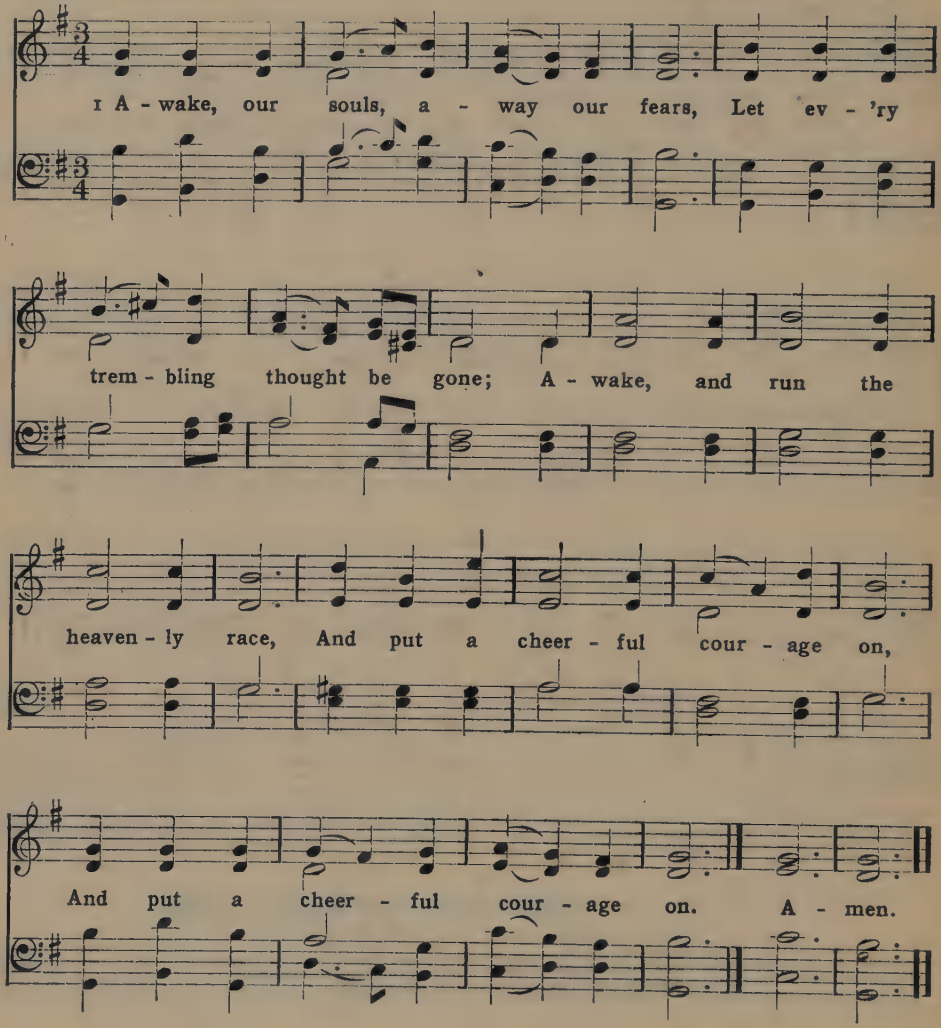
4

Faint not nor fear, his arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

379 J. S. B. Monsell, 1863

PARK STREET L. M.

Arr. fr. F. M. A. Venua. c. 1810


1 A - wake, our souls, a - way our fears, Let ev - 'ry
trem - bling thought be gone; A - wake, and run the
heaven - ly race, And put a cheer - ful cour - age on,
And put a cheer - ful cour - age on. A - men.

2

True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint:

3

The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4

From thee, the over-flowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a full supply;
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

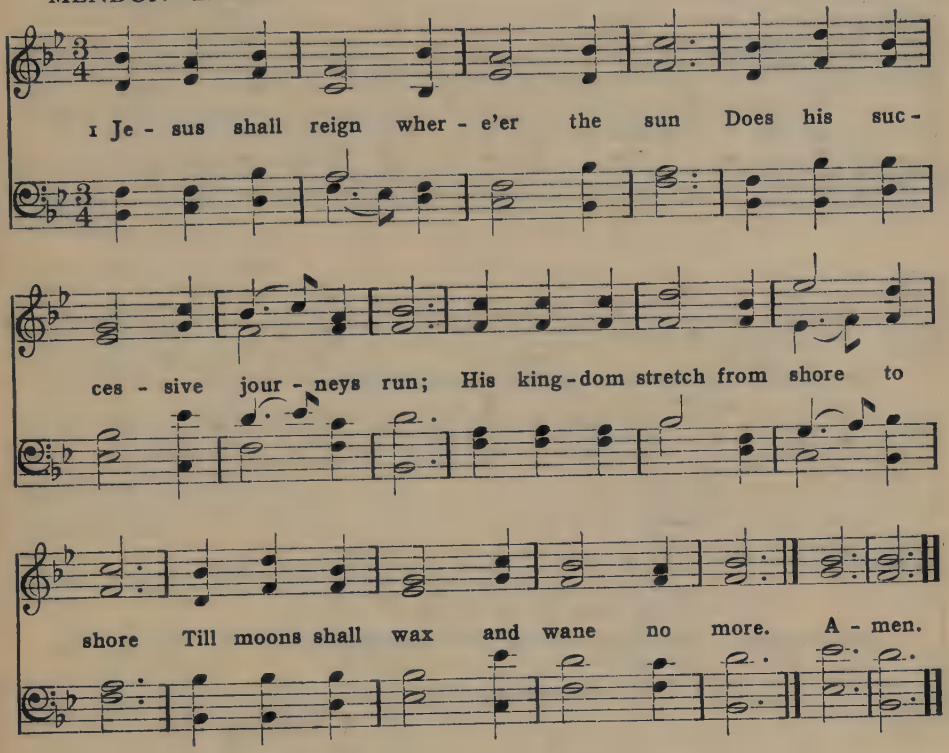
5

Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

380

Isaac Watts, 1709, and others

MENDON L. M. German Melody: arr. by S. Dyer, 1824


1 Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc -
ces - sive jour - neys run; His king-dom stretch from shore to
shore Till moons shall wax and wane no more. A - men.

Psalm lxxii

2
For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head:
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice;

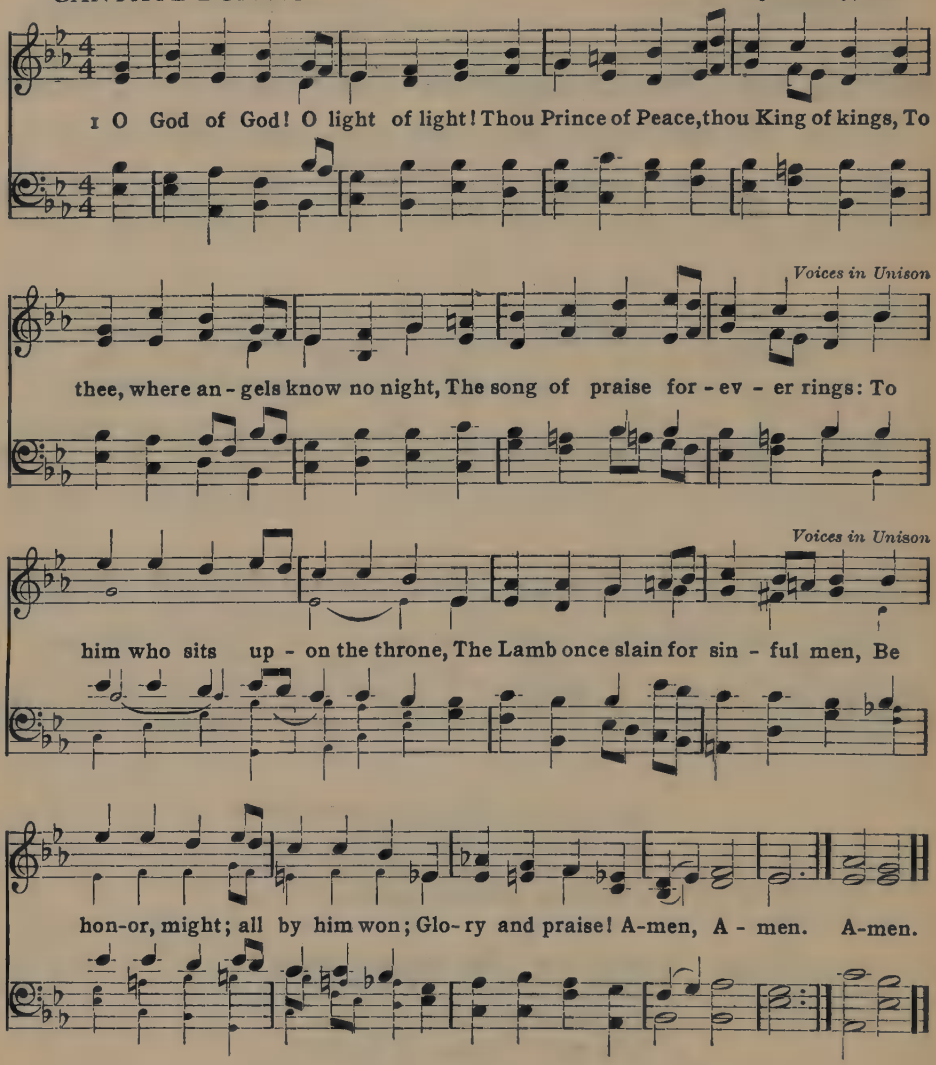
3
People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4
Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5
Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King,
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud amen.

381 Isaac Watts, 1719

CANTATE DOMINO L. M. D. Joseph Barnby, 1872


1 O God of God! O light of light! Thou Prince of Peace, thou King of kings, To
Voices in Unison
thee, where an - gels know no night, The song of praise for - ev - er rings: To
Voices in Unison
him who sits up - on the throne, The Lamb once slain for sin - ful men, Be
hon-or, might; all by him won; Glo-ry and praise! A-men, A - men. A-men.

2

Nations afar, in ignorance deep;
Isles of the sea, where darkness lay;
These hear his voice, they wake from sleep,
And throng with joy the upward way.
They cry with us, "Send forth thy light,"
O Lamb, once slain for sinful men;
Burst Satan's bonds, O God of might;
Set all men free! Amen, Amen!

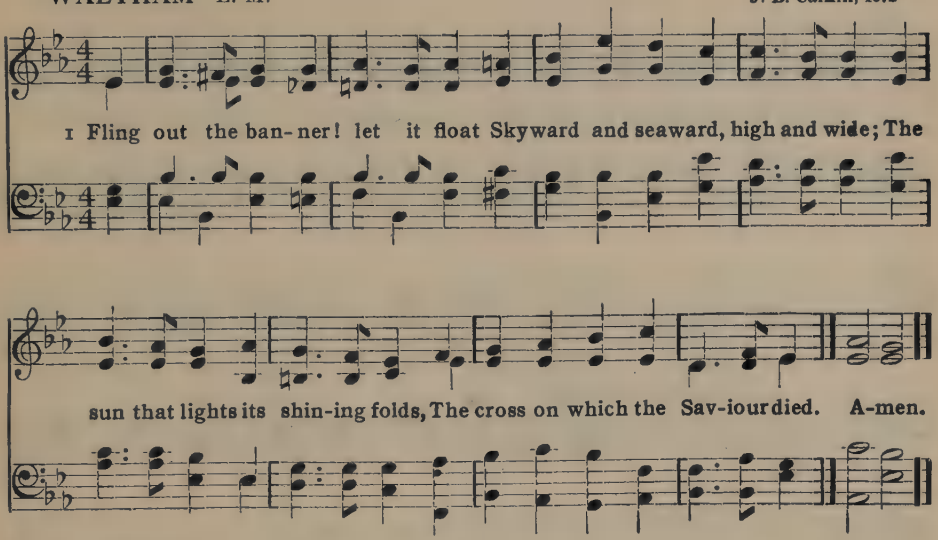
3

Sing to the Lord a glorious song,
Sing to his name, his love forth tell;
Sing on, heaven's hosts, his praise prolong,
Sing, ye who now on earth do dwell;
Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
From angels, praise; and thanks from men;
Worthy the Lamb, enthroned to reign,
Glory and power! Amen, Amen!

382

John Julian, 1883

WALTHAM L. M. J. B. Calkin, 1872


1 Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide; The
sun that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross on which the Sav-iour died. A-men.

2

Fling out the banner! angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.

3

Fling out the banner! heathen lands,
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

4

Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls,
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

5

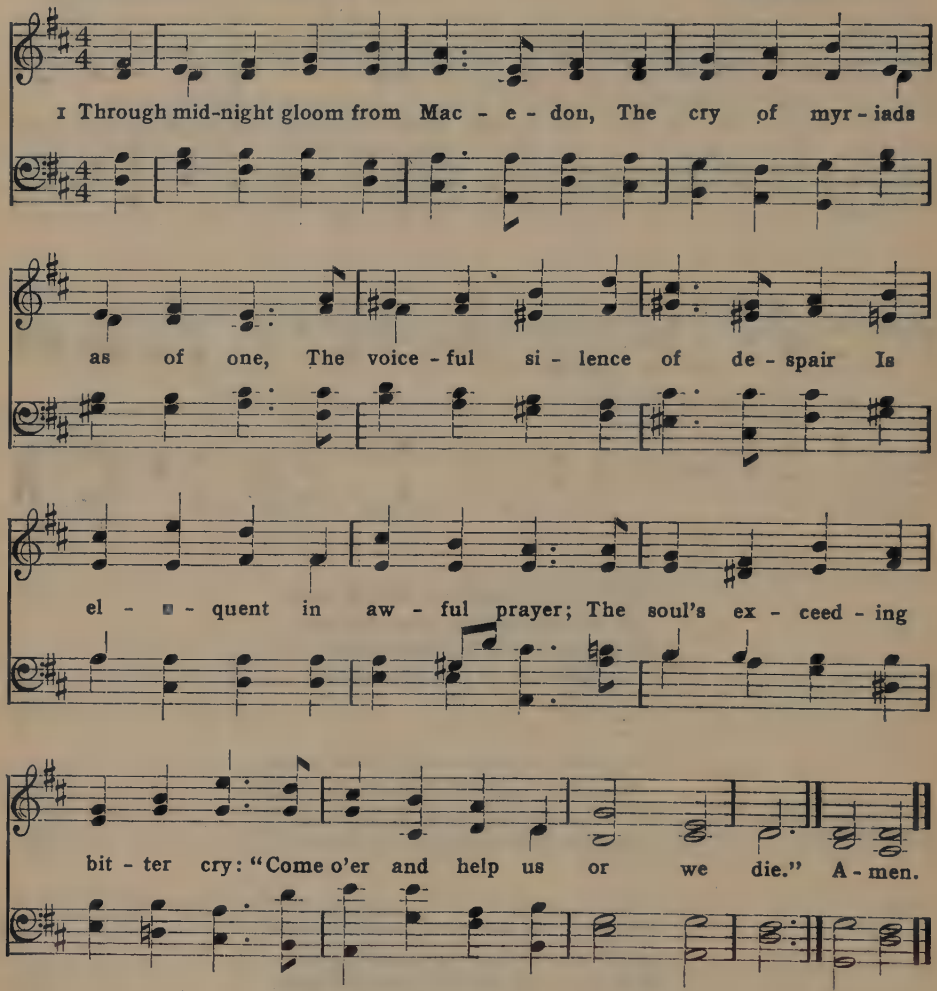
Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Our glory, only in the cross;
Our only hope the Crucified!

6

Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward, let it shine:
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

383 G. W. Doane, 1848

ALDERSGATE STREET 8s. 6l. E. F. Horner, 1904


1 Through mid-night gloom from Mac - e - don, The cry of myr - iads
as of one, The voice - ful si - lence of de - spair Is
el - ▪ - quent in aw - ful prayer; The soul's ex - ceed - ing
bit - ter cry: "Come o'er and help us or we die." A - men.

2

How mournfully it echoes on!
For half the earth is Macedon;
These brethren to their brethren call,
And by the love which loved them all,
And by the whole world's life they cry,
"O ye that live, behold, we die!"

3

By other sounds the world is won
Than that which wails from Macedon;
The roar of gain is round it rolled;
Or men unto themselves are sold
And cannot list the alien cry,
"O hear and help us, lest we die."

4 *Acts xvi: 9–10*

Yet with that cry from Macedon
The very car of Christ rolls on;
"I come; who would abide my day
In yonder wilds prepare my way;
My voice is crying in their cry;
Help ye the dying, lest ye die."

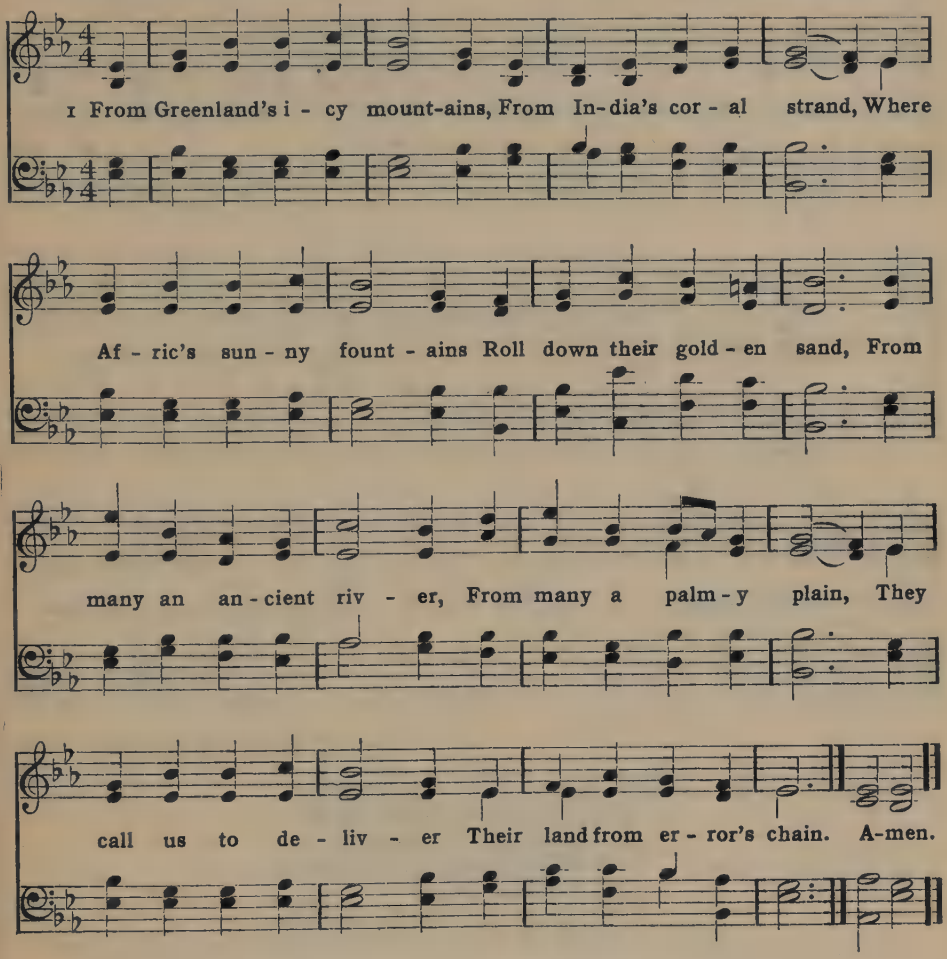
5

Jesus, for men of Man the Son,
Yea, thine the cry from Macedon;
O by the kingdom and the power
And glory of thine advent hour,
Wake heart and will to hear their cry;
Help us to help them, lest we die.

S. J. Stone, 1871

MISSIONARY HYMN 7. 6. 8 l.

Lowell Mason, 1823


1 From Greenland's i - cy mount-ains, From In-dia's cor - al strand, Where
Af - ric's sun - ny fount - ains Roll down their gold - en sand, From
many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain, They
call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain. A-men.

2

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3

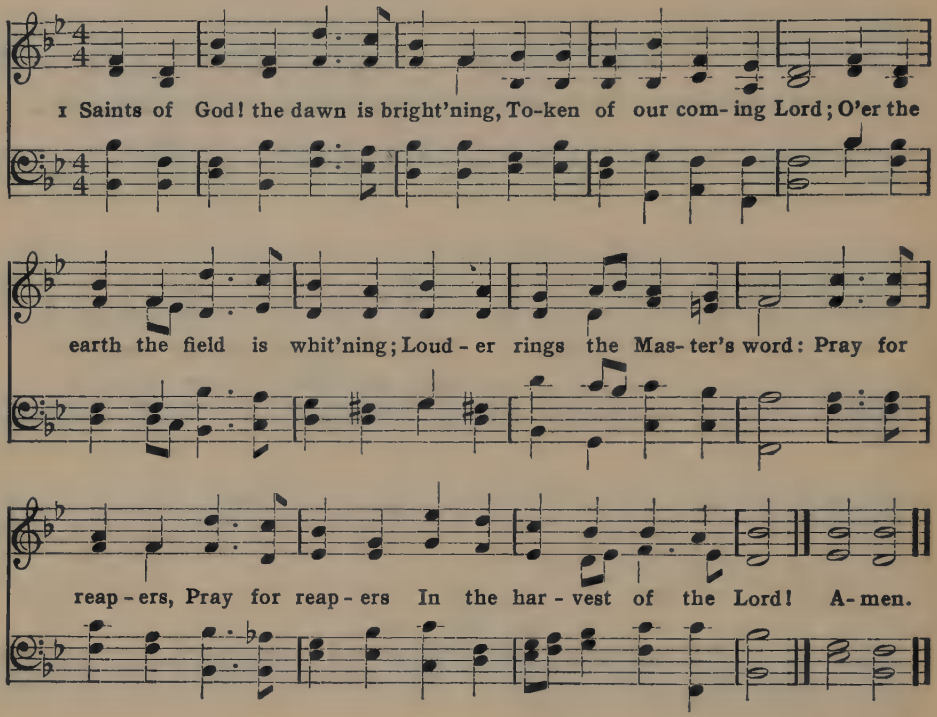
Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Reginald Heber, 1819

REGENT SQUARE 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7. Henry Smart, 1867


1 Saints of God! the dawn is bright'ning, To-ken of our com-ing Lord; O'er the
earth the field is whit'ning; Loud-er rings the Mas-ter's word: Pray for
reap-ers, Pray for reap-ers In the har-vest of the Lord! A-men.

Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest.—John iv: 35-36

2

Now, O Lord, fulfill thy pleasure,
Breathe upon thy chosen band,
And, with Pentecostal measure,
Send forth reapers o'er our land;
Faithful reapers
Gathering sheaves for thy right hand.

3

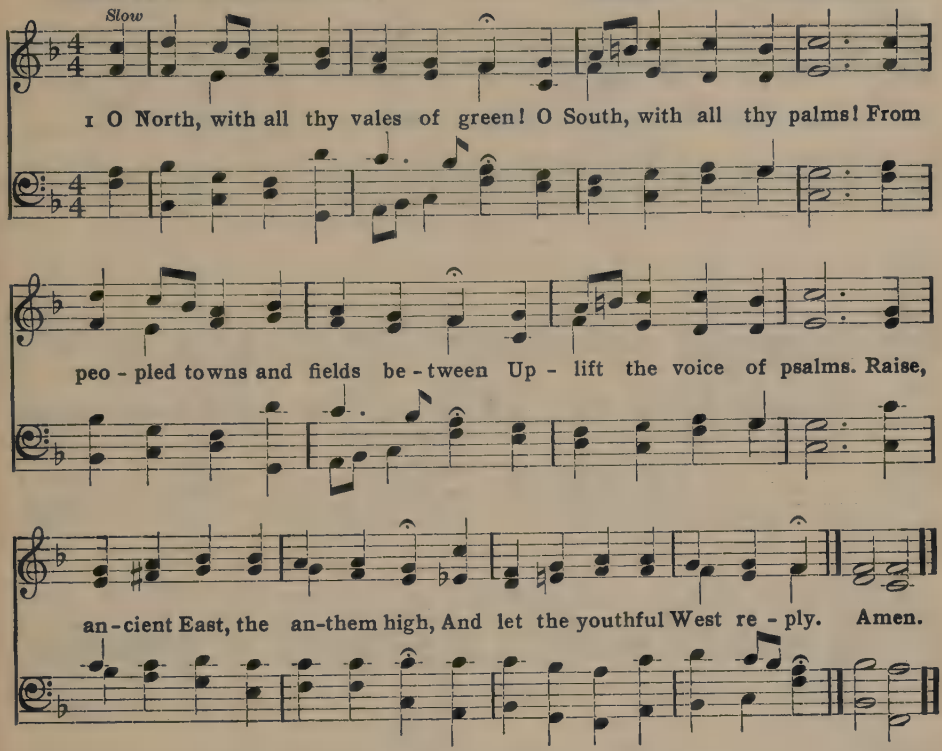
Broad the shadow of our nation,
Eager millions hither roam;
Lo! they wait for thy salvation;
Come, Lord Jesus! quickly come!
By thy Spirit
Bring thy ransomed people home.

4

Soon shall end the time of weeping,
Soon the reaping time will come;
Heaven and earth together keeping
God's eternal harvest home.
Saints and angels
Shout the world's great harvest home.

386 Mrs. Mary Maxwell, 1849

AUCH JETZT MACHT GOTT 8. 6. 8. 6. 8. 8. Melody from Koch's Choralbuch, 1816


Slow
1 O North, with all thy vales of green! O South, with all thy palms! From
peo - pled towns and fields be - tween Up - lift the voice of psalms. Raise,
an - cient East, the an-them high, And let the youthful West re - ply. Amen.

2

Lo! in the clouds of heaven appears
God's well-belovèd Son;
He brings a train of brighter years,
His kingdom is begun;
He comes a guilty world to bless:
With mercy, truth, and righteousness.

3

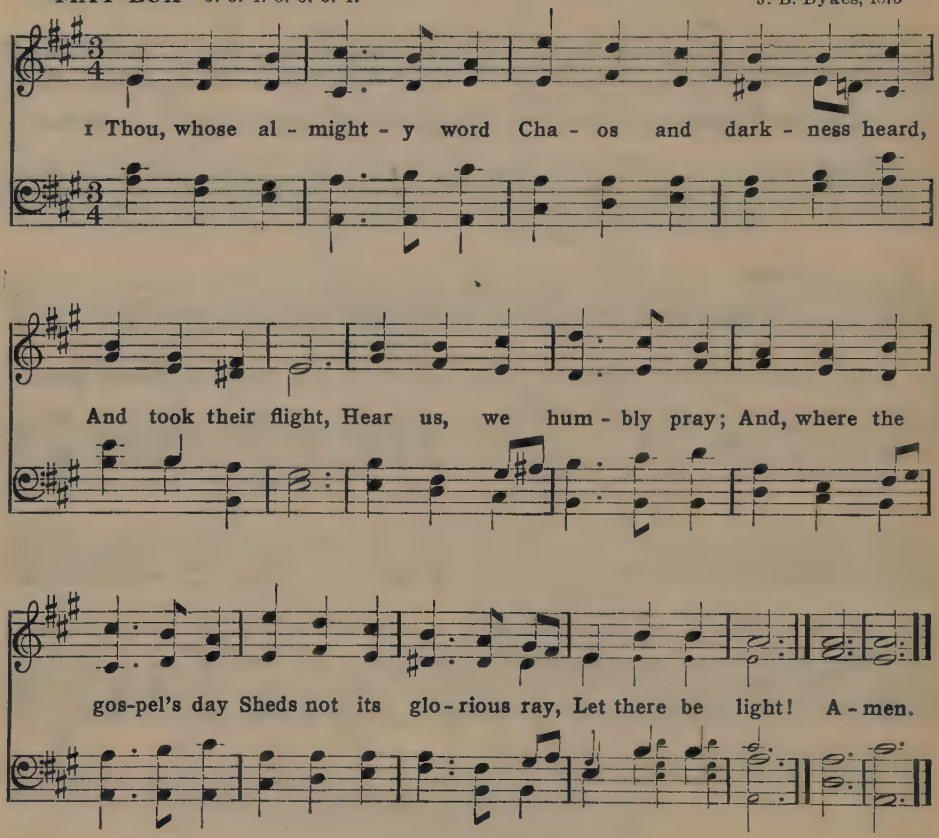
O Father, haste the promised hour
When at his feet shall lie
All rule, authority, and power
Beneath the ample sky:
When he shall reign from pole to pole,
The Lord of every human soul;

4

When all shall heed the words he said,
Amid their daily cares,
And by the loving life he led
Shall strive to pattern theirs;
And he, who conquered death, shall win
The mightier conquest over sin.

387 W. C. Bryant, 1869

FIAT LUX 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4. J. B. Dykes, 1875


1 Thou, whose al - might - y word Cha - os and dark - ness heard,
And took their flight, Hear us, we hum - bly pray; And, where the
gos-pel's day Sheds not its glo - rious ray, Let there be light! A - men.

Genesis i: 3
John i: 4

2

Thou, who didst come to bring
On thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now to all mankind
Let there be light.

3

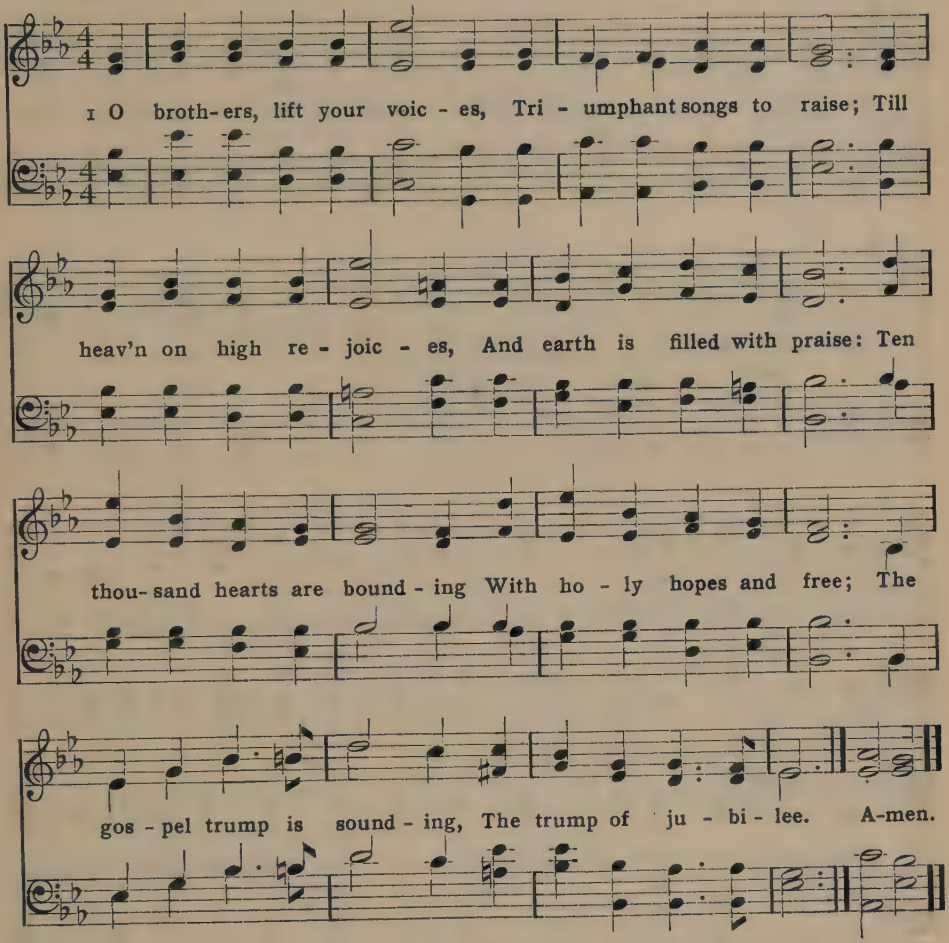
Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight;
Move o'er the waters' face
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light.

4

Holy and blessèd Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might!
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light.

388 John Marriot, 1813

GREENLAND 7. 6. 8 l. Arr. from Michael Haydn, 1737-1806


1 O broth-ers, lift your voic-es, Tri-umphant songs to raise; Till
heav'n on high re-joic-es, And earth is filled with praise: Ten
thou-sand hearts are bound-ing With ho-ly hopes and free; The
gos-pel trump is sound-ing, The trump of ju-bi-lee. A-men.

2

O Christian brothers, glorious
Shall be the conflict's close;
The cross hath been victorious,
And shall be o'er its foes:
Faith is our battle-token;
Our Leader all controls;
Our trophies, fetters broken;
Our captives, ransomed souls.

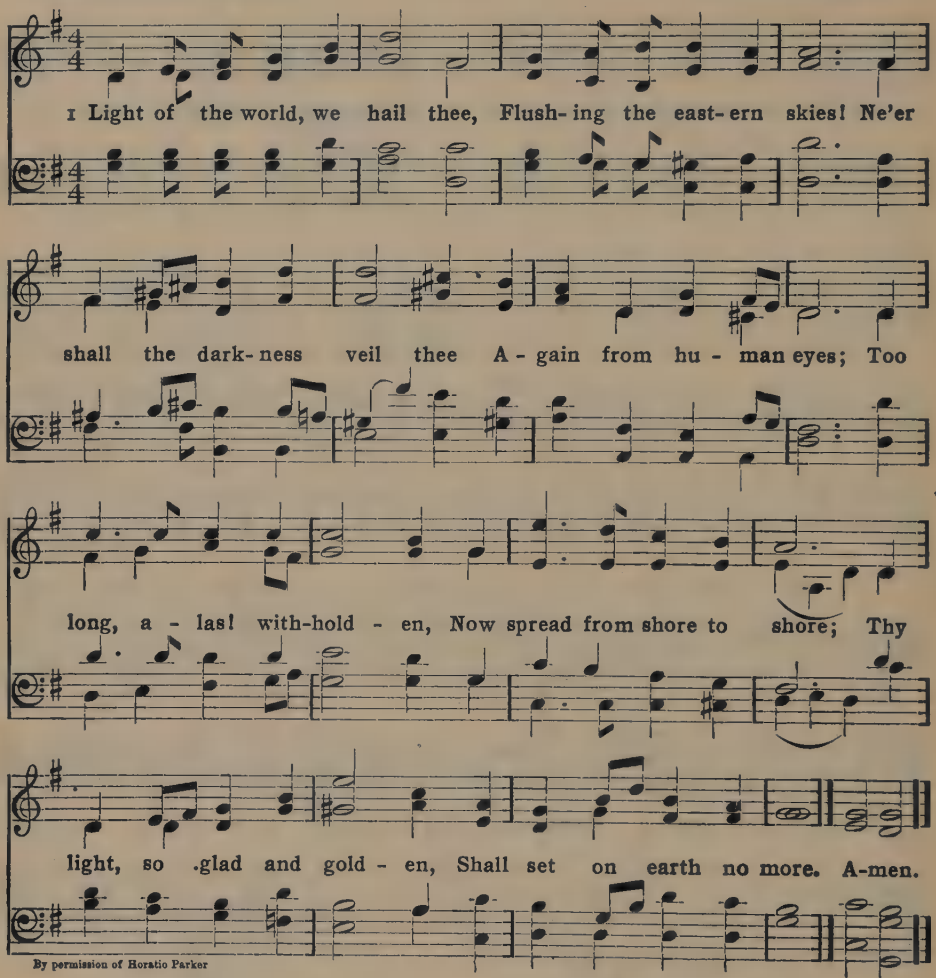
3

Not unto us, Lord Jesus,
To thee all praise be due,
Whose blood-bought mercy frees us,
Has freed our brethren too.
Not unto us: in glory
The angels catch the strain,
And cast their crowns before thee
Exultingly again.

4

Captain of our salvation,
Thy presence we adore;
Praise, glory, adoration
Be thine for evermore:
Still on in conflict pressing
On thee thy people call,
Thee King of kings confessing,
Thee crowning Lord of all.

E. H. Bickersteth, 1848

LUX MUNDI 7. 6. 8 l. Horatio Parker, 1902

1 Light of the world, we hail thee, Flush-ing the east-ern skies! Ne'er
shall the dark-ness veil thee A-gain from hu-man eyes; Too
long, a-las! with-hold-en, Now spread from shore to shore; Thy
light, so glad and gold-en, Shall set on earth no more. A-men.

By permission of Horatio Parker

2

Light of the world, thy beauty
Steals into every heart,
And glorifies with duty
Life's poorest, humblest part;
Thou robest in thy splendor
The simple ways of men,
And helpest them to render
Light back to thee again.

3

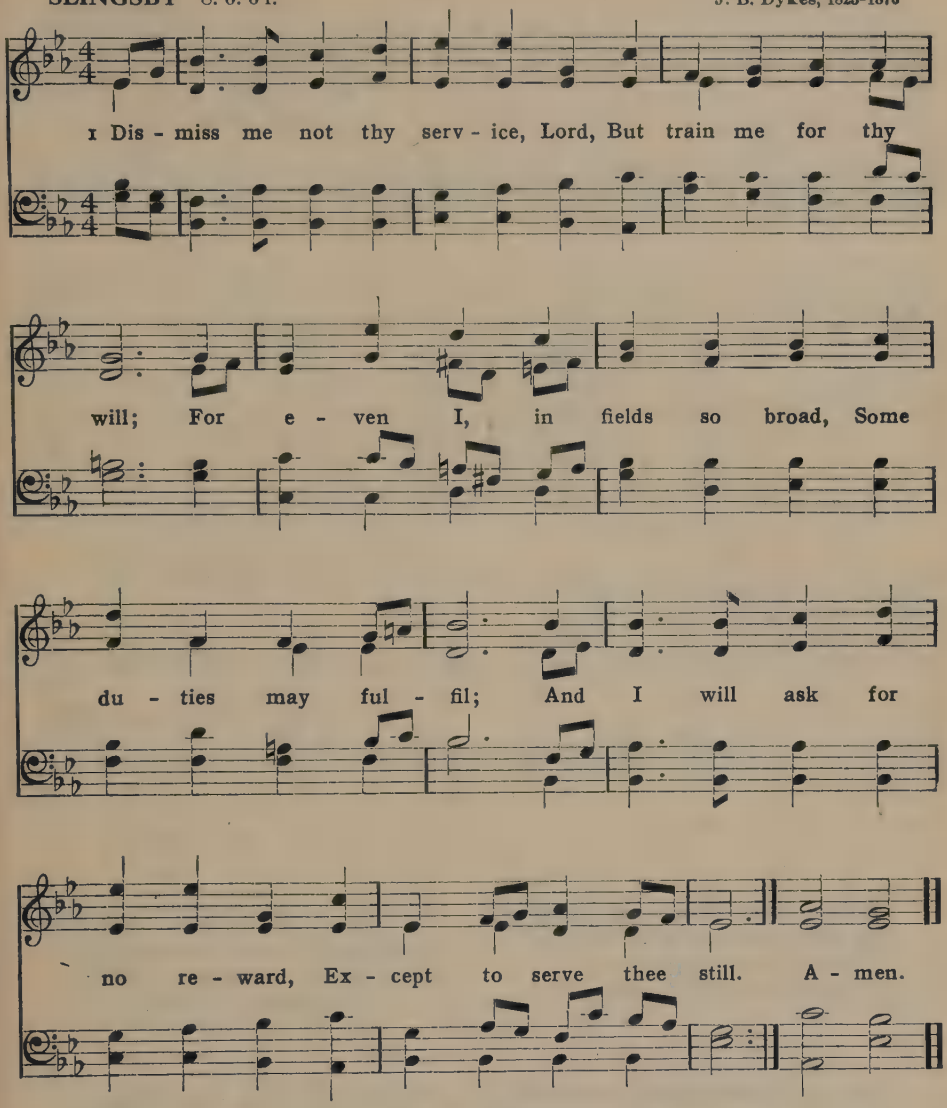
Light of the world, before thee
Our spirits prostrate fall;
We worship, we adore thee,
Thou light, the life of all;
With thee is no forgetting
Of all thine hand hath made;
Thy rising hath no setting,
Thy sunshine hath no shade.

4

Light of the world, illumine
This darkened land of thine,
Till everything that's human
Be filled with what's divine;
Till every tongue and nation,
From sin's dominion free,
Rise in the new creation
Which springs from love and thee.

J. S. B. Monsell, 1868

SLINGSBY 8. 6. 6 l. J. B. Dykes, 1823-1876


1 Dis - miss me not thy serv - ice, Lord, But train me for thy
will; For e - ven I, in fields so broad, Some
du - ties may ful - fil; And I will ask for
no re - ward, Ex - cept to serve thee still. A - men.

2

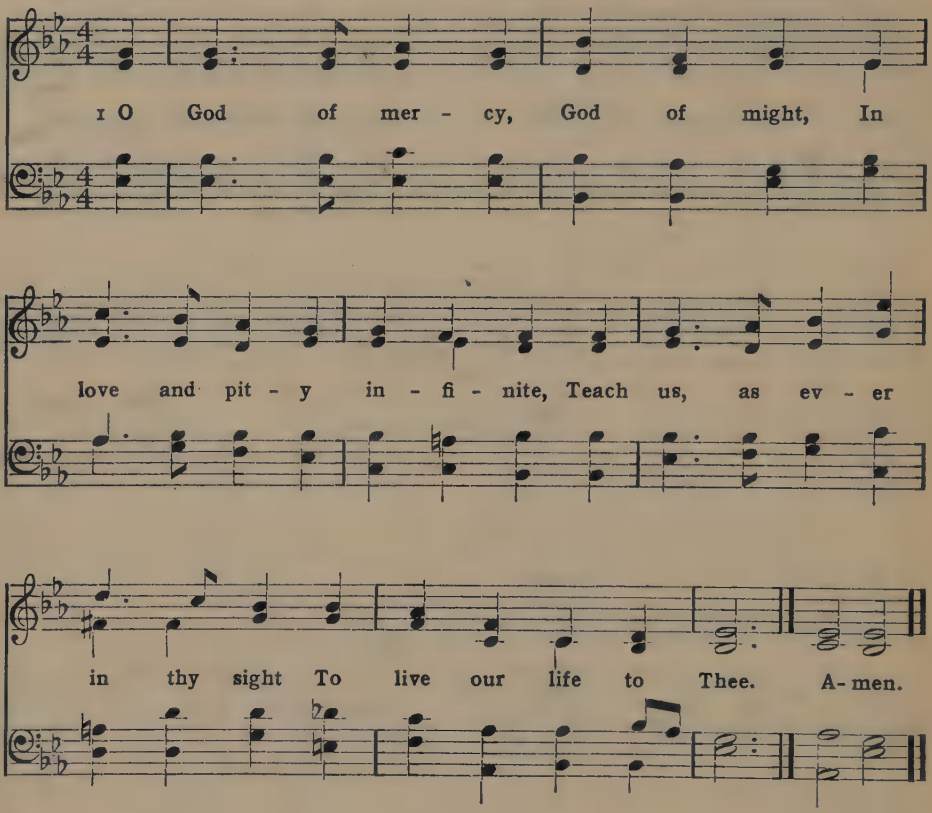
All works are good, and each is best
As most it pleases thee;
Each worker pleases, when the rest
He serves in charity;
And neither man nor work unblest
Wilt thou permit to be.

3

Our Master all the work hath done
He asks of us to-day;
Sharing his service, every one
Share too his Sonship may:
Lord, I would serve and be a son;
Dismiss me not, I pray.

T. T. Lynch, 1855

ELMHURST 8. 8. 8. 6. Edwin Drewett, 1887



2

And thou who cam'st on earth to die,
That fallen man might live thereby,
O hear us, for to thee we cry
In hope, O Lord, to thee.

3

Teach us the lesson thou has taught,
To feel for those thy blood hath bought;
That every word and deed and thought
May work a work for thee.

4

For all are brethren, far and wide,
Since thou, O Lord, for all hast died;
Then teach us, whatsoe'er betide,
To love them all in thee.

5

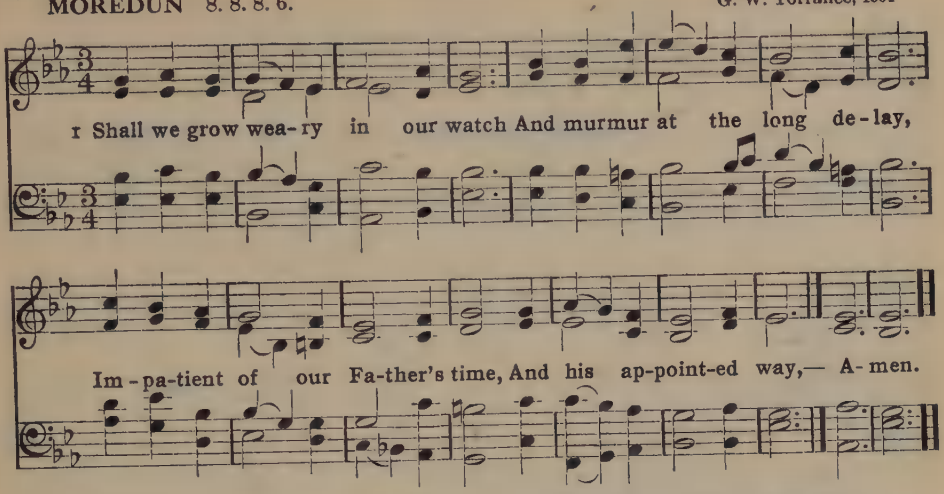
In sickness, sorrow, want, or care,
Whate'er it be, 'tis ours to share;
May we, when help is needed, there
Give help as unto thee.

6

And may thy Holy Spirit move
All those who live, to live in love,
Till thou shalt greet in heaven above
All those who live to thee.

392 Godfrey Thring, 1877

MOREDUN 8. 8. 8. 6. G. W. Torrance, 1864



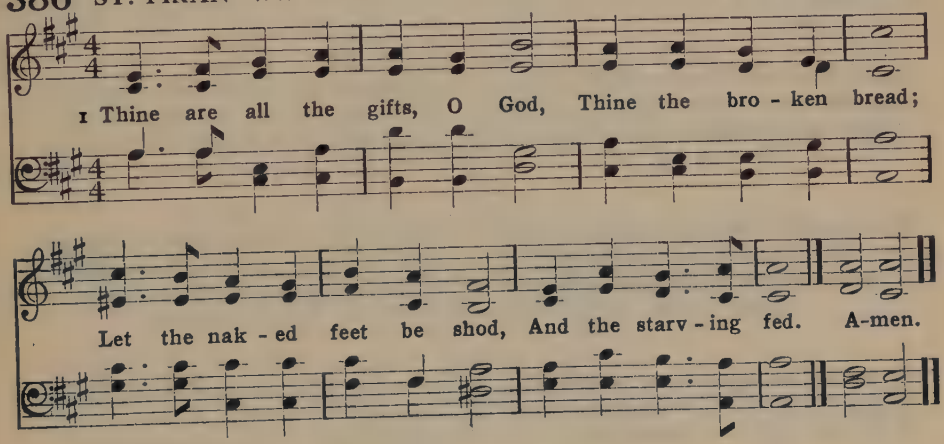
2
When harrassed sore with passion's cry,
Or overcome with sorrow's sleep,
We find it hard within our hearts
The watch of life to keep?

3
O thou, who in the garden's shade
Didst wake thy weary ones again,
Who slumbered at that fearful hour,
Forgetful of thy pain,—

4
Bend o'er us now, as over them,
And set our sleep-bound spirits free,
Nor leave us slumbering in the watch
Our souls should keep with thee.

J. G. Whittier, 1841: St. 2, Stopford A. Brooke

386 **ST. PIRAN** 7. 5. 41. E. J. Hopkins, 1887



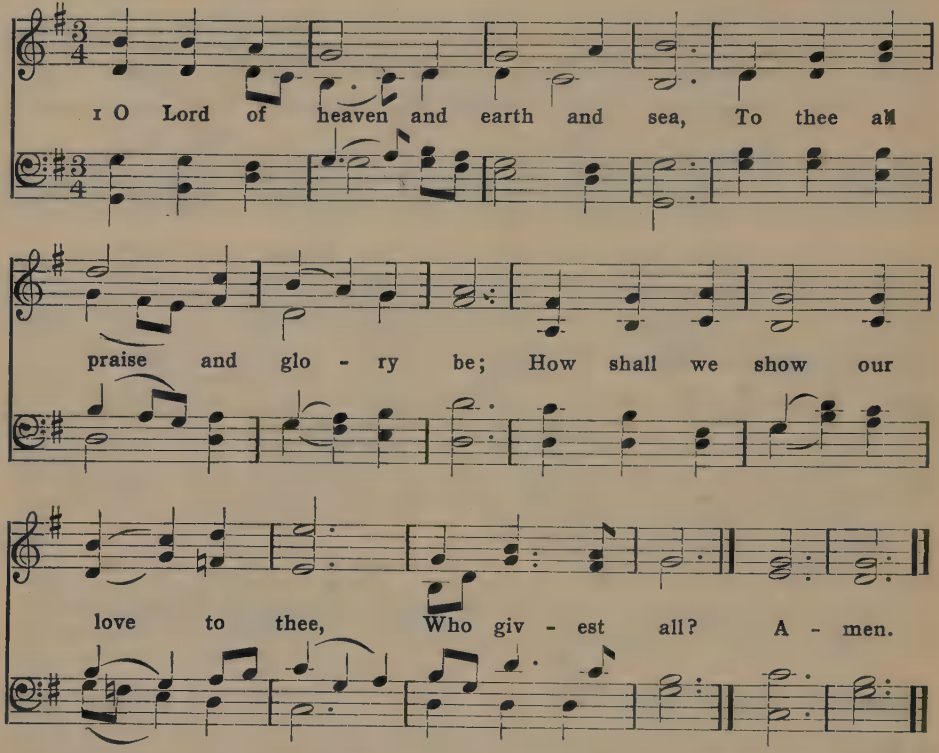
2
Let thy children, by thy grace,
Give as they abound,
Till the poor have breathing-space,
And the lost are found.

3
Wiser than the miser's hoards
Is the giver's choice;
Sweeter than the song of birds
Is the thankful voice;

4
Welcome smiles on faces sad
As the flowers of spring:
Let the tender hearts be glad
With the joy they bring.

J. G. Whittier, 1878

ALMSGIVING 8. 8. 8. 4. J. B. Dykes, 1875



2
The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruits, thy love declare;
Where harvests ripen, thou art there,
Giver of all!

3
For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe thee thankfulness and praise,
Giver of all!

4
Thou didst not spare thine only Son,
But gav'st him for a world undone,
And freely with that Blessèd One
Thou givest all.

5
Thou giv'st the Spirit's blessèd dower,
Spirit of life, and love, and power,
And dost his sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

6
For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
Father, what can to thee be given,
Who givest all?

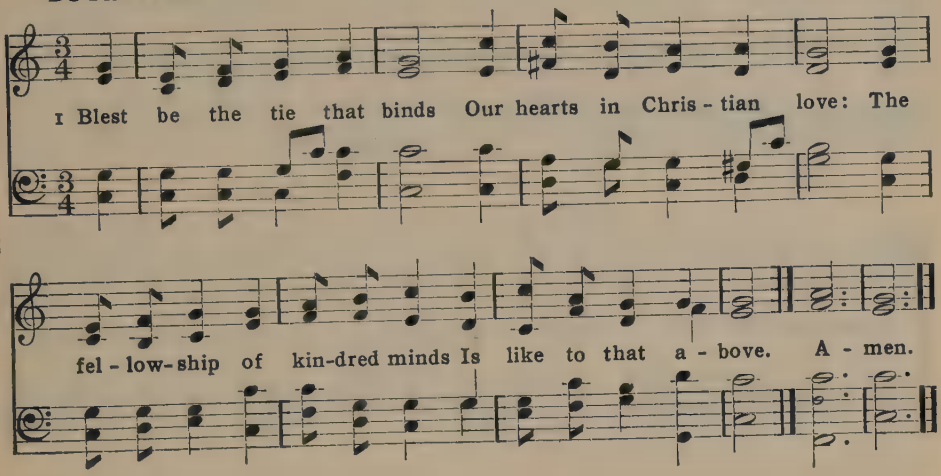
7
We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to thee we lend,
Who givest all;

8
To thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give:
O may we ever with thee live,
Giver of all!

394 Christopher Wordsworth, 1863

The Communion of Saints

BOYLSTON S. M. Lowell Mason, 1832



2
Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3
We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

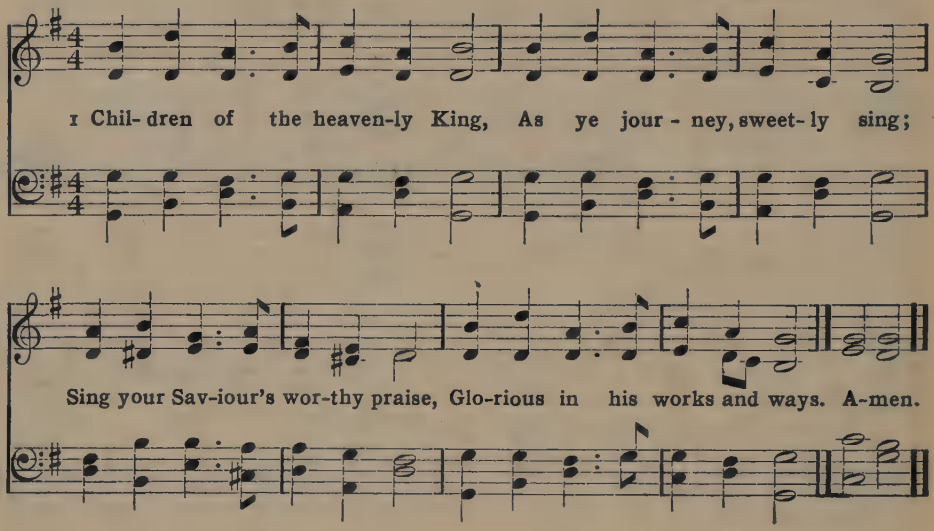
4
When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5
This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way,
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6
From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

John Fawcett, 1782

PLEYEL'S HYMN 7s. 41. Arr. from Ignace Pleyel, 1790


1 Chil- dren of the heaven-ly King, As ye jour - ney, sweet- ly sing;
Sing your Sav-iour's wor-thy praise, Glo-rious in his works and ways. A-men.

2

We are travelling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3

Shout, ye little flock and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There's your kingdom and reward.

4

Lift your eyes, ye sons of light,
Zion's city is in sight;
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

5

Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

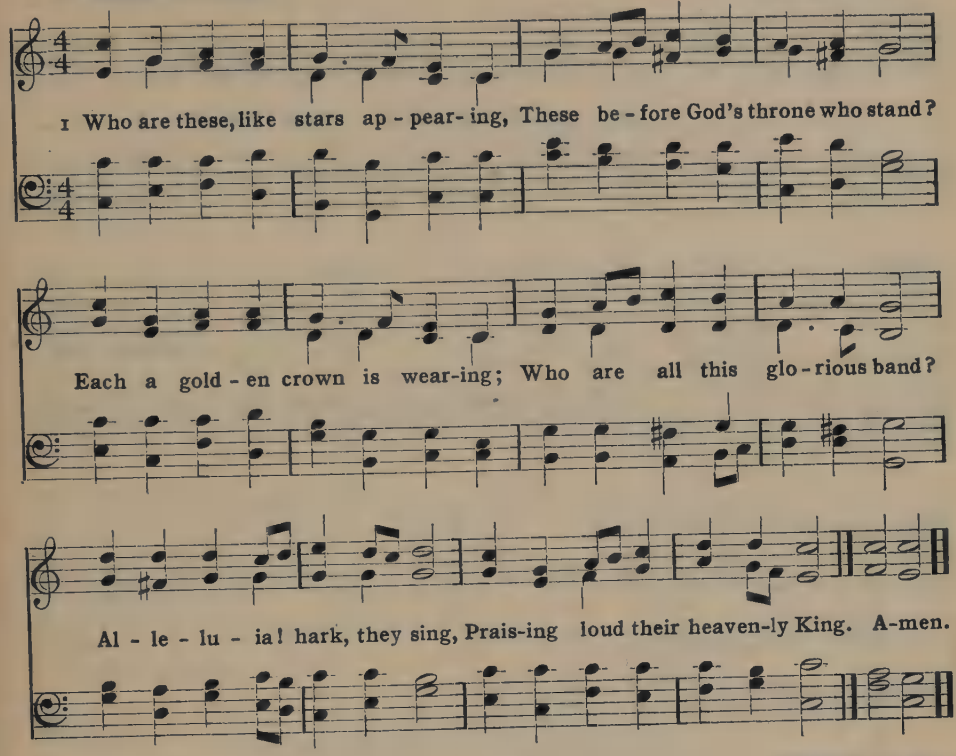
6

Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

396 John Cennick, 1742

ALL SAINTS OLD 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

Darmstädter Gesangbuch, 1698:
Arr. by J. G. C. Störl, 1711


1 Who are these, like stars ap - pear - ing, These be - fore God's throne who stand?
Each a gold - en crown is wear - ing; Who are all this glo - rious band?
Al - le - lu - ia! hark, they sing, Prais-ing loud their heaven-ly King. A-men.

Revelation vii: 13-17

2

Who are these of dazzling brightness,
These in God's own truth arrayed,
Clad in robes of purest whiteness,
Robes whose lustre ne'er shall fade,
Ne'er be touched by time's rude hand—
Whence comes all this glorious band?

3

These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honor long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph through the Lamb have gained.

4

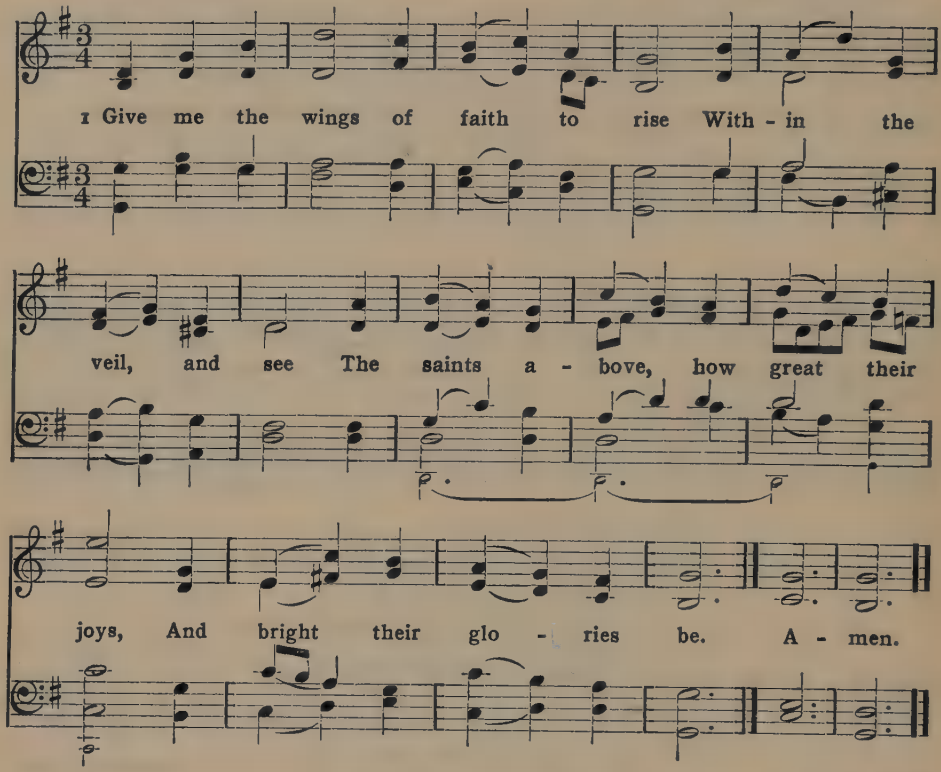
These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified;
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

5

These like priests have watched and waited,
Offering up to Christ their will,
Soul and body consecrated,
Day and night to serve him still:
Now, in God's most holy place
Blest they stand before his face.

397 H. T. Schenk, 1719: Tr. Miss F. E. Cox, 1841, 1864

RICHMOND C. M. Thomas Haweis, 1733-1820


1 Give me the wings of faith to rise With - in the
veil, and see The saints a - bove, how great their
joys, And bright their glo - ries be. A - men.

Revelation vii 13-14

2

Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3

I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4

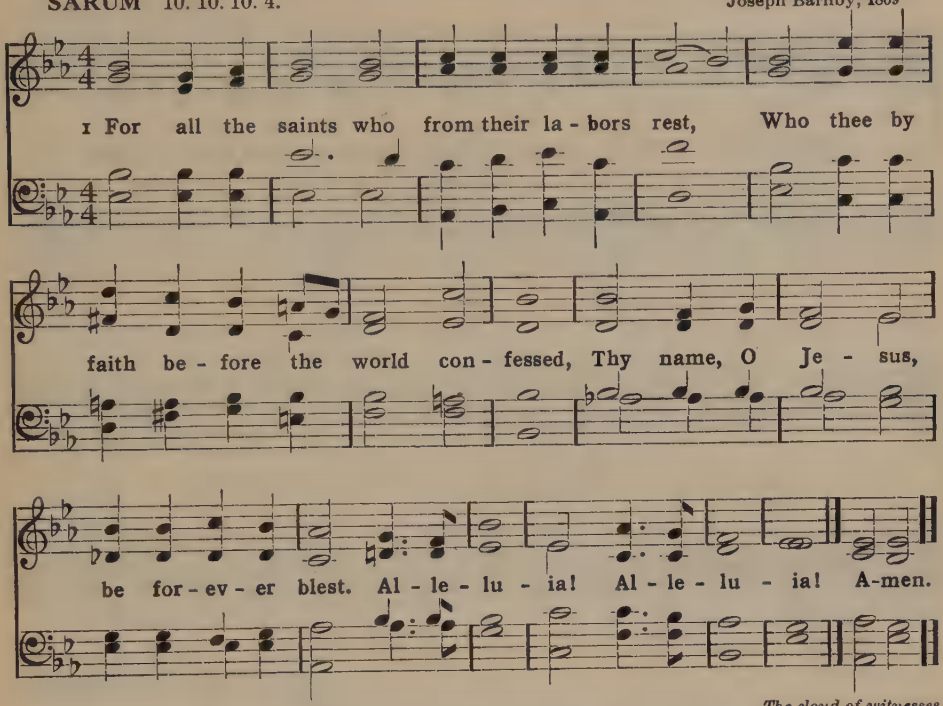
They marked the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

5

Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

 Isaac Watts, 1709

SARUM 10. 10. 10. 4. Joseph Barnby, 1869


1 For all the saints who from their la - bors rest, Who thee by
faith be - fore the world con - fessed, Thy name, O Je - sus,
be for - ev - er blest. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A-men.

The cloud of witnesses

2
Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light. Alleluia!

3
O may thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victor's crown of gold. Alleluia!

4
O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine. Alleluia!

5
And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia!

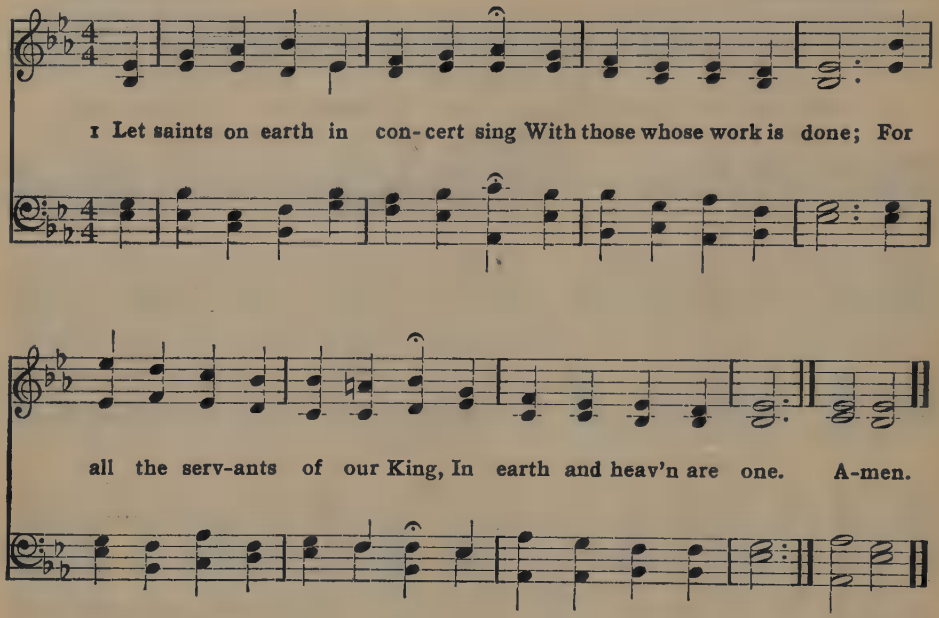
6
The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia!

7
But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on his way. Alleluia!

8
From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Alleluia!

W. W. How, 1864

DUNDEE C. M. Scottish Psalter, 1615


1 Let saints on earth in con-cert sing With those whose work is done; For
all the serv-ants of our King, In earth and heav'n are one. A-men.

Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named.—Ephesians iii: 15

2

One family, we dwell in him,
One Church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

3

One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of his host hath crossed the flood,
And part is crossing now.

4

E'en now to their eternal home
There pass some spirits blest,
While others to the margin come,
Waiting their call to rest.

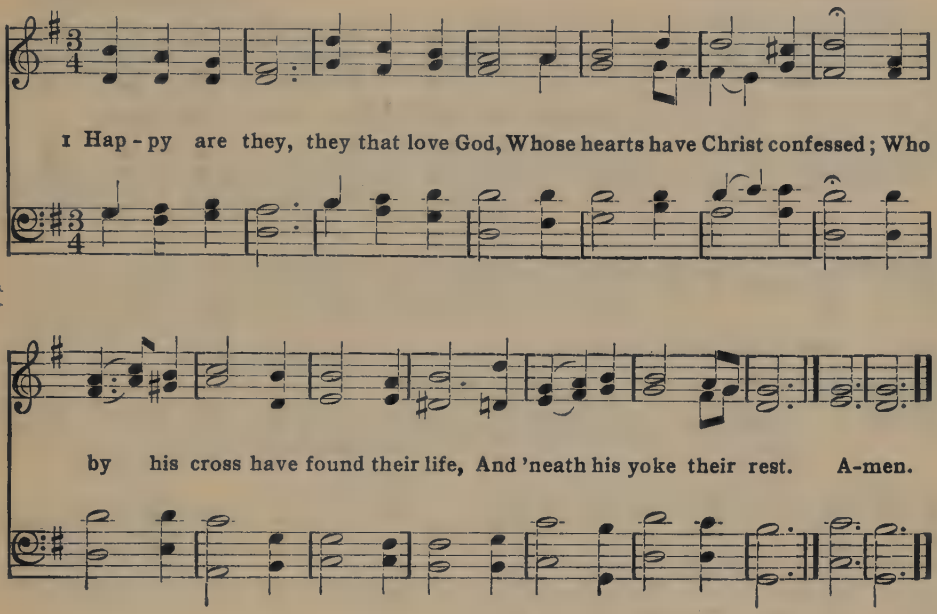
5

Jesus, be thou our constant guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And bring us safe to heaven.

400 Charles Wesley, 1759, and others

BINCHESTER C. M.

William Croft, 1678-1727


1 Hap - py are they, they that love God, Whose hearts have Christ confessed; Who
by his cross have found their life, And 'neath his yoke their rest. A-men.

2

Glad is the praise, sweet are the songs,
When they together sing;
And strong the prayers that bow the ear
Of heaven's eternal King.

3

Christ to their homes giveth his peace,
And makes their loves his own:
But ah, what tares the evil one
Hath in his garden sown.

4

Sad were our lot, evil this earth,
Did not its sorrows prove
The path whereby the sheep may find
The fold of Jesus' love.

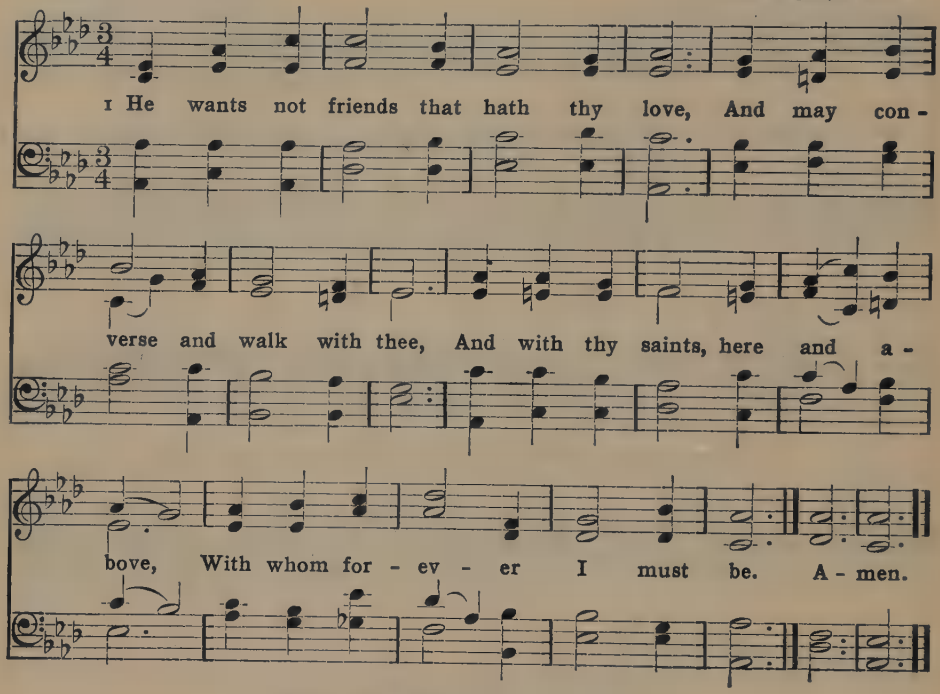
5

Then shall they know, they that love him,
How all their pain is good;
And death itself cannot unbind
Their happy brotherhood.

401 C. Coffin, 1676-1749: Tr. Yattendon Hymnal, 1899

LICHFIELD L. M.

W. D. Maclagan, 1826-1910


1 He wants not friends that hath thy love, And may con -
verse and walk with thee, And with thy saints, here and a -
bove, With whom for - ev - er I must be. A - men.

2
In the communion of thy saints
Is wisdom, safety and delight;
And when my heart declines and faints,
It's raisèd by their heat and light!

3
As for my friends, they are not lost;
The several vessels of thy fleet,
Though parted now, by tempests tost,
Shall safely in the haven meet.

4
Still we are centred all in thee,
Members, though distant, of one Head;
In the same family we be,
By the same faith and spirit led.

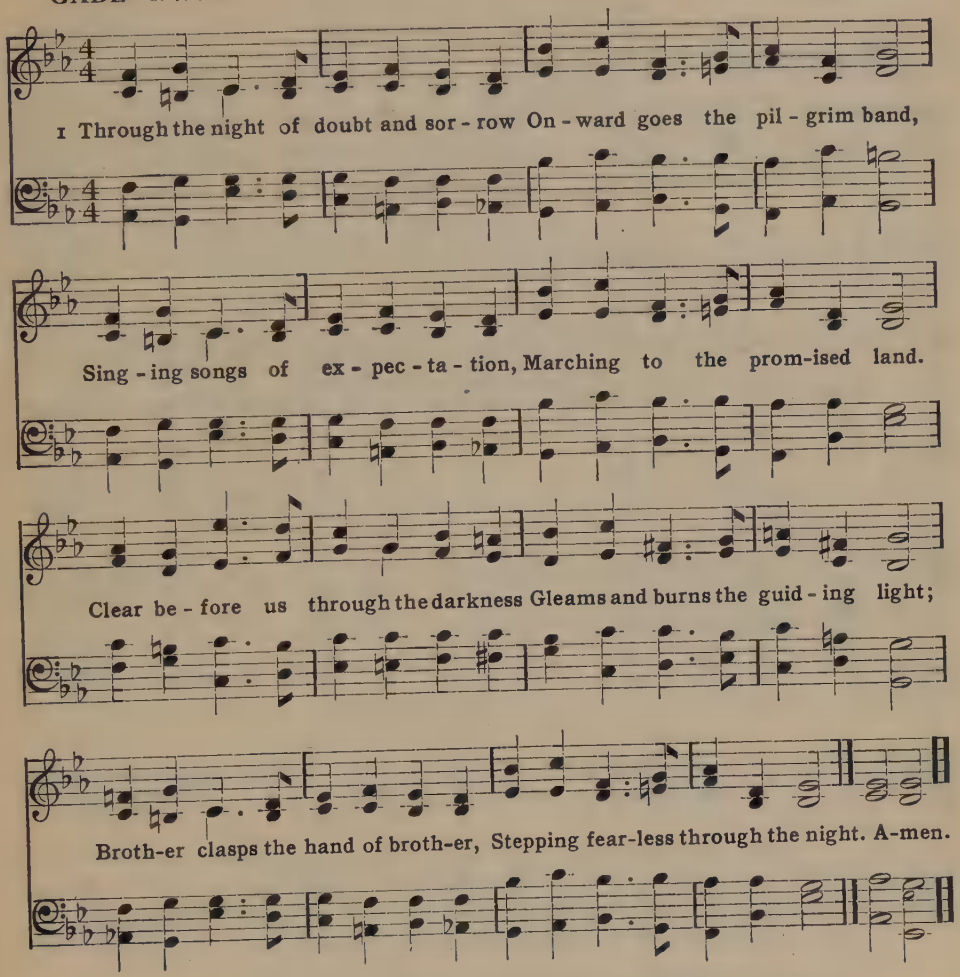
5
Before thy throne we daily meet
As joint-petitioners to thee;
In spirit we each other greet,
And shall again each other see.

6
The heavenly hosts, world without end,
Shall be my company above;
And thou, my best and surest Friend,
Who shall divide me from thy love?

Richard Baxter, 1615-91

GADE 8. 7. 8 l.

From Schumann:
"Norwegian Folk Song"


1 Through the night of doubt and sor - row On - ward goes the pil - grim band,
Sing - ing songs of ex - pec - ta - tion, Marching to the prom-ised land.
Clear be - fore us through the darkness Gleams and burns the guid - ing light;
Broth-er clasps the hand of broth-er, Stepping fear-less through the night. A-men.

2

One, the light of God's own presence,
O'er his ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:
One, the object of our journey,
One, the faith which never tires,
One, the earnest looking forward,
One, the hope our God inspires.

3

One, the strain the lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One, the march in God begun:
One, the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the one almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

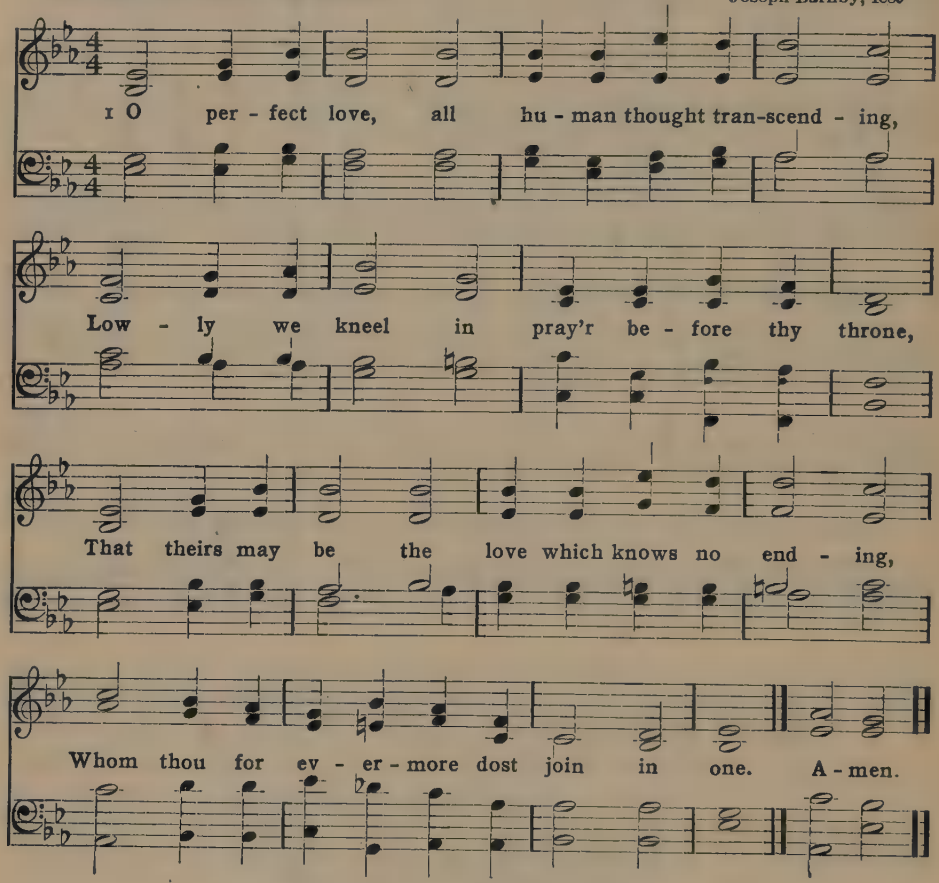
4

Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers!
Onward, with the cross our aid!
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade!
Soon shall come the great awaking;
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then, the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom!

B. S. Ingemann, 1825
Tr. S. Baring-Gould, 1875

Home and Marriage

PERFECT LOVE 11. 10. 41. Joseph Barnby, 1889


1 O per - fect love, all hu - man thought tran-scend - ing,
Low - ly we kneel in pray'r be - fore thy throne,
That theirs may be the love which knows no end - ing,
Whom thou for ev - er - more dost join in one. A - men.

2

O perfect life, be thou their full assurance
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
Of patient hope, and quiet, brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

3

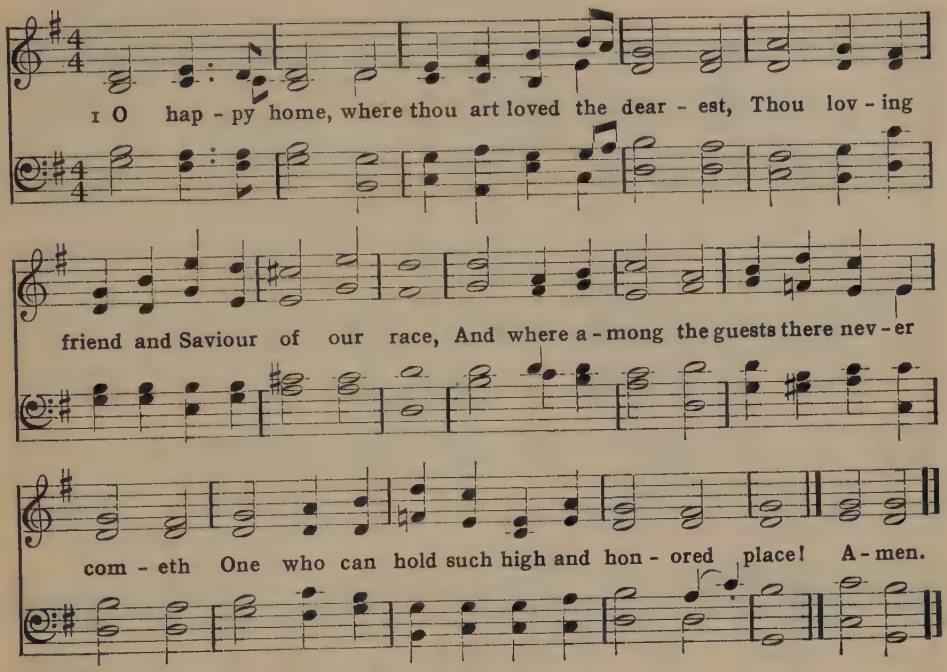
Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,
And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life.

4

Hear us, O Father, gracious and forgiving,
Through Jesus Christ thy co-eternal word,
Who, with the Holy Ghost, by all things living
Now and to endless ages art adored,

404 Dorothy Bloomfield, 1883, and John Ellerton

VESALIUS 11. 10. 41. E. C. Perry, 1856—


1 O hap - py home, where thou art loved the dear - est, Thou lov - ing
friend and Saviour of our race, And where a - mong the guests there nev - er
com - eth One who can hold such high and hon - ored place! A - men.

2
O happy home, where two in heart united
In holy faith and blessèd hope are one,
Whom death a little while alone divideth,
And cannot end the union here begun!

3
O happy home, whose little ones are given
Early to thee, in humble faith and prayer,
To thee, their friend, who from the heights of heaven
Guides them, and guards with more than mother's care!

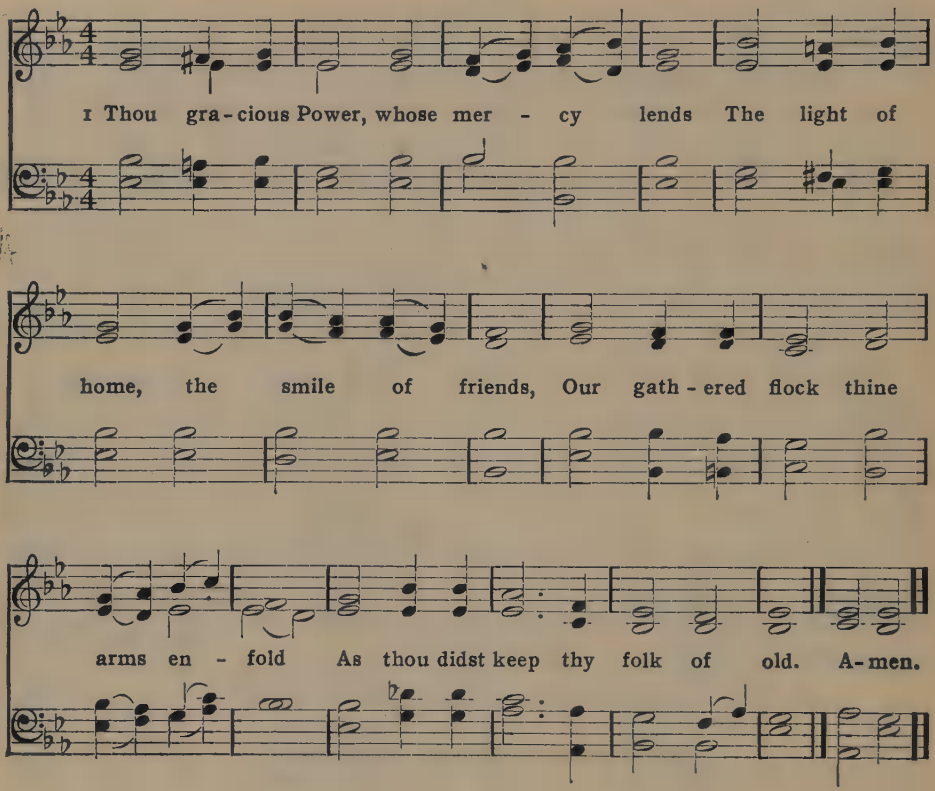
4
O happy home, where each one serves thee, lowly,
Whatever his appointed work may be,
Till every common task seems great and holy,
When it is done, O Lord, as unto thee!

5
O happy home, where thou art not forgotten
Where joy is overflowing, full and free,
O happy home, where every wounded spirit
Is brought, Physician, Comforter, to thee,

6
Until at last when earth's day's-work is ended,
All meet thee in the blessèd home above,
From whence thou camest, where thou hast ascended,
Thy everlasting home of peace and love!

C. J. P. Spitta, 1833:
Tr. Sarah L. Findlater, 1858, and others

HOLLEY L. M. George Hews, 1835


1 Thou gra - cious Power, whose mer - cy lends The light of
home, the smile of friends, Our gath - ered flock thine
arms en - fold As thou didst keep thy folk of old. A - men.

2

For all the blessings life has brought,
For all its sorrowing hours have taught,
For all we mourn, for all we keep,
The hands we clasp, the loved that sleep,

3

The noontide sunshine of the past,
These brief, bright moments fading fast,
The stars that gild our darkening years,
The twilight ray from holier spheres,

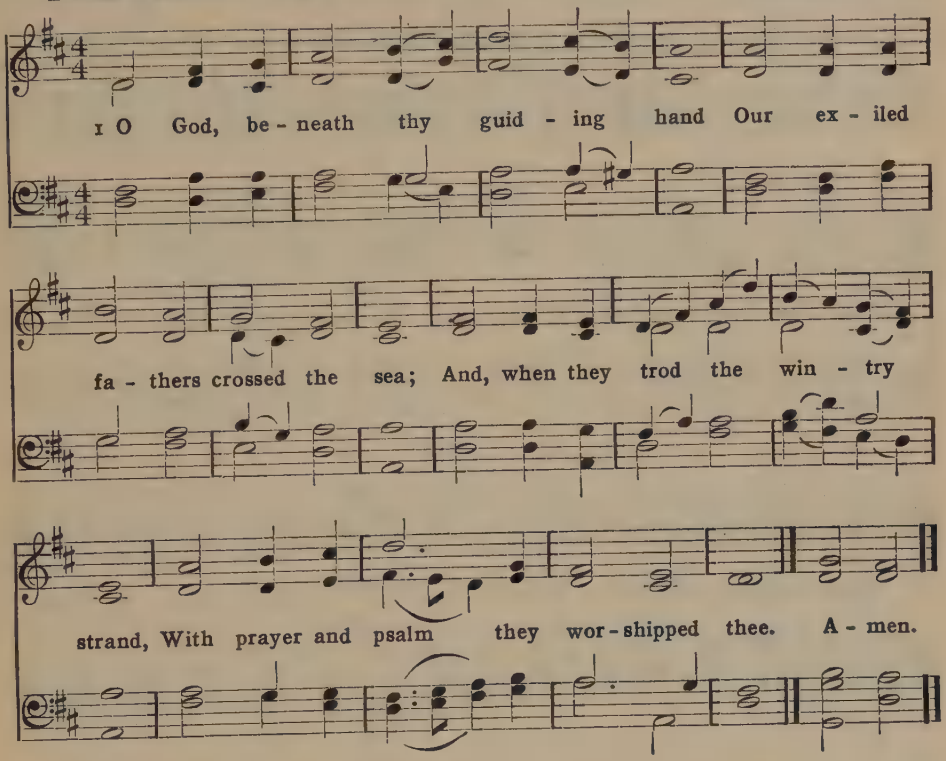
4

We thank thee, Father; let thy grace
Our loving circles still embrace,
Thy mercy shed its heavenly store,
Thy peace be with us evermore.

406 Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1869.

The Nation

DUKE STREET L. M. John Hatton, c. 1763


1 O God, be - neath thy guid - ing hand Our ex - iled
fa - thers crossed the sea; And, when they trod the win - try
strand, With prayer and psalm they wor - shipped thee. A - men.

2

Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the prayer:
Thy blessing came; and still its power
Shall onward through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.

3

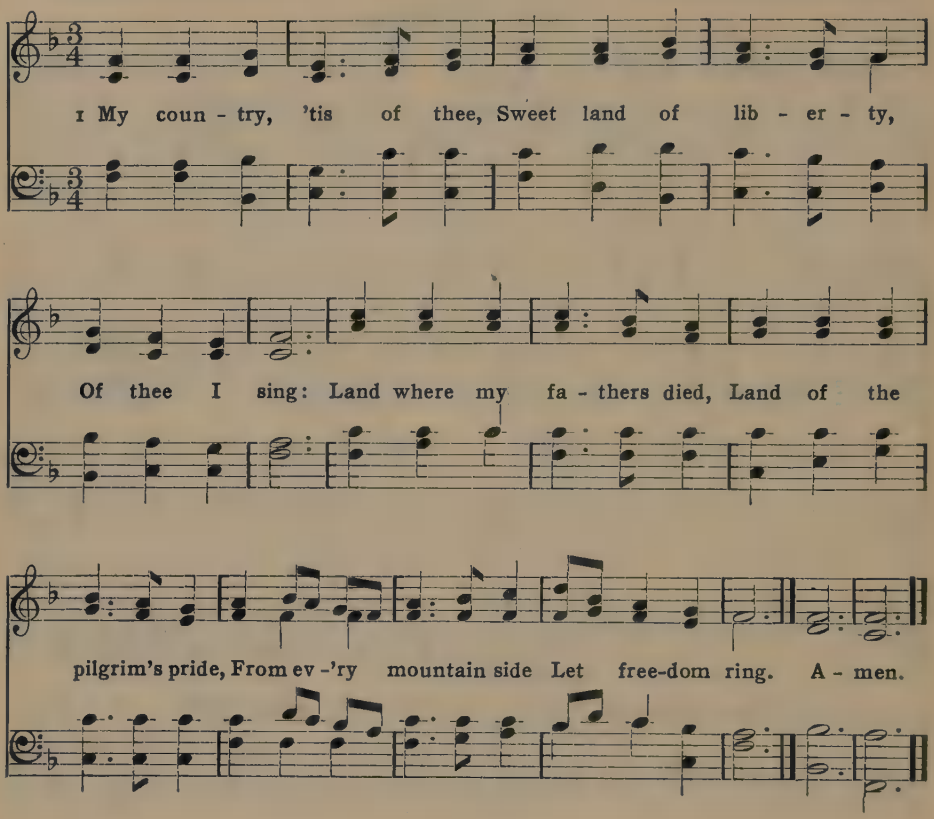
Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves;
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.

4

And here thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

407 Leonard Bacon, 1845

AMERICA 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4. Harmonia Anglicana, c. 1748


1 My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing: Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
pilgrim's pride, From ev -'ry mountain side Let free-dom ring. A - men.

2

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
  Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
  Like that above.

3

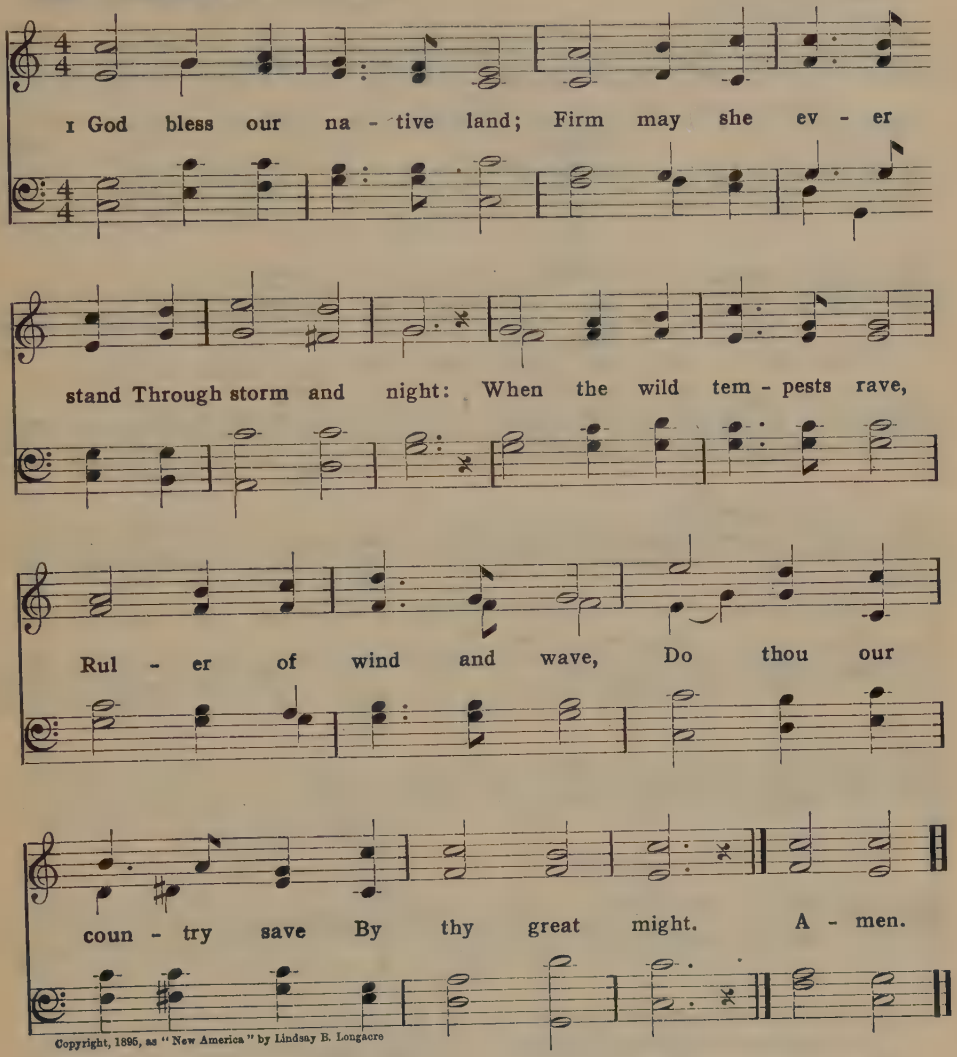
Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
  Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
  The sound prolong.

4

Our fathers' God to thee,
Author of liberty,
  To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
  Great God, our King.

408 S. F. Smith, 1832

MY COUNTRY 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4. Lindsay B. Longacre


1 God bless our na - tive land; Firm may she ev - er
stand Through storm and night: When the wild tem - pests rave,
Rul - er of wind and wave, Do thou our
coun - try save By thy great might. A - men.

Copyright, 1895, as "New America" by Lindsay B. Longacre

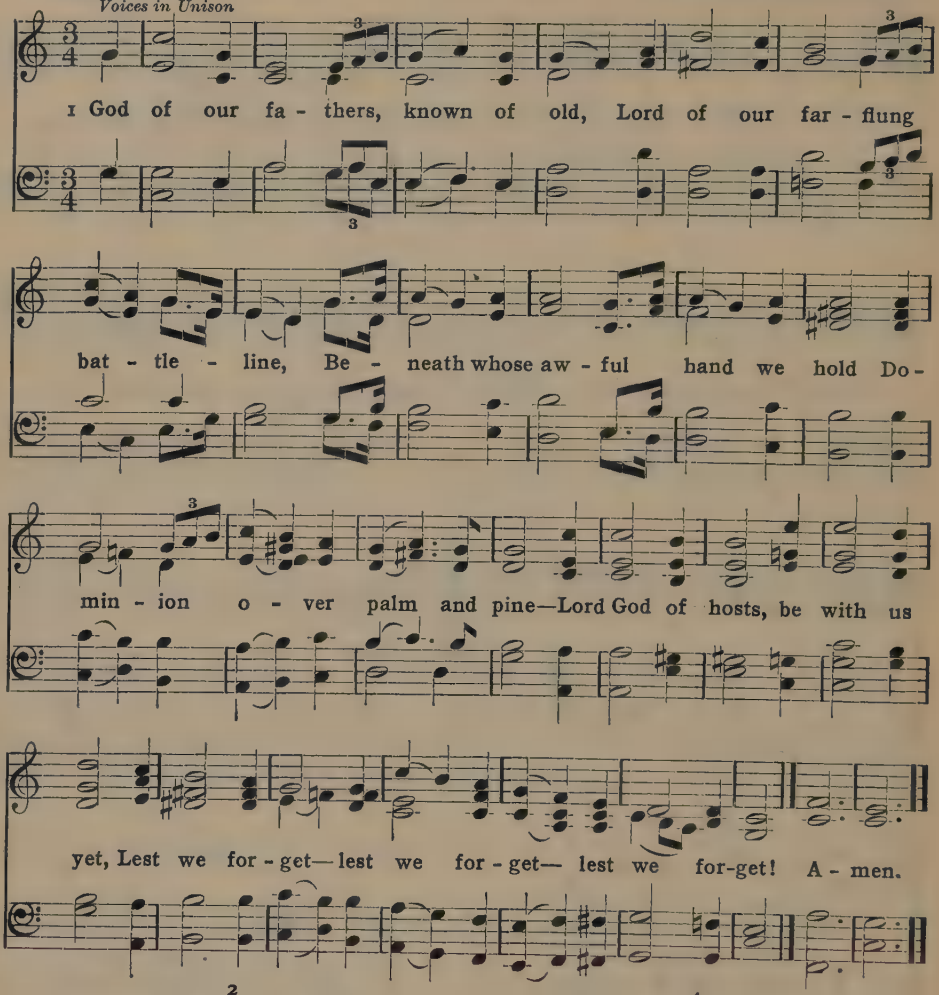
2

For her our prayers shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the State.

Charles T. Brooks, c. 1833:
John S. Dwight, 1844

RECESSIONAL 8s. 6l. Richard Wagner, 1813–1883

Voices in Unison


1 God of our fa - thers, known of old, Lord of our far - flung
bat - tle - line, Be - neath whose aw - ful hand we hold Do -
min - ion o - ver palm and pine—Lord God of hosts, be with us
yet, Lest we for - get— lest we for - get— lest we for-get! A - men.

2

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

3

Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

4

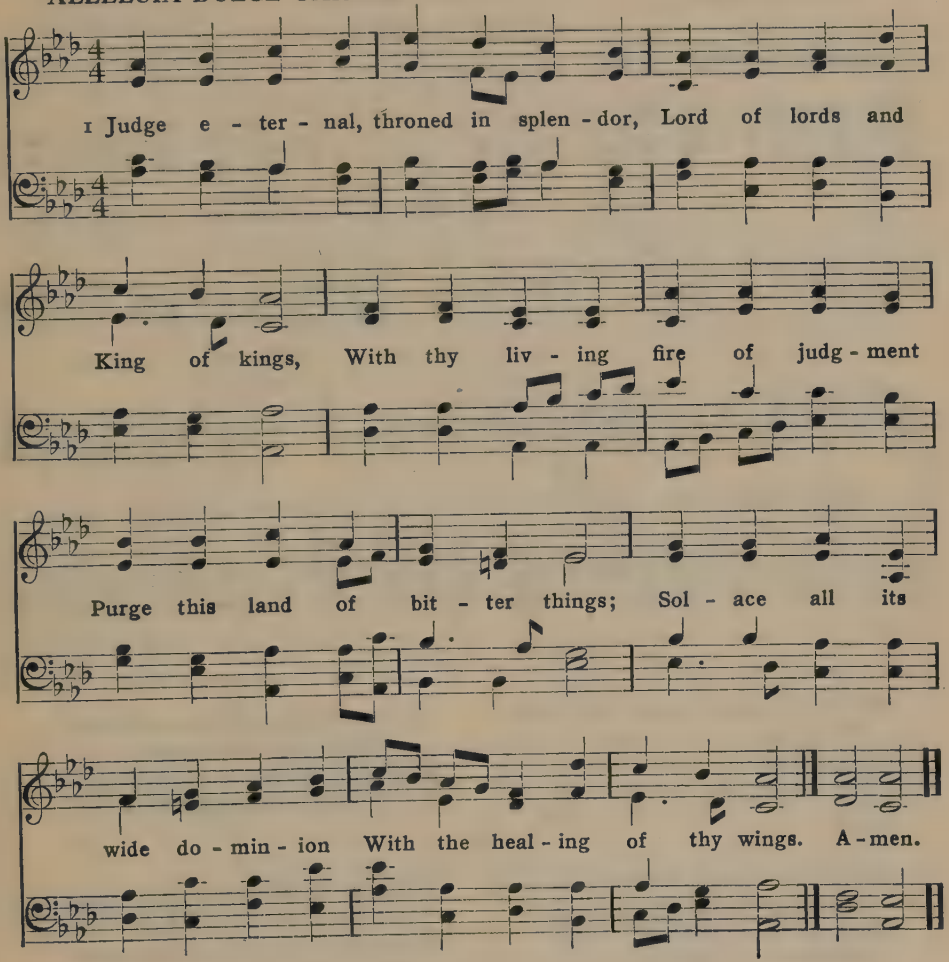
If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not thee in awe,
Snch boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the law—
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

5

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not thee to guard,
‖: For frantic boast :‖ and foolish word—
Thy mercy on thy people, Lord!

Rudyard Kipling, 1897

ALLELUIA DULCE CARMEN 8. 7. 6 l. Webbe's Church Music, 1792


1 Judge e - ter - nal, throned in splen - dor, Lord of lords and
King of kings, With thy liv - ing fire of judg - ment
Purge this land of bit - ter things; Sol - ace all its
wide do - min - ion With the heal - ing of thy wings. A - men.

2

Still the weary folk are pining
For the hour that brings release,
And the city's crowded clangor
Cries aloud for sin to cease;
And the homesteads and the woodlands
Plead in silence for their peace.

3

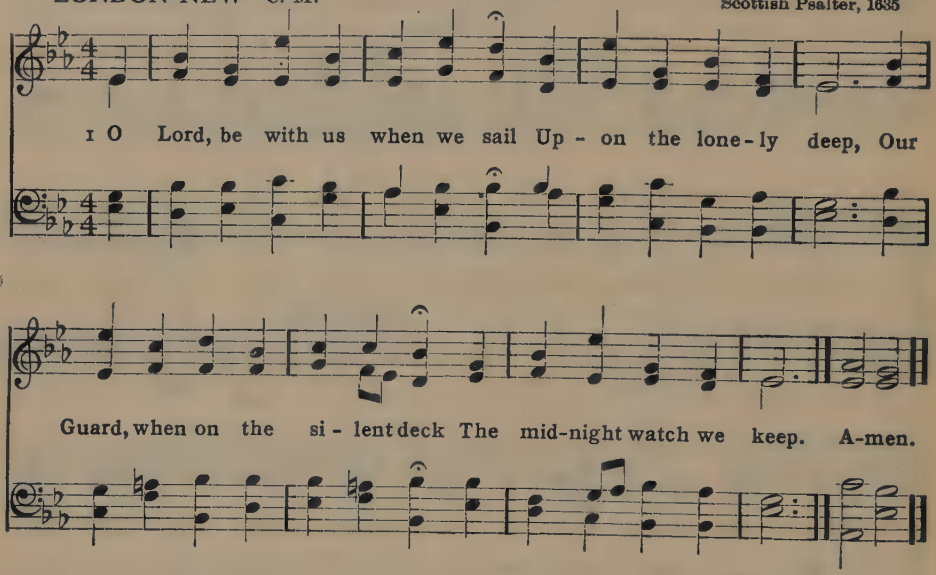
Crown, O God, thine own endeavor;
Cleave our darkness with thy sword;
Feed the faint and hungry heathen
With the richness of thy Word;
Cleanse the body of this nation
Through the glory of the Lord.

By permission of Editors of Hymns of the Kingdom of God

H. S. Holland, 1902, 1909

Those at Sea

LONDON NEW C. M. Scottish Psalter, 1635



2

We need not fear, though all around
'Mid rising winds we hear
The multitude of waters surge;
For thou, O God, art near.

3

The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm,
That pass from land to land,
All, all are thine, are held within
The hollow of thy hand.

4

* If duty calls from threatened strife
To guard our native shore,
And shot and shell are answering
The booming cannon's roar,

5

* Be thou the Mainguard of our host,
Till war and dangers cease;
Defend the right, put up the sword,
And through the world make peace.

6

Across this troubled tide of life
Thyself our Pilot be,
Until we reach that better land,
The land that knows no sea.

7

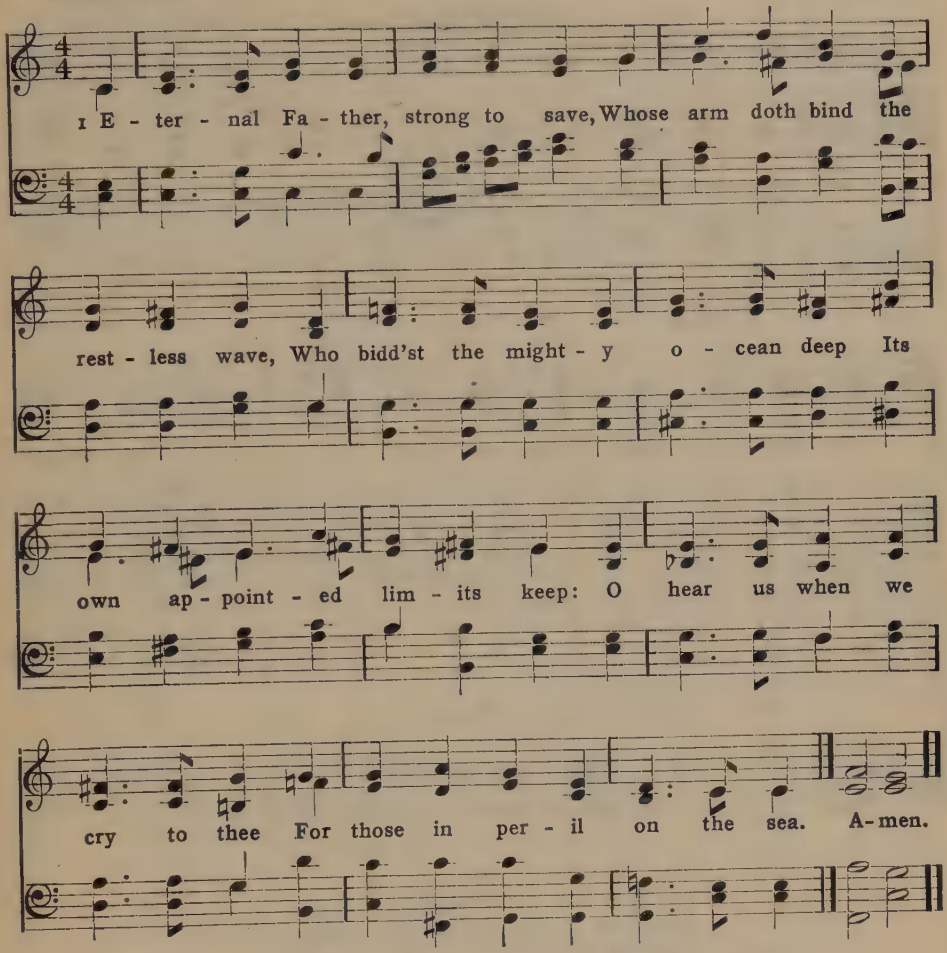
To thee the Father, thee the Son,
Whom earth and sky adore,
And Spirit moving on the deep,
Be praise for evermore.

* These verses are for use in the Navy in time of war

E. A. Dayman, 1865

Those at Sea

MELITA 8s. 6 l. J. B. Dykes, 1861


1 E - ter - nal Fa - ther, strong to save, Whose arm doth bind the
rest - less wave, Who bidd'st the might - y o - cean deep Its
own ap - point - ed lim - its keep: O hear us when we
cry to thee For those in per - il on the sea. A-men.

2

O Saviour, whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid its rage didst sleep:
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

3

O sacred Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who badd'st its angry tumult cease,
And gavest light and life and peace:
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

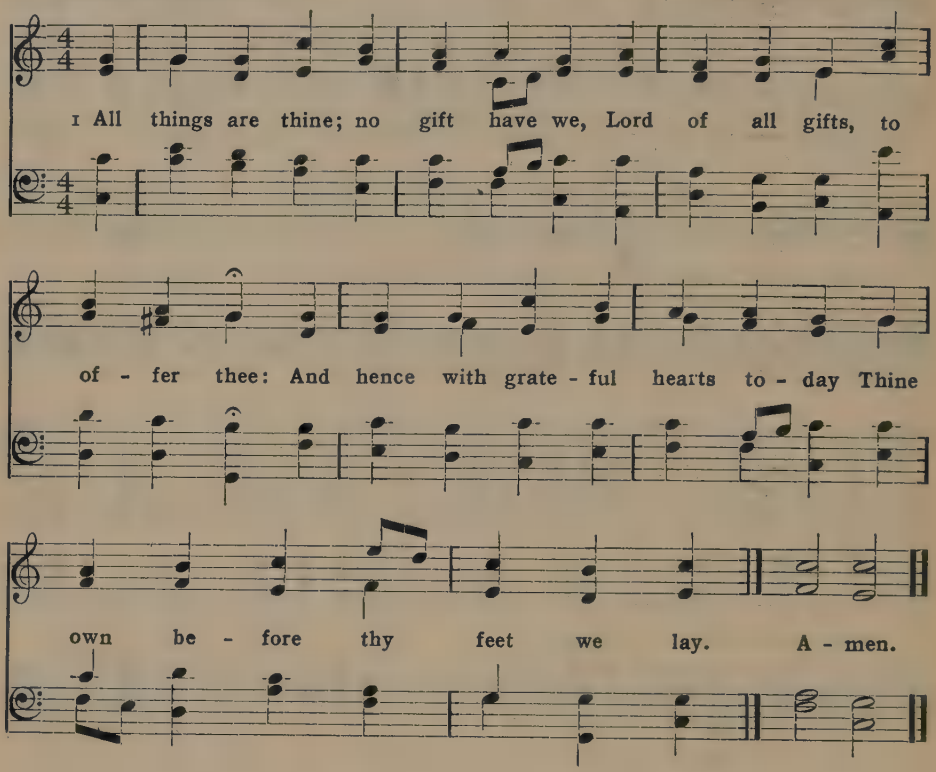
4

O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
And ever let there rise to thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

William Whiting, 1869

Dedication

MAINZER L. M. Joseph Mainzer, c. 1845


1 All things are thine; no gift have we, Lord of all gifts, to
of - fer thee: And hence with grate - ful hearts to - day Thine
own be - fore thy feet we lay. A - men.

2

Thy will was in the builders' thought;
Thy hand unseen amidst us wrought;
Through mortal motive, scheme and plan,
Thy wise, eternal purpose ran.

3

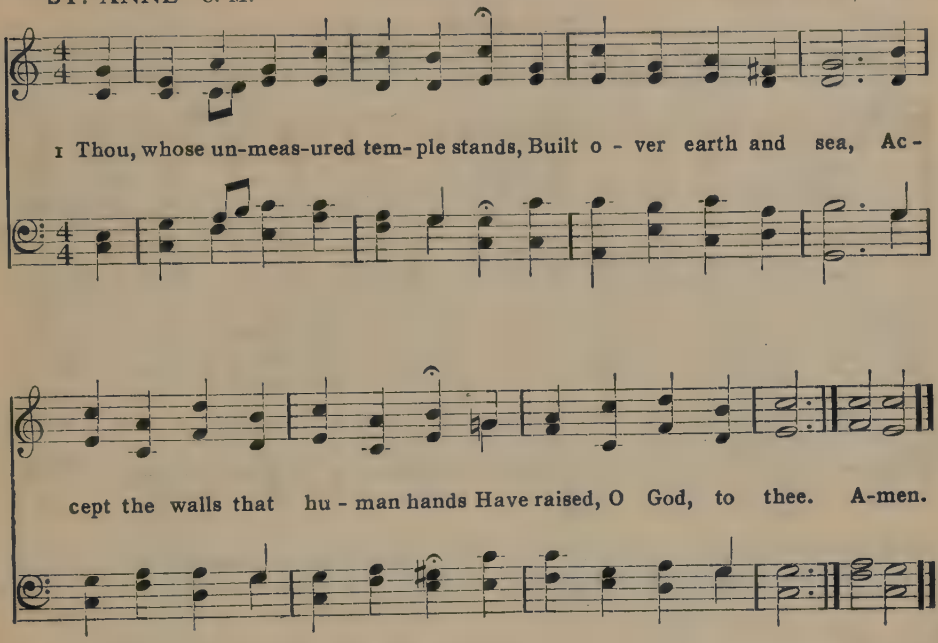
In weakness and in want we call
On thee for whom the heavens are small;
Thy glory is thy children's good,
Thy joy, thy tender Fatherhood.

4

O Father, deign these walls to bless;
Fill with thy love their emptiness;
And let their door a gateway be
To lead us from ourselves to thee.

414 J. G. Whittier, 1872

ST. ANNE C. M. William Croft, 1708


1 Thou, whose un-meas-ured tem-ple stands, Built o - ver earth and sea, Ac-
cept the walls that hu - man hands Have raised, O God, to thee. A-men.

2

Lord, from thine inmost glory send
Within these walls to abide,
The peace that dwelleth without end
Serenely by thy side.

3

May erring minds, that worship here,
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

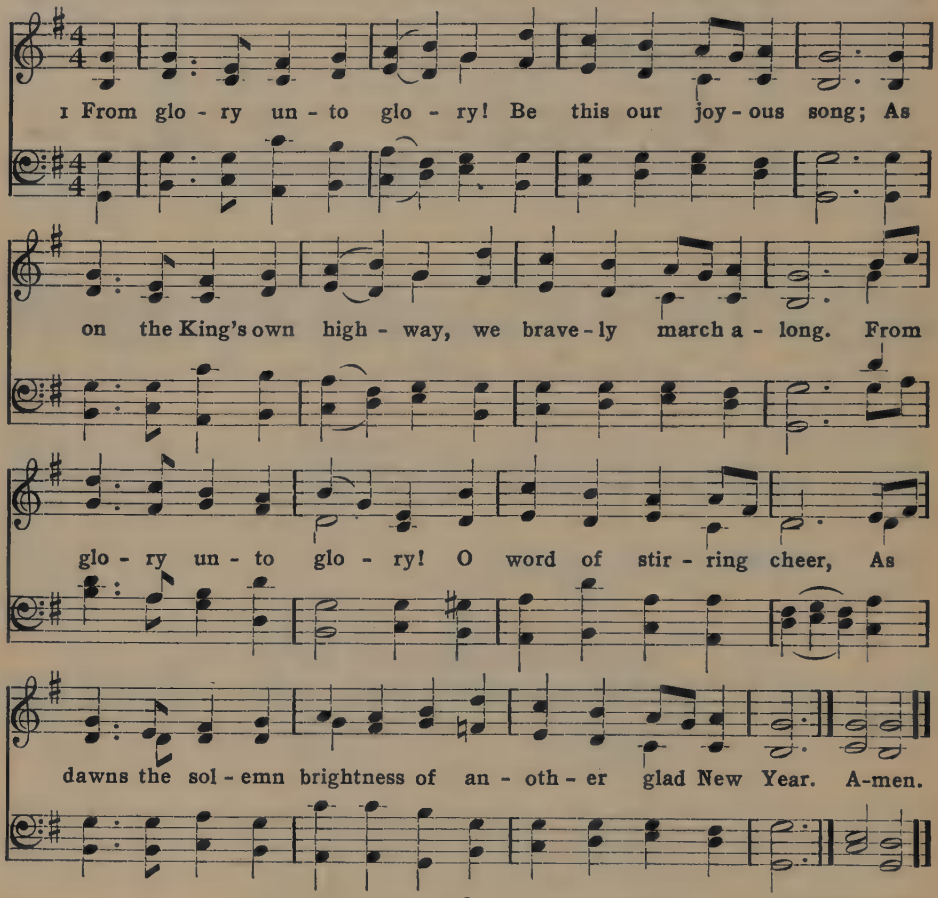
4

May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

W. C. Bryant, 1835

The New Year

GOSTERWOOD 7. 6. 8 l. English Traditional Melody


1 From glo - ry un - to glo - ry! Be this our joy - ous song; As
on the King's own high - way, we brave - ly march a - long. From
glo - ry un - to glo - ry! O word of stir - ring cheer, As
dawns the sol - emn brightness of an - oth - er glad New Year. A-men.

2 *2 Corinthians iii : 18*

From glory unto glory! What great things he hath done,
What wonders he hath shown us, what triumphs he hath won!
From glory unto glory! What mighty blessings crown
The lives for which our Lord hath laid his own so freely down!

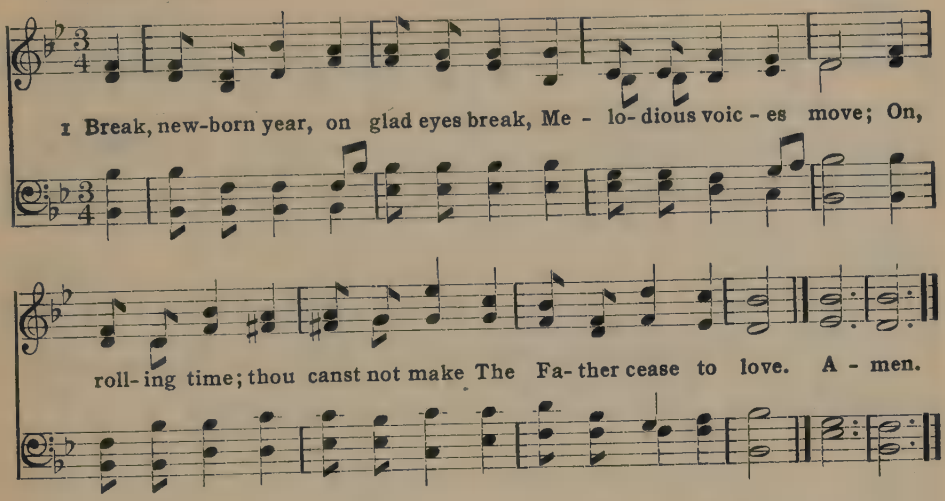
3

The fullness of his blessing encompasseth our way;
The fullness of his promises crowns every brightening day;
The fullness of his glory is beaming from above,
While more and more we learn to know the fullness of his love.

4

And closer yet and closer the golden bonds shall be,
Uniting all who love our Lord in pure sincerity;
And wider yet and wider shall the circling glory glow,
As more and more are taught of God that mighty love to know.

LUCIUS C. M. George Kingsley, 1853


1 Break, new-born year, on glad eyes break, Me - lo- dious voic - es move; On,
roll- ing time; thou canst not make The Fa- ther cease to love. A - men.

2

The parted year had winged feet;
The Saviour still doth stay:
The new year comes; but, Spirit sweet,
Thou goest not away.

3

Our hearts in tears may oft run o'er;
But, Lord, thy smile still beams:
Our sins are swelling evermore,
But pardoning grace still streams.

4

Lord, from this year more service win,
More glory, more delight:
O make its hours less sad with sin,
Its days with thee more bright.

5

Then we may bless its precious things
If earthly cheer should come,
Or gladsome mount on angel wings
If thou wouldst take us home.

6

O golden then the hours must be;
The year must needs be sweet;
Yes, Lord, with happy melody
Thine opening grace we greet.

T. H. Gill, 1855

5

O let our adoration for all that he hath done,
Peal out beyond the stars of God, while voice and life are one;
And let our consecration be real, deep, and true,
O even now our hearts shall bow, and joyful vows renew.

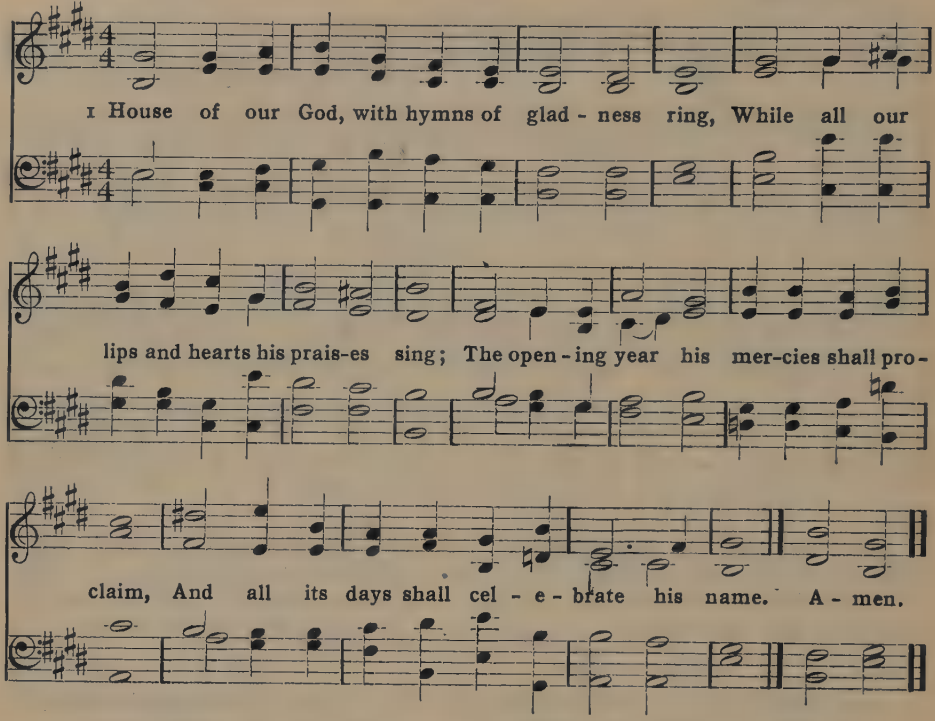
6

Now onward, ever onward, from strength to strength we go,
While grace for grace abundantly shall from his fullness flow,
To glory's full fruition, from glory's foretaste here,
Until his very presence crown our happiest New Year.

Frances R. Havergal, 1874

LONGWOOD 10s. 4 l.

Joseph Barnby, 1872


1 House of our God, with hymns of glad - ness ring, While all our
lips and hearts his prais-es sing; The open - ing year his mer-cies shall pro-
claim, And all its days shall cel - e - brate his name. A - men.

2

Ye angel choirs on high, whose dwelling-place
Shines with the glory of his unveiled face,
Through your immortal life, as love still grows,
Tell of his goodness, which no ending knows.

3

O Earth, enlightened by his rays divine,
Stored by his hand with corn and oil and wine,
Crowned with his goodness, let thy nations raise
From shore to shore the song of ceaseless praise.

4

O Church, his chosen dwelling and delight,
Graven on his hands, and precious in his sight,
Sing the deep marvels of that boundless grace
Which sheds on thee the brightness of his face.

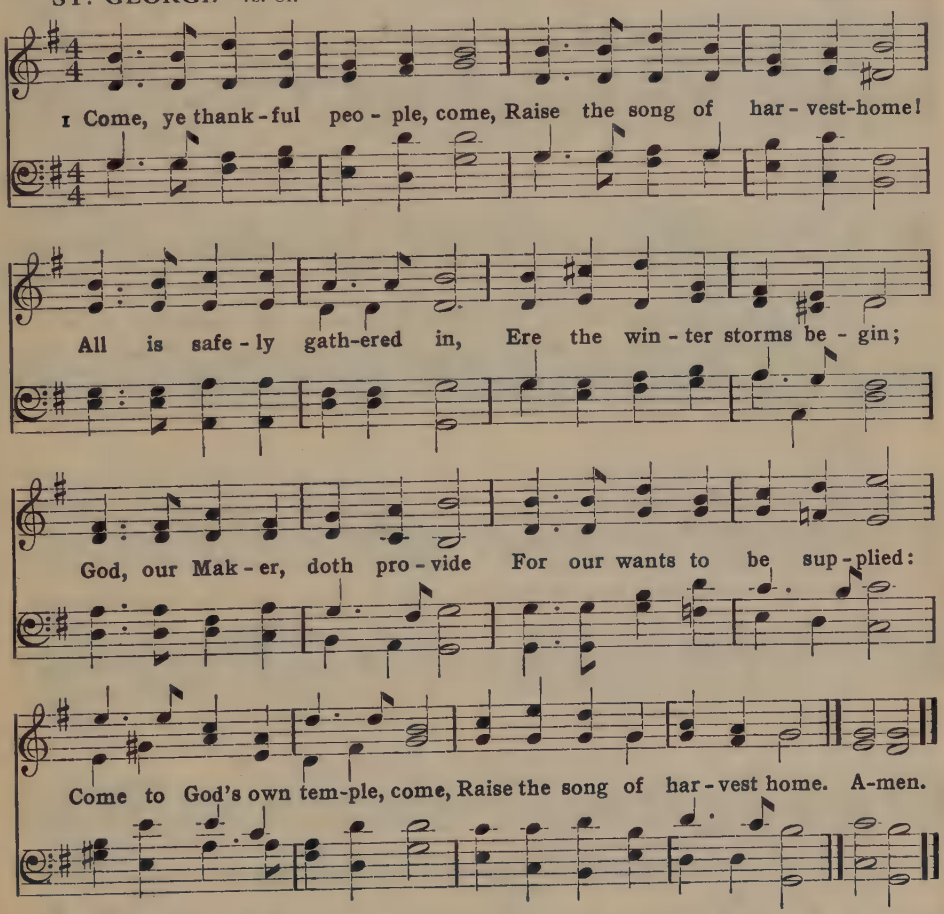
5

Burst into praise, my soul; and evermore
Through changing life thy changeless God adore:
He is thy trust, thy refuge, and thy fear;
Strong in his strength, begin the new-born year.

Philip Doddridge, 1755:
Recast by John Ellerton, 1871

Harvest and Thanksgiving

ST. GEORGE 7s. 8l. G. J. Elvey, 1858


1 Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home!
All is safe-ly gath-ered in, Ere the win-ter storms be-gin;
God, our Mak-er, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied:
Come to God's own tem-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest home. A-men.

2

All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3

For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home;
From his field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give his angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.

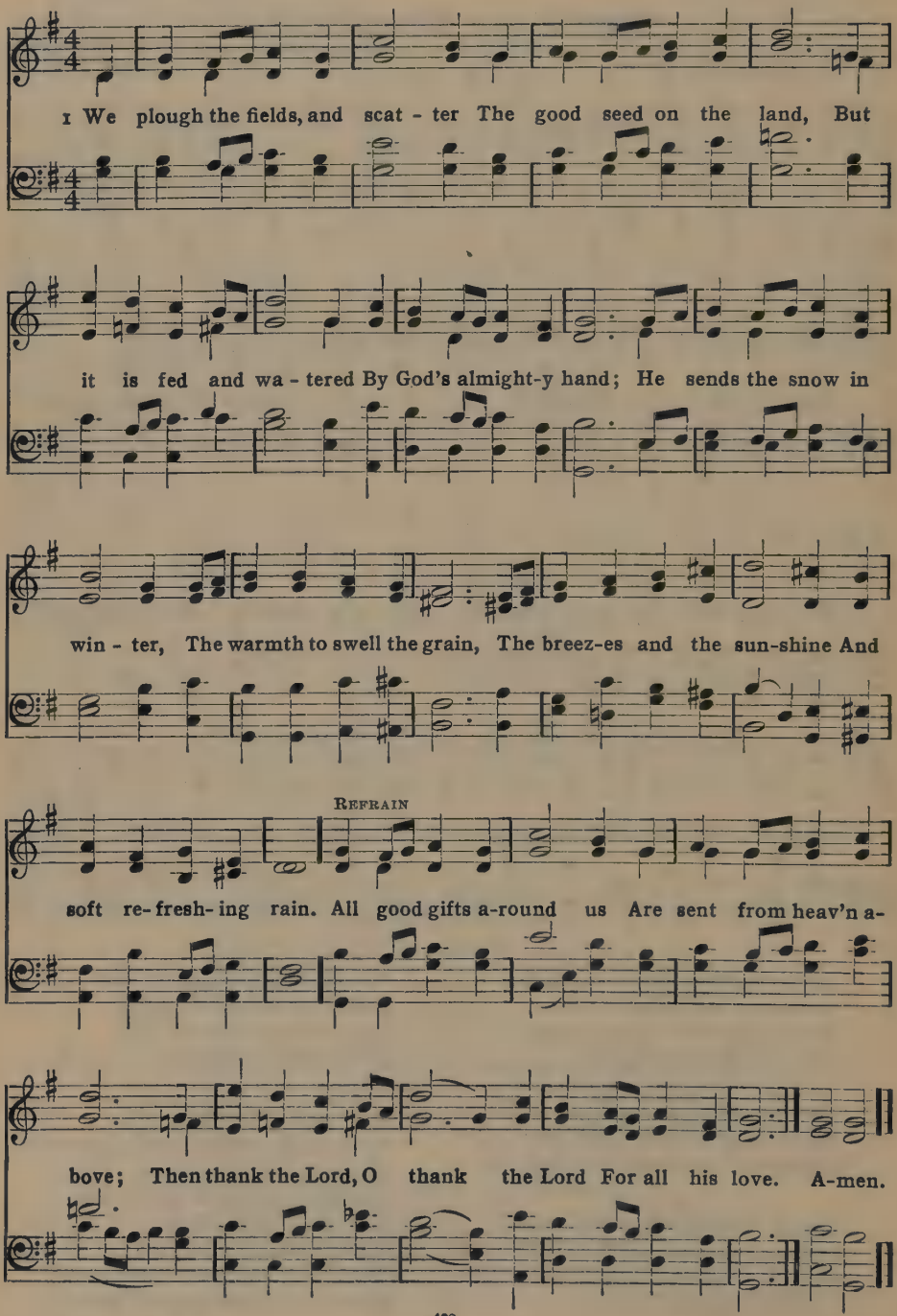
4

Even so, Lord, quickly come
To thy final harvest-home;
Gather thou thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There for ever purified,
In thy presence to abide:
Come, with all thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home.

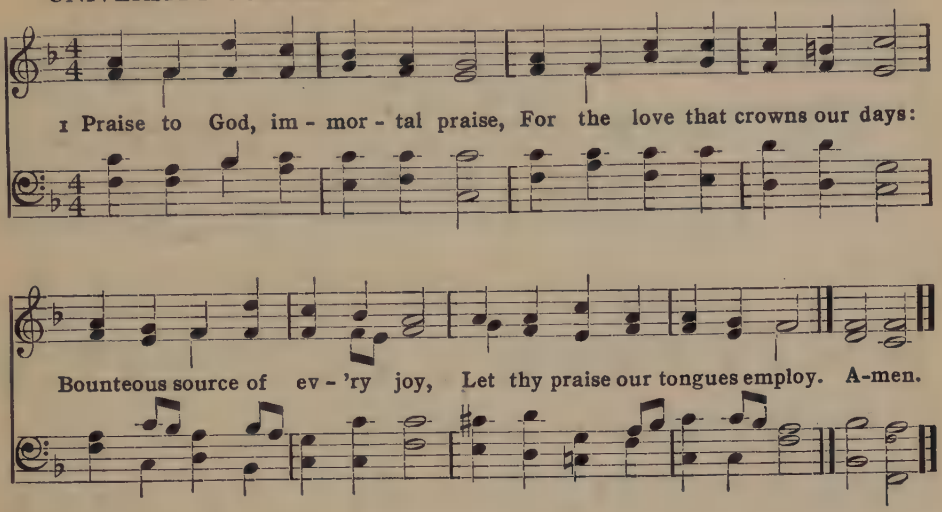
Henry Alford, 1844

HARVEST 7. 6. 8 l. With Refrain

Berthold Tours, 1838-1897


1 We plough the fields, and scat - ter The good seed on the land, But
it is fed and wa - tered By God's almight-y hand; He sends the snow in
win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain, The breez-es and the sun-shine And
REFRAIN
soft re-fresh- ing rain. All good gifts a-round us Are sent from heav'n a-
bove; Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord For all his love. A-men.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE 7s. 4 l. H. J. Gauntlett, 1848


1 Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days:
Bounteous source of ev - 'ry joy, Let thy praise our tongues employ. A-men.

2
Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse;

3
All that Spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores;

4
These to thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

5 *Habakuk iii: 17-18*
Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit;

6
Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store;
Though the sickening flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall;—

7
Yet to thee my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.

Anna L. Barbauld, 1772

2
He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey him,
By him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, his children,
He gives our daily bread.

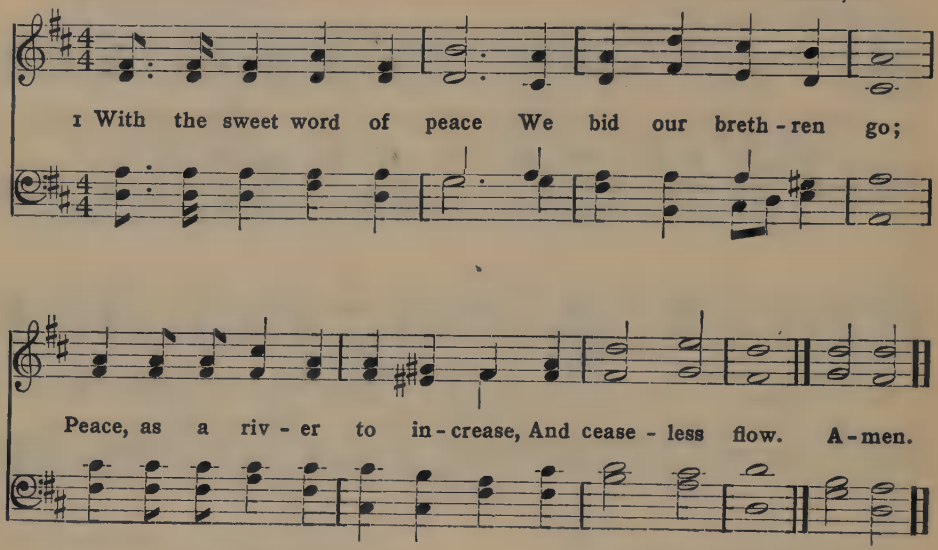
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above;
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord
For all his love.

3
We thank thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food:
No gifts have we to offer,
For all thy love imparts,
But that which thou desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.

Matthias Claudius, 1782:
Tr. Jane Campbell, 1861

VALEDICTION 6. 6. 8. 4.

J. W. Elliott, 1833—



2
With the calm word of prayer
We earnestly commend
Our brethren to thy watchful care,
Eternal Friend.

3
With the dear word of love
We give our brief farewell:
Our love below, and thine above,
With them shall dwell.

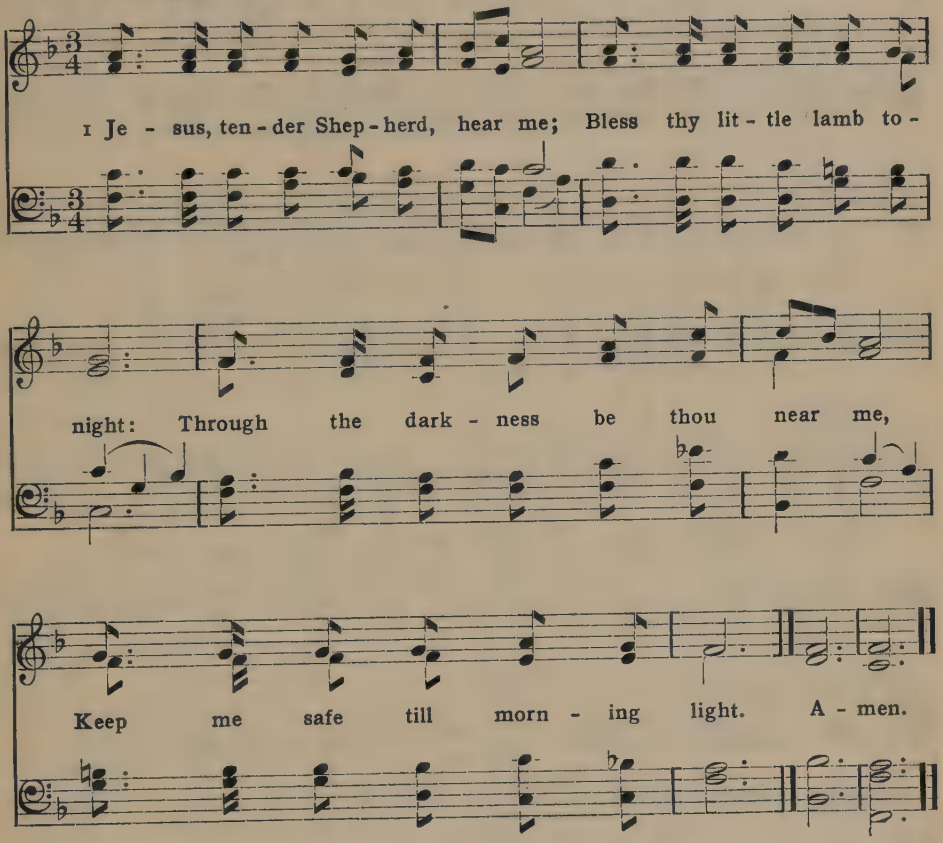
4
With the strong word of faith
We stay ourselves in thee,
That thou, O Lord, in life and death
Their help shalt be.

5
Then the bright word of hope
Shall on our parting gleam,
And tell of joys beyond the scope
Of earth-born dream.

6
Farewell! in hope, and love,
In faith, and peace, and prayer;
Till he whose home is ours above
Unite us there.

422 George Watson, 1867

ST. SYLVESTER 8. 7. 4 l. J. B. Dykes, 1862


1 Je - sus, ten - der Shep - herd, hear me; Bless thy lit - tle lamb to -
night: Through the dark - ness be thou near me,
Keep me safe till morn - ing light. A - men.

2

All this day thy hand has led me,
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer!

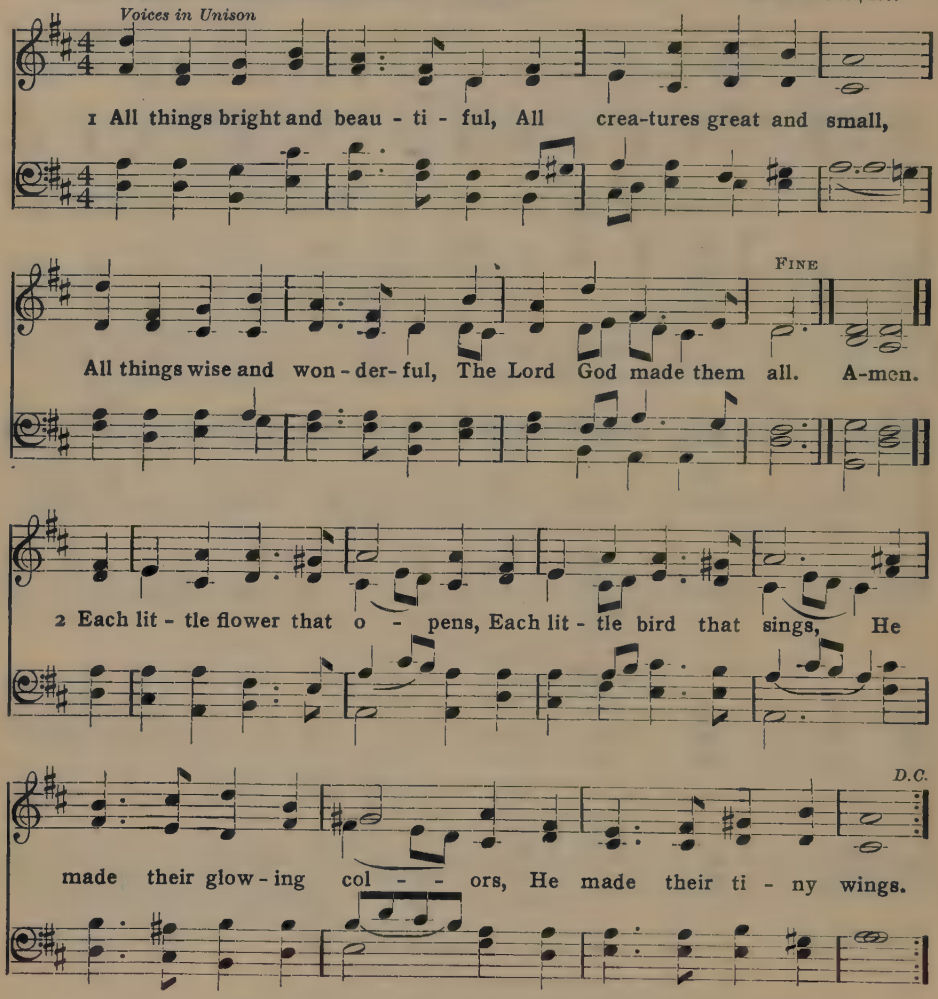
3

Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

423 Mary Lundie Duncan, 1839

ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL 7. 6. 4 l.

W. H. Monk, 1887


Voices in Unison
1 All things bright and beau - ti - ful, All crea-tures great and small,
FINE
All things wise and won - der- ful, The Lord God made them all. A-men.
2 Each lit - tle flower that o - pens, Each lit - tle bird that sings, He
D.C.
made their glow - ing col - - ors, He made their ti - ny wings.

3

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning,
That brightens up the sky;

4

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,—
He made them every one;

5

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water,
We gather every day;—

6

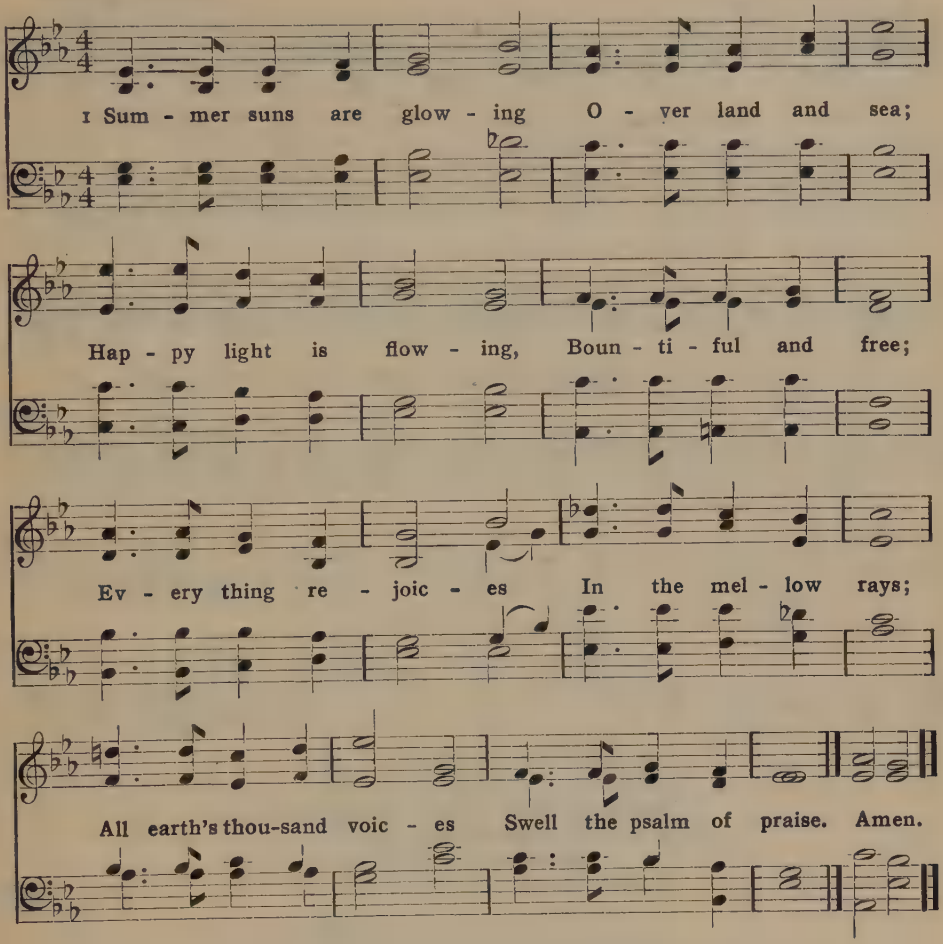
He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

424 Mrs. C. F. Alexander, 1848

RUTH 6. 5. 8 l.

Samuel Smith, 1865


1 Sum - mer suns are glow - ing O - ver land and sea;
Hap - py light is flow - ing, Boun - ti - ful and free;
Ev - ery thing re - joic - es In the mel - low rays;
All earth's thou-sand voic - es Swell the psalm of praise. Amen.

2

God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And his banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled;
Broad, and deep, and glorious
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal love.

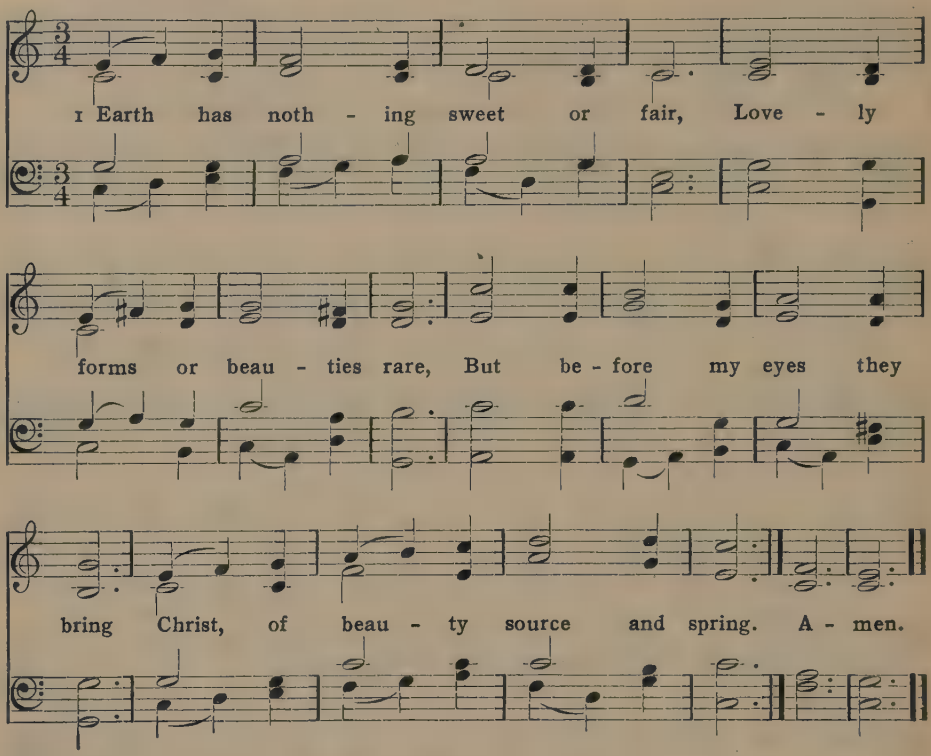
3

Lord, upon our blindness
Thy pure radiance pour,
For thy loving kindness
Make us love thee more:
And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
Then, the veil uplifting
Father, be thou nigh.

4

We will never doubt thee,
Though thou veil thy light:
Life is dark without thee,
Death with thee is bright;
Light of light! shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way,
Go thou still before us
To the endless day.

W. W. How, 1871

KEINE SCHÖNHEIT HAT DIE WELT 7s. 4l. J. Scheffler's Seelenlust, 1657

1 Earth has noth - ing sweet or fair, Love - ly
forms or beau - ties rare, But be - fore my eyes they
bring Christ, of beau - ty source and spring. A - men.

2
When the morning paints the skies,
When the golden sunbeams rise,
Then my Saviour's form I find
Brightly imaged on my mind.

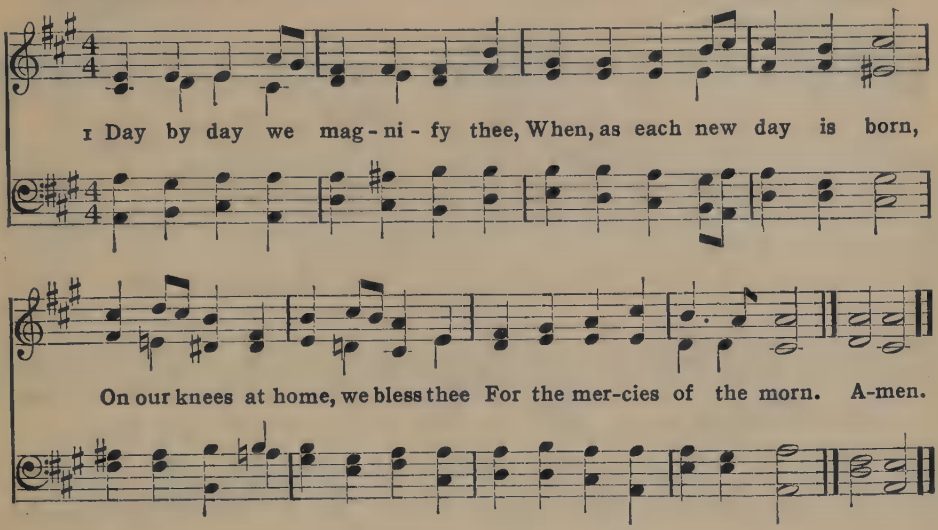
3
When, as moonlight softly steals,
Heaven its thousand eyes reveals,
Then I think: Who made their light
Is a thousand times more bright.

4
When I see, in spring-tide gay,
Fields their varied tints display,
Wakes the awful thought in me,
What must their Creator be!

5
Lord of all that's fair to see,
Come, reveal thyself to me;
Let me, 'mid thy radiant light,
See thine unveiled glories bright.

426 J. Scheffler, 1657; Tr. Miss F. E. Cox, 1841

ASCHAM 8. 7. 4 l. E. S. Carter, 1845—



2

Day by day we magnify thee,
When our hymns in school we raise,
Daily work begun and ended
With the daily voice of praise.

3

Day by day we magnify thee
In our hymns before we sleep;
Angels hear them, watching by us,
Christ's dear lambs all night to keep.

4

Day by day we magnify thee,
Not in words of praise alone;
Truthful lips and meek obedience
Show thy glory in thine own.

5

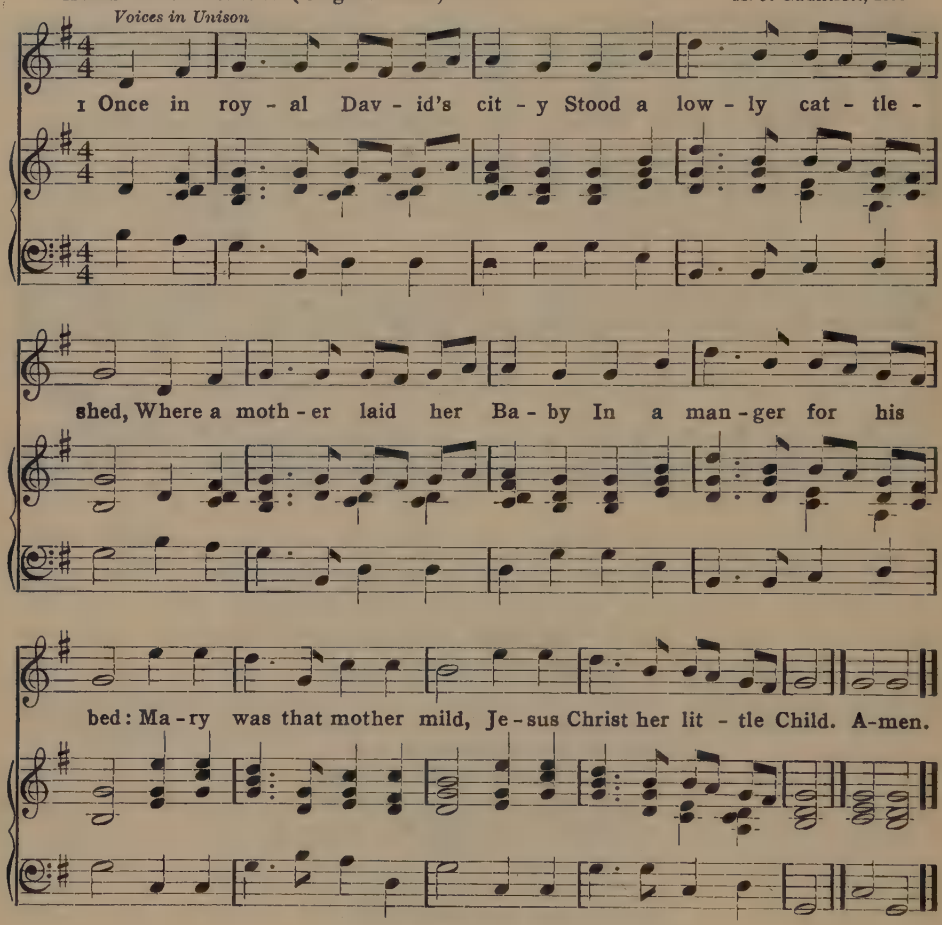
Day by day we magnify thee,
When for Jesus' sake we try
Every wrong to bear with patience,
Every sin to mortify.

6

Day by day we magnify thee,
Till our days on earth shall cease,
Till we rest from these our labors,
Waiting for thy day in peace.

427 John Ellerton, 1858

IRBY 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. (Original form) H. J. Gauntlett, 1858


Voices in Unison
1 Once in roy - al Dav - id's cit - y Stood a low - ly cat - tle -
shed, Where a moth - er laid her Ba - by In a man - ger for his
bed: Ma - ry was that mother mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle Child. A-men.

2

He came down to earth from heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And his shelter was a stable,
And his cradle was a stall:
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3

And, through all his wondrous childhood,
He would honor, and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms he lay:
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as he.

4

For he is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us he grew,
He was little, weak and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us he knew:
And he feeleth for our sadness,
And he shareth in our gladness.

5

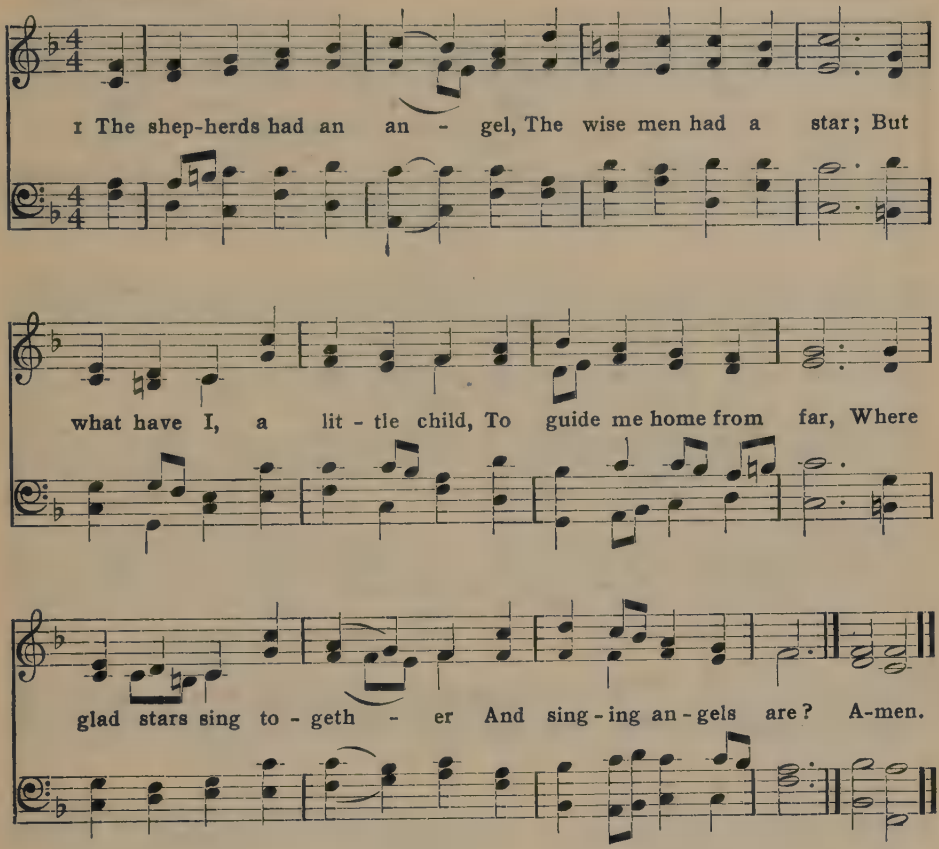
And our eyes at last shall see him,
Through his own redeeming love;
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above,
And he leads his children on
To the place where he is gone.

6

Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see him, but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars his children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander, 1848

TYNEMOUTH 8. 6. 61. From Choron's Chants Chorals


1 The shep-herds had an an - gel, The wise men had a star; But
what have I, a lit - tle child, To guide me home from far, Where
glad stars sing to - geth - er And sing - ing an - gels are? A-men.

2

Lord Jesus is my Guardian,
So I can nothing lack:
The lambs lie in his bosom
Along life's dangerous track;
The wilful lambs that go astray
He bleeding fetches back.

3

Lord Jesus is my guiding star,
My beacon-light in heaven:
He leads me step by step along
The path of life uneven:
He true light, leads me to that land
Whose day shall be as seven.

4

Those shepherds through the lonely night
Sat watching by their sheep,
Until they saw the heavenly host
Who neither tire nor sleep,
All singing "Glory, glory"
In festival they keep.

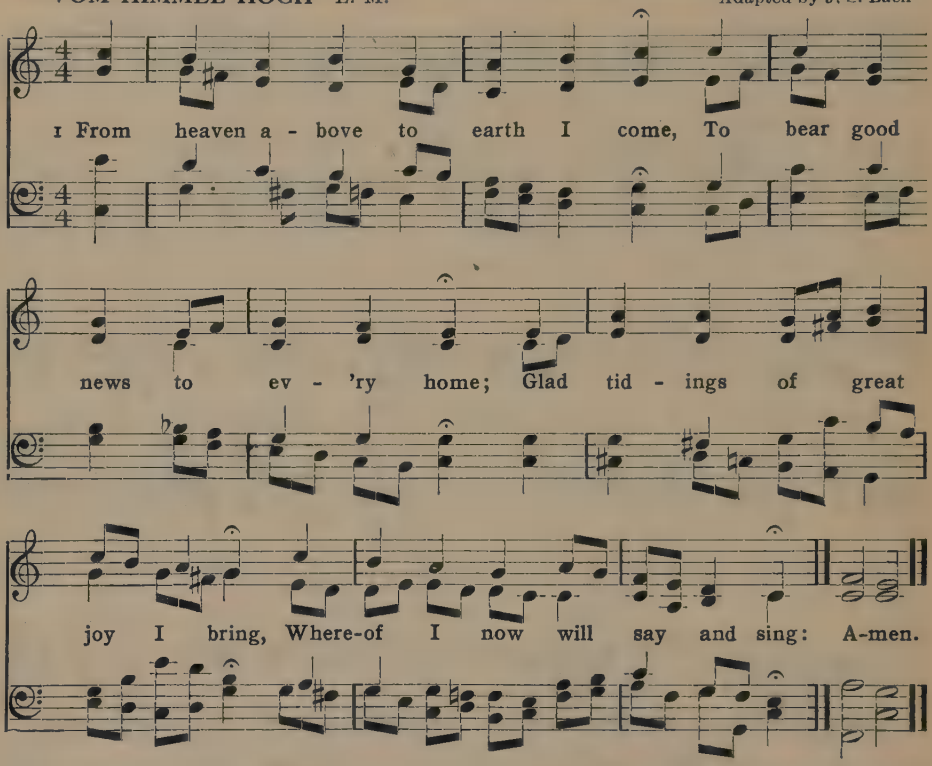
5

Christ watches me, his little lamb,
Cares for me day and night,
That I may be his own in heaven:
So angels clad in white
Shall sing their "Glory, glory"
For my sake in the height.

Christina G. Rossetti, 1830-1894

VOM HIMMEL HOCH L. M.

Melody attributed to Martin Luther, 1483-1546:
Adapted by J. S. Bach


1 From heaven a - bove to earth I come, To bear good
news to ev - 'ry home; Glad tid - ings of great
joy I bring, Where-of I now will say and sing: A-men.

2

"To you, this night, is born a Child,
Of Mary, chosen mother mild;
This little Child, of lowly birth,
Shall be the joy of all your earth."

3

Now let us all with gladsome cheer,
Follow the shepherds and draw near
To see this wondrous gift of God,
Who hath his only Son bestowed.

4

Ah, Lord, who hast created all, [small,
How hast thou made thee weak and
That thou must choose thy infant bed
Where ox and ass but lately fed!

5

Were earth a thousand times as fair,
Beset with gold and jewels rare,
She yet were far too poor to be
A narrow cradle, Lord, for thee.

6

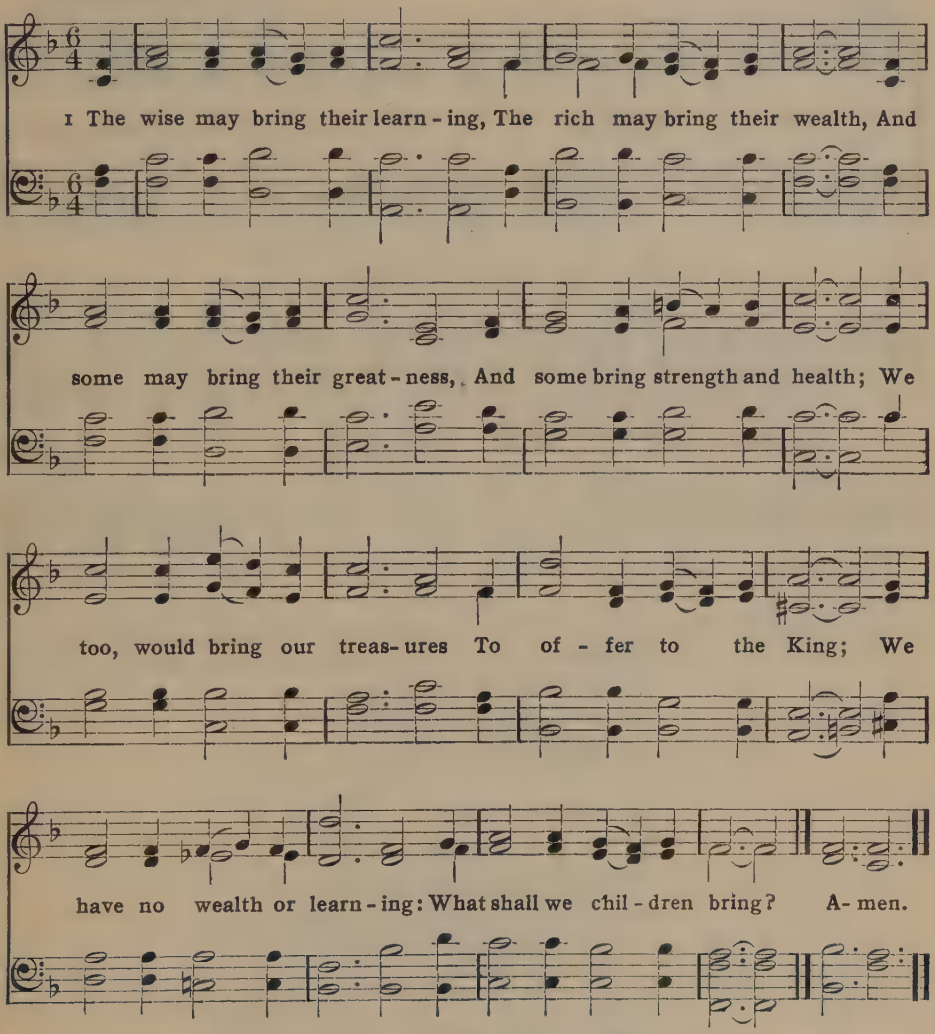
My heart for very joy doth leap,
My lips no more their silence keep;
I too must sing with joyful tongue
That sweetest ancient cradle song,—

7

"Glory to God in highest heaven,
Who unto man his Son hath given!"
While angels sing with pious mirth
A glad new year to all the earth.

Martin Luther, 1535 (written for his little son Hans):
Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1855

CHRISTMAS MORN 7. 6. 8 l. E. J. Hopkins, 1818-1901


1 The wise may bring their learn - ing, The rich may bring their wealth, And
some may bring their great - ness, And some bring strength and health; We
too, would bring our treas - ures To of - fer to the King; We
have no wealth or learn - ing: What shall we chil - dren bring? A - men.

2

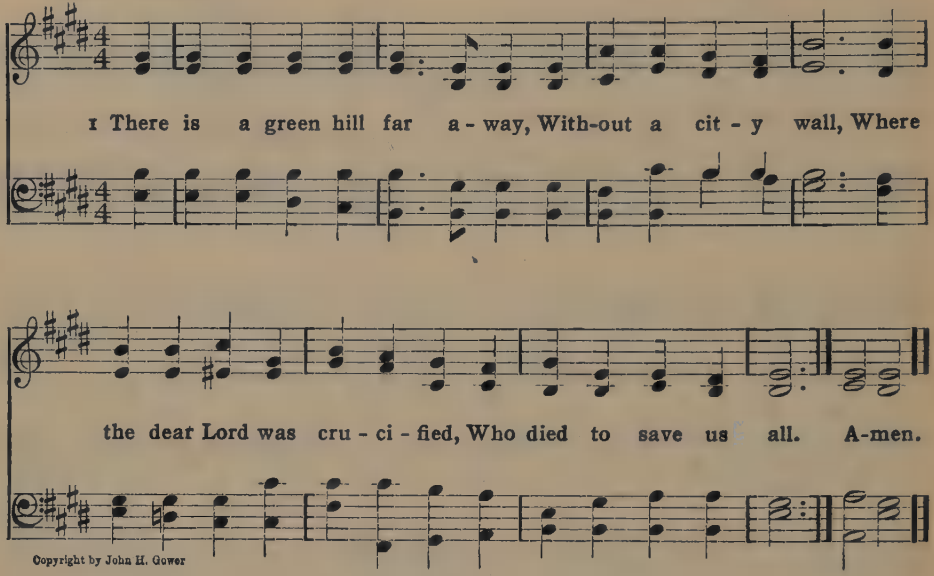
We'll bring him hearts that love him;
We'll bring him thankful praise,
And young souls meekly striving
To walk in holy ways:
And these shall be the treasures
We offer to the King,
And these are gifts that even
The poorest child may bring.

3

We'll bring the little duties
We'll have to do each day;
We'll try our best to please him,
At home, at school, at play:
And better are these treasures
To offer to our King
Than richest gifts without them;
Yet these a child may bring.

Anon., 1887

MEDITATION C. M. J. H. Gower, 1890



Copyright by John H. Gower

2

We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains he had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by his precious blood.

4

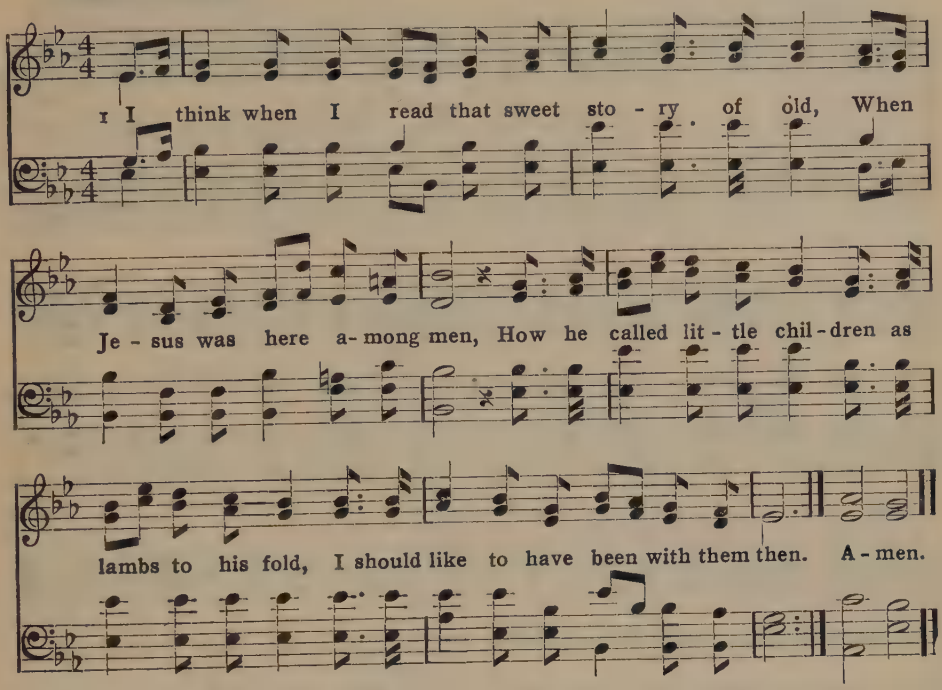
There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5

O dearly, dearly has he loved,
And we must love him too,
And trust in his redeeming blood,
And try his works to do.

432 Mrs. C. F. Alexander, 1848

SWEET STORY 11. 8. 12. 9. Traditional English Melody


1 I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
Je - sus was here a- mong men, How he called lit - tle chil - dren as
lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then. A - men.

2

I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arm had been thrown around me;
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

3

Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above:

4

In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare
For all that are washed and forgiven,
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

5

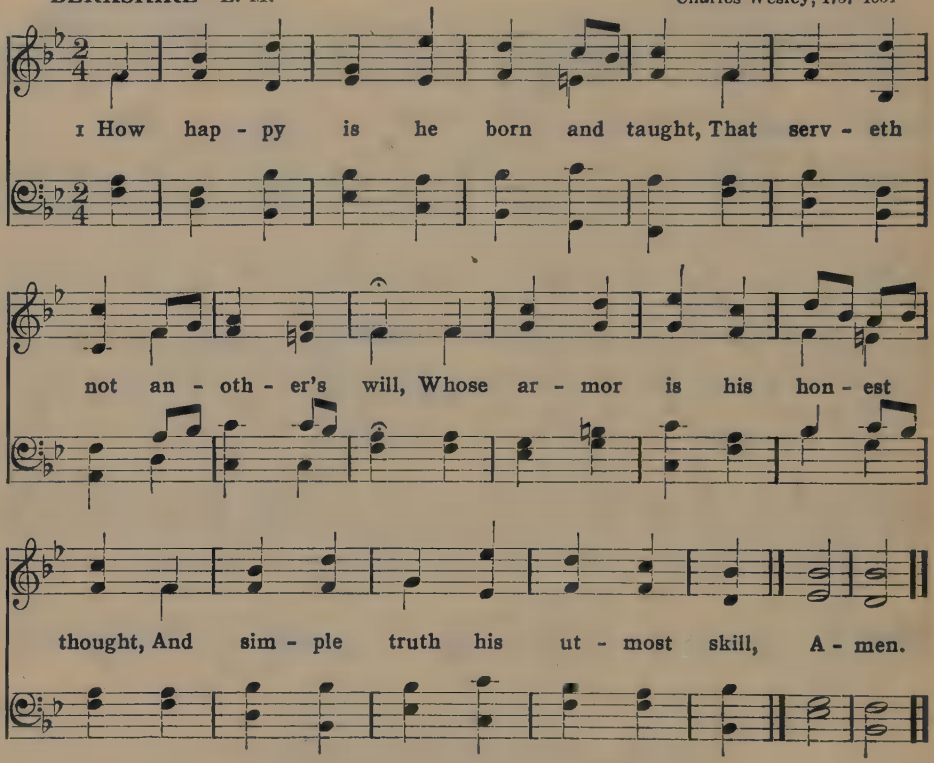
But thousands and thousands who wander and fall
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

6

I long for the joy of that glorious time,
The sweetest, and brightest, and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to his arms and be blest.

433 Jemima Luke, 1841

BERKSHIRE L. M. Charles Wesley, 1757-1834


1 How hap - py is he born and taught, That serv - eth
not an - oth - er's will, Whose ar - mor is his hon - est
thought, And sim - ple truth his ut - most skill, A - men.

2
Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath,

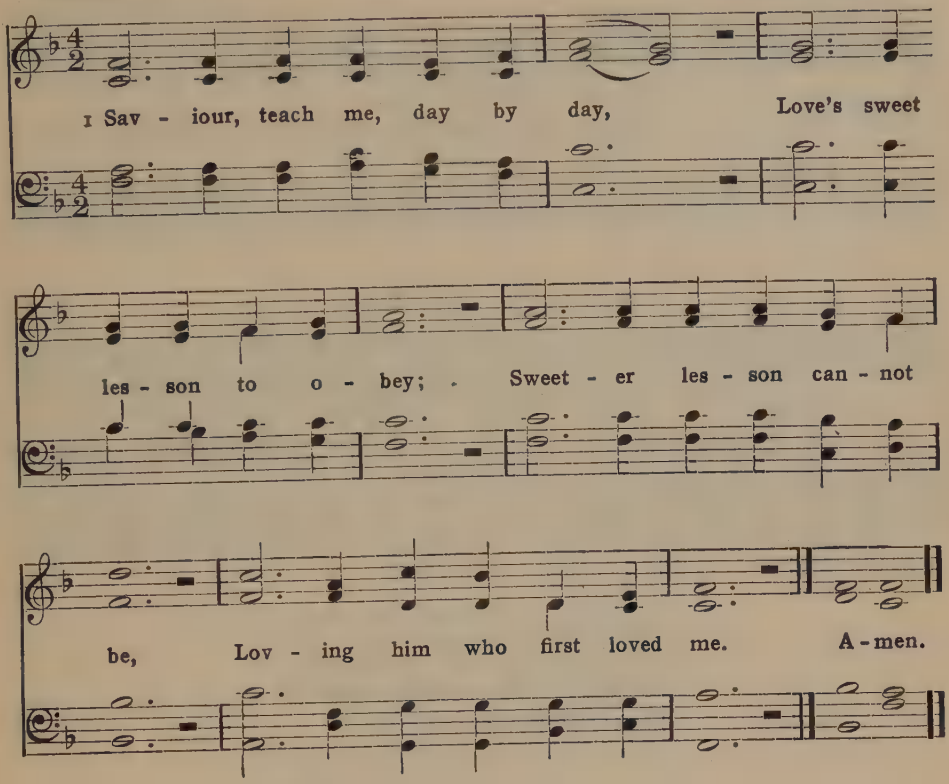
3
Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat,
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great,

4
Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than goods to lend,
And walks with man, from day to day,
As with a brother and a friend!

5
This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall,
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

434 Henry Wotton, 1614: St. 4, l. 2 and 3 alt.

DIJON 7s. 4 l. Fliedner's Liederbuch, 1842



2

With a child's glad heart of love
At thy bidding may I move,
Prompt to serve and follow thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

3

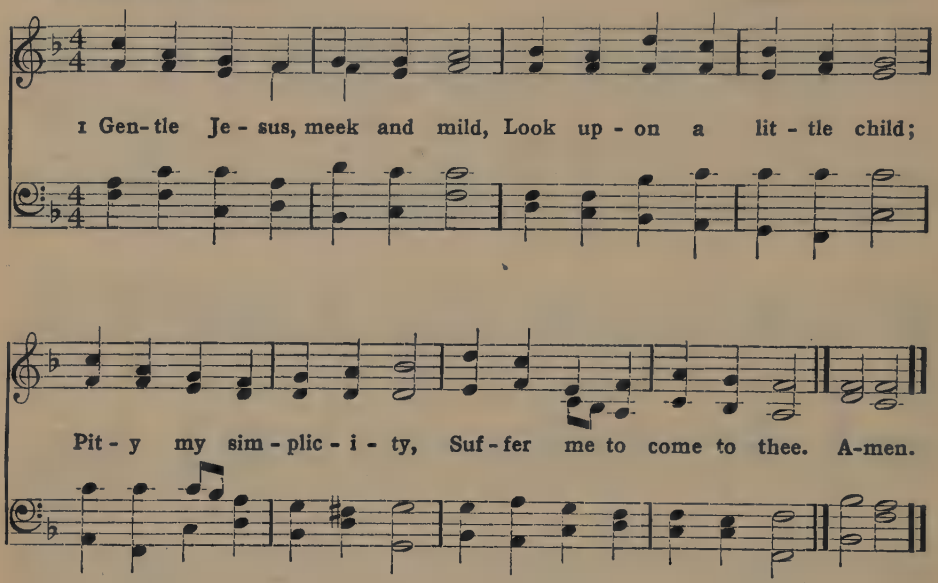
Teach me thus thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace,
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

4

Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving him who first loved me.

435 Jane E. Leeson 1842

BATTISHILL 7s. 4 l. J. Battishill, 1738-1801



2

Put thy hands upon my head,
Let me in thine arms be stayed;
Let me lean upon thy breast,
Lull me, lull me Lord, to rest.

3

Lamb of God I look to thee;
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,
Thou wast once a little child.

4

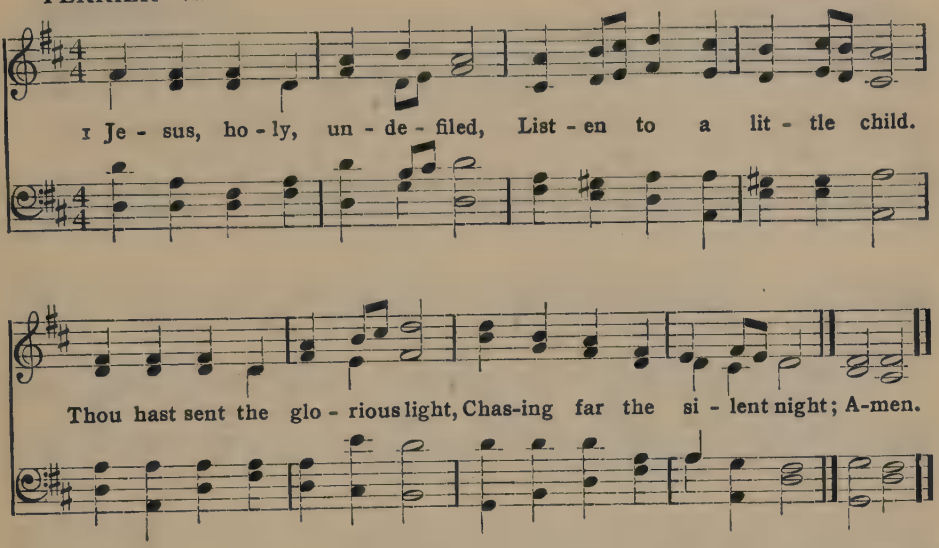
Fain would I be as thou art;
Give me thy obedient heart,
Thou art pitiful and kind;
Let me have thy loving mind.

5

I shall then show forth thy praise,
Serve thee all my happy days:
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the holy child in me.

436 Charles Wesley, 1742

FERRIER 7s. 4 l. J. B. Dykes, 1862



2

Thou hast sent the sun to shine
O'er this glorious world of thine,
Warmth to give, and pleasant glow,
On each tender flower below.

3

Now the little birds arise,
Chirping gaily in the skies;
Thee their tiny voices praise
In the early songs they raise.

4

Thou by whom the birds are fed,
Give to me my daily bread;
And thy Holy Spirit give,
Without whom I cannot live.

5

Make me, Lord, obedient, mild,
As becomes a little child;
All day long, in every way,
Teach me what to do and say.

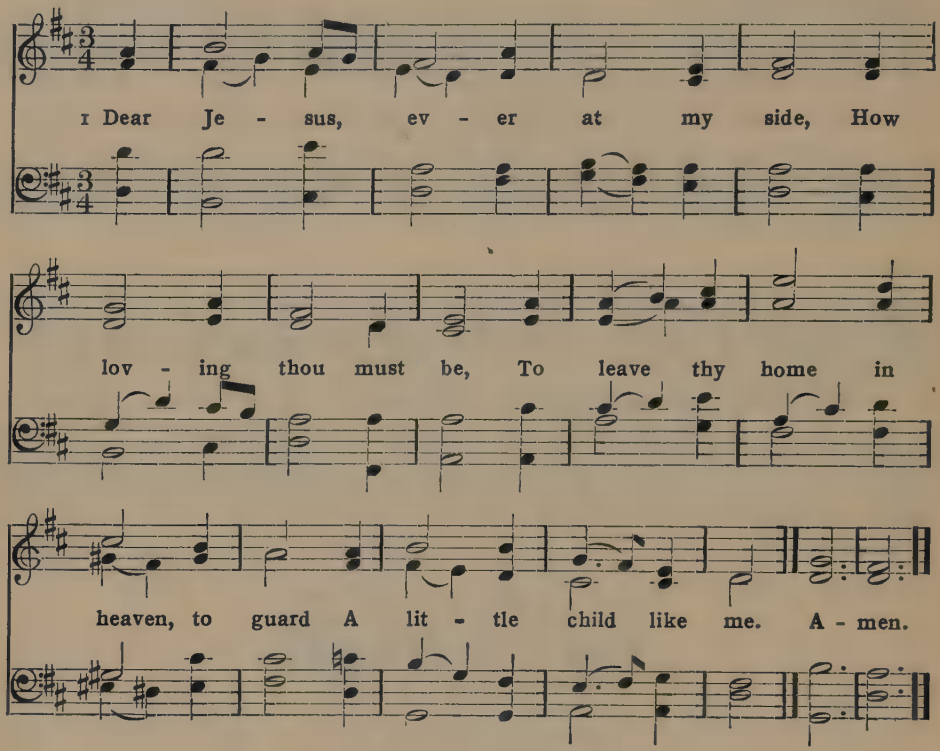
6

Make me, Lord, in work and play,
Thine more truly every day;
And, when thou at last shalt come,
Take me to thy heavenly home.

437 Mrs. E. Shepcott, 1840

ST. ANSELM C. M.

G. C. E. Ryley, 1906



2

I cannot feel thee touch my hand,
With pressure light and mild,
To check me as my mother did,
When I was but a child:

3

But I have felt thee in my thoughts,
Rebuking sin for me;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from thee.

4

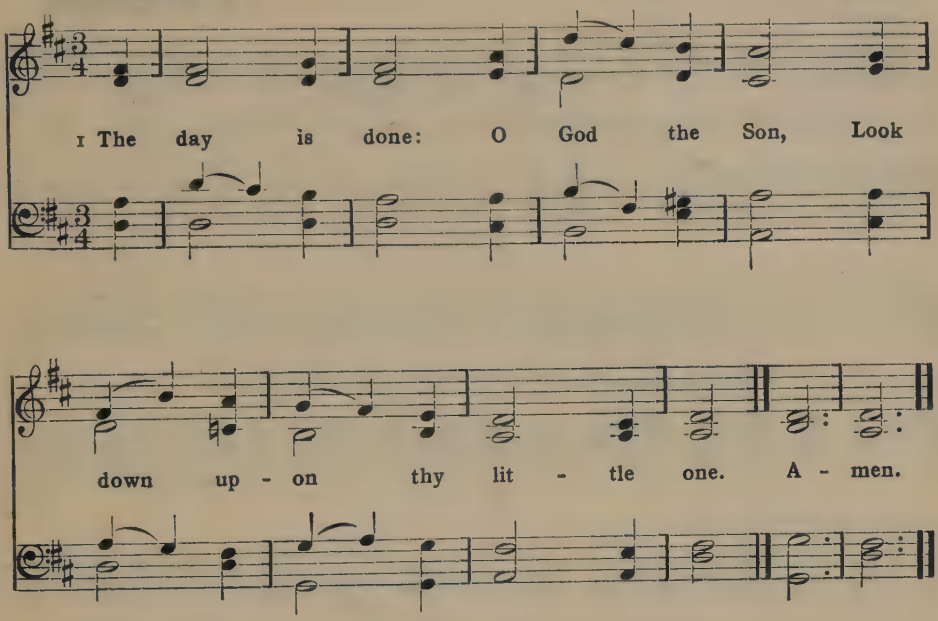
And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down,
Morning and night in prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me, thou art there.

5

Yes, when I pray, thou prayest too:
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

438 F. W. Faber, 1849

ELSENHAM 8s. 21. J. D. Macey, 1860—



2

O Light of light, keep me this night,
And shed round me thy presence bright.

3

I need not fear if thou art near;
Thou art my Saviour, kind and dear.

4

Thy gentle eye is ever nigh;
It watches me when none is by.

5

Thy loving ear is ever near
Thy little children's prayers to hear.

6

So happily and peacefully
I lay me down to rest in thee.

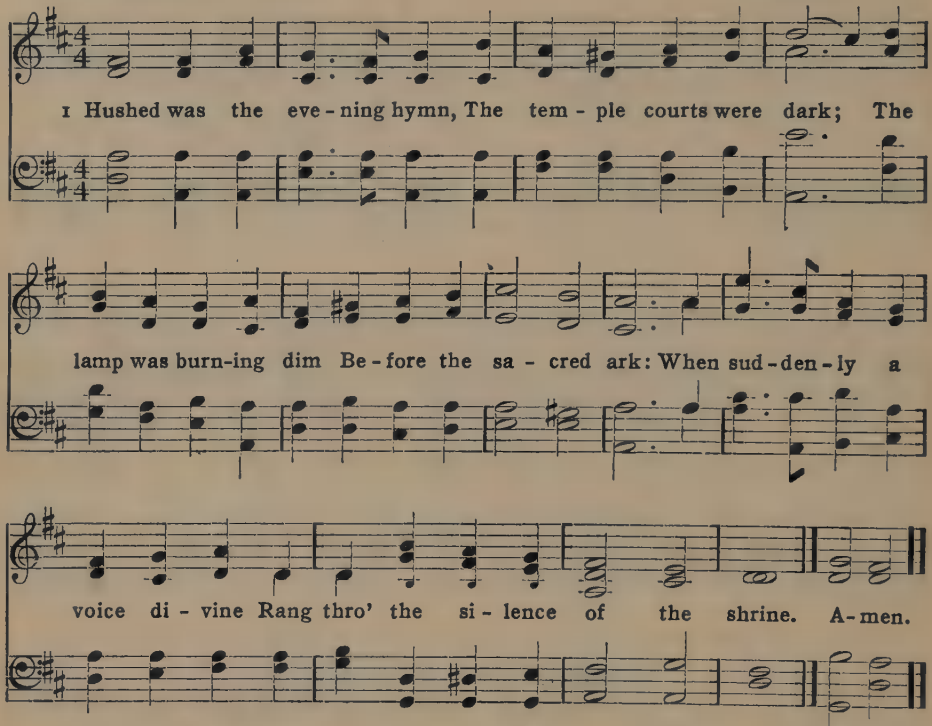
7

To Father, Son, and Spirit, One,
In heaven and earth all praise be done.

439 Patty C. Dunsterville, 1882

ST. MAURA 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

Arthur Sullivan, 1874


1 Hushed was the eve - ning hymn, The tem - ple courts were dark; The
lamp was burn-ing dim Be - fore the sa - cred ark: When sud - den - ly a
voice di - vine Rang thro' the si - lence of the shrine. A - men.

2

The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3 *1 Samuel iii: 1-10*

O give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of thy word!
Like him to answer at the call,
And to obey thee first of all.

4

O give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart, that waits
Where in thy house thou art,
Or watches at thy gates!
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of thy will.

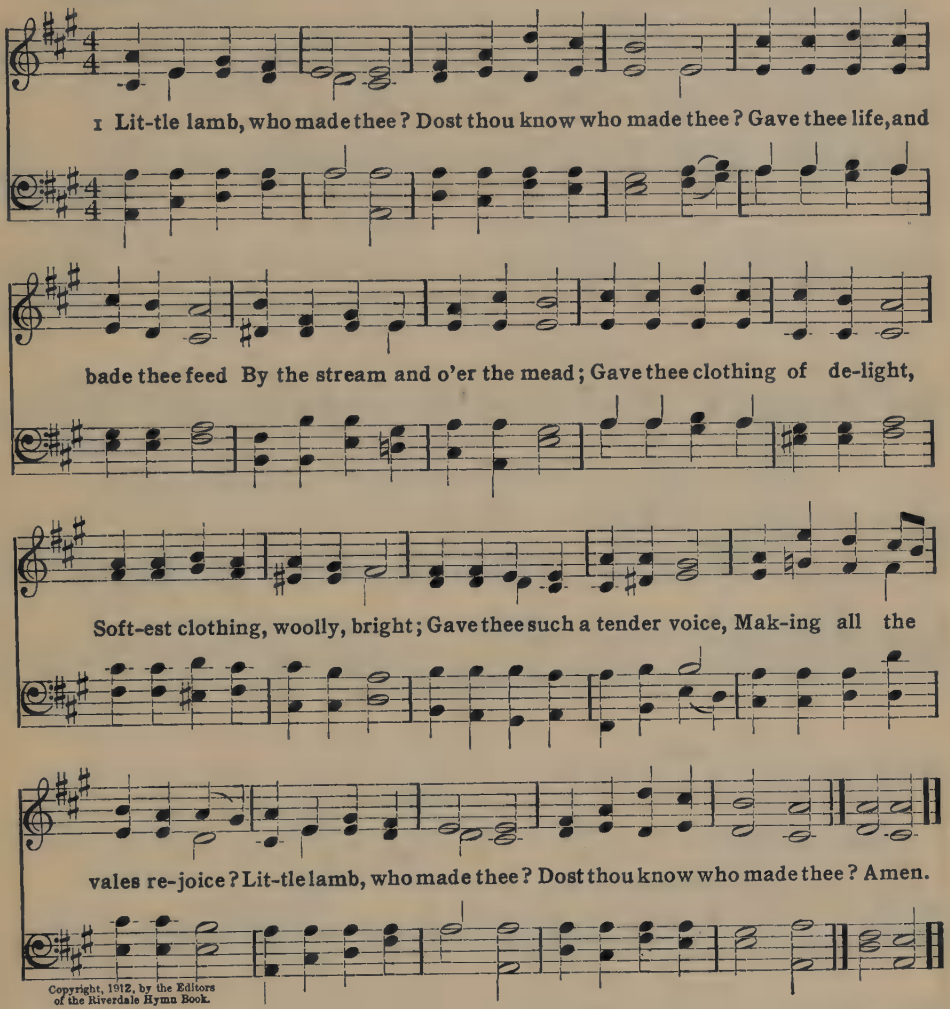
5

O give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet, unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To thee in life and death!
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

440 J. D. Burns, 1857

BLAKE Irregular

Arr. from G. J. Elvey by L. B. L.


1 Lit-tle lamb, who made thee? Dost thou know who made thee? Gave thee life, and
bade thee feed By the stream and o'er the mead; Gave thee clothing of de-light,
Soft-est clothing, woolly, bright; Gave thee such a tender voice, Mak-ing all the
vales re-joice? Lit-tle lamb, who made thee? Dost thou know who made thee? Amen.

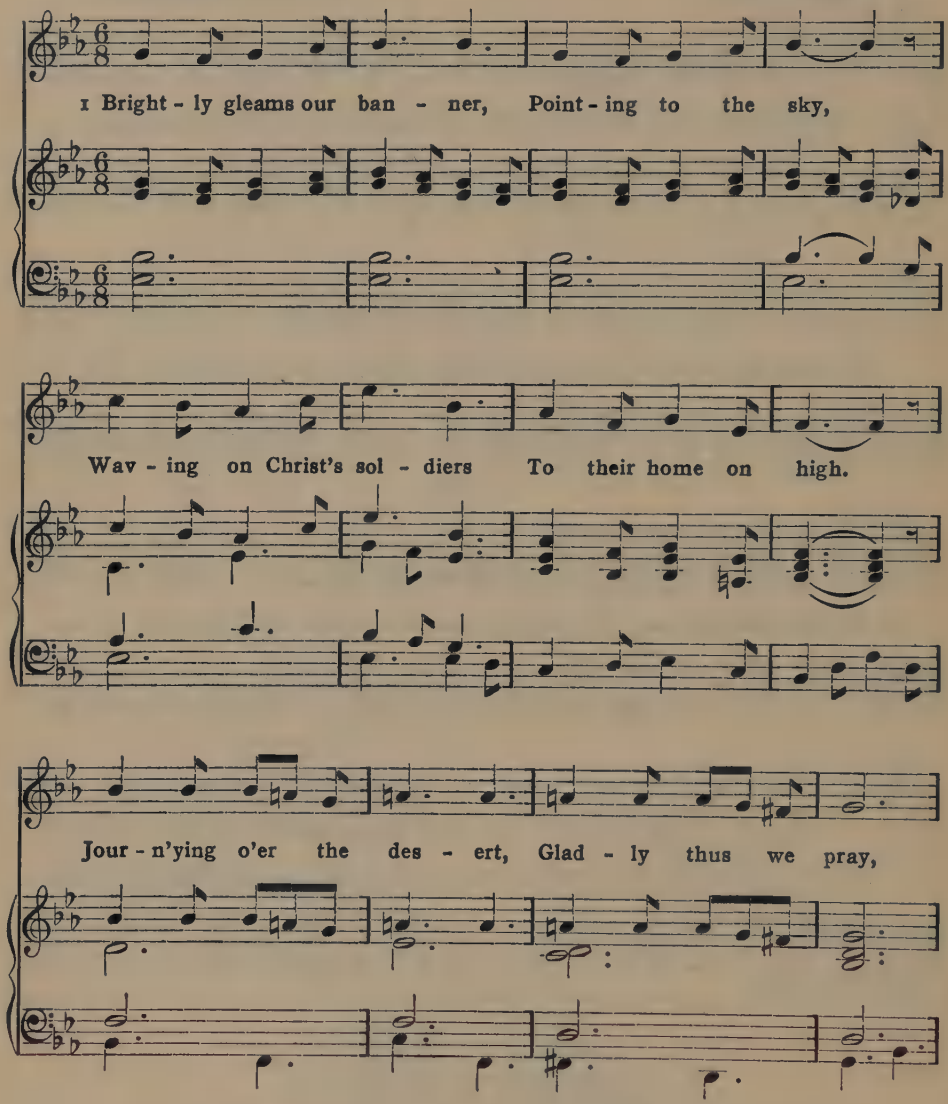
Copyright, 1912, by the Editors of the Riverdale Hymn Book.

2

Little lamb, I'll tell thee:
Little lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is called by thy name,
For he calls himself a Lamb.
He is meek and he is mild
He became a little child,—
I a child and thou a lamb,
We are called by his name.
Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!

William Blake, 1757-1827

ST. THERESA 6. 5. 81. Arthur Sullivan, 1874

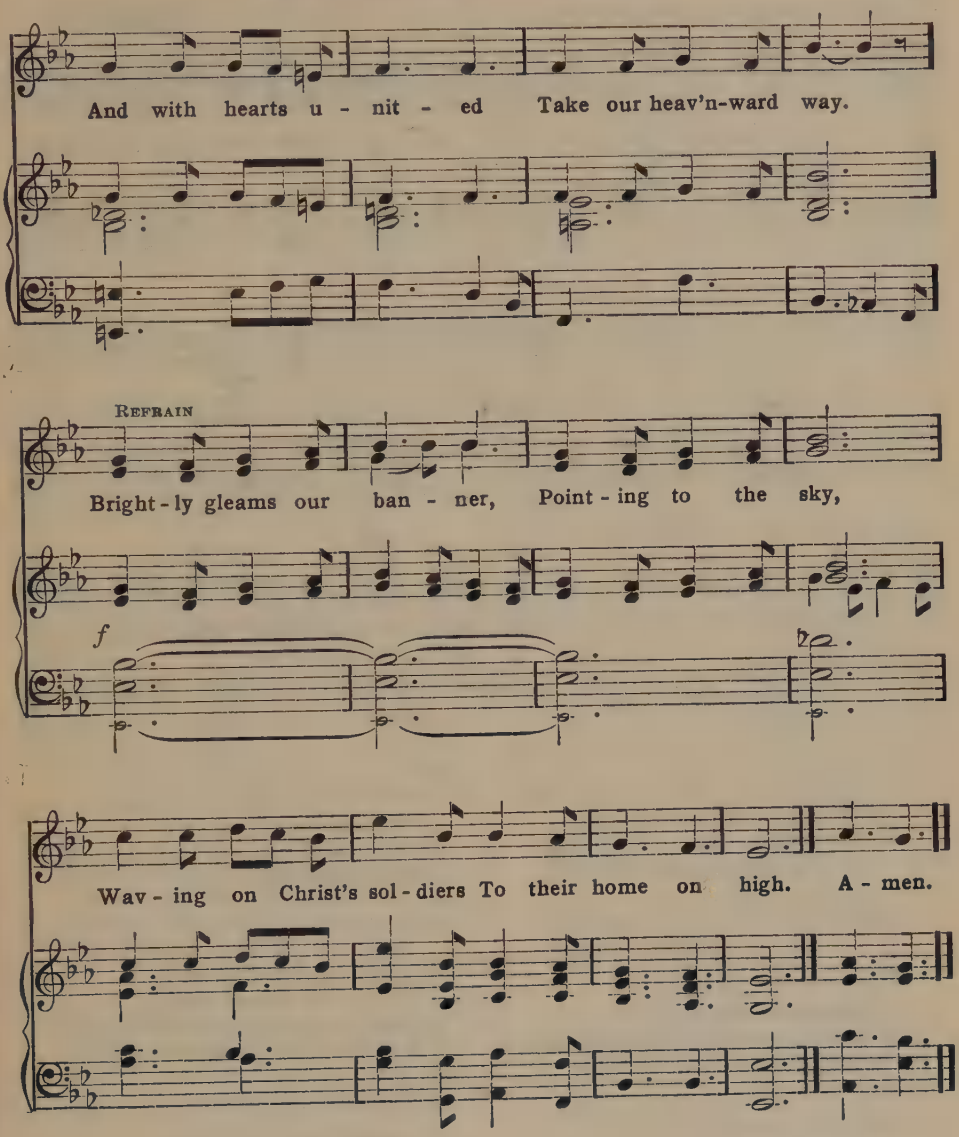

1 Bright - ly gleams our ban - ner, Point - ing to the sky,
Wav - ing on Christ's sol - diers To their home on high.
Jour - n'ying o'er the des - ert, Glad - ly thus we pray,

2

Jesus, Lord and Master,
At thy sacred feet,
Here, with hearts rejoicing,
See thy children meet.
Often have we left thee,
Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.

3

Pattern of our childhood,
Once thyself a child,
Make our childhood holy,
Pure, and meek, and mild.
In the hour of danger
Whither can we flee,
Save to thee, dear Saviour,
Only unto thee?


And with hearts u - nit - ed Take our heav'n-ward way.
Refrain
Bright - ly gleams our ban - ner, Point - ing to the sky,
f
Wav - ing on Christ's sol - diers To their home on high. A - men.

4

All our days direct us
In the way we go;
Crown us still victorious
Over every foe;
Bid thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower;
Pardon, Lord, and save us
In the last dread hour.

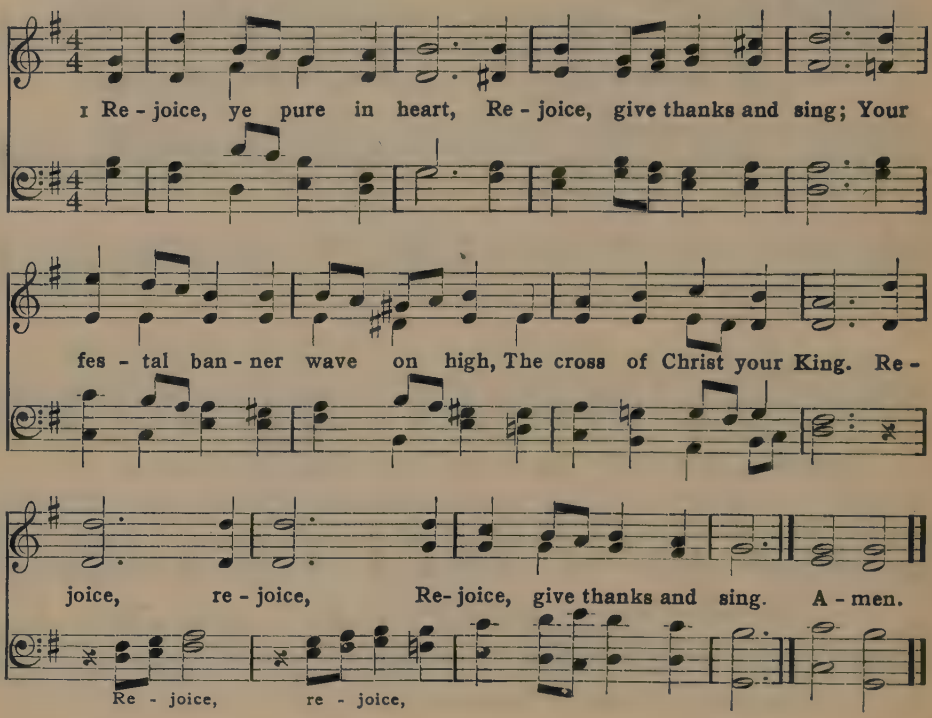
5

Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At thy throne of love.
When the toil is over,
Then come rest and peace,
Jesus in his beauty,
Songs that never cease.

T. J. Potter, 1860, and others

MARION S. M. With Refrain

A. H. Messiter, 1883


1 Re - joice, ye pure in heart, Re - joice, give thanks and sing; Your
fes - tal ban - ner wave on high, The cross of Christ your King. Re -
joice, re - joice, Re- joice, give thanks and sing. A - men.
Re - joice, re - joice,

2

Bright youth and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens meek,
Raise high your free, exulting song,
God's wondrous praises speak.
Rejoice, rejoice,
Rejoice, give thanks and sing.

3

With all the angel choirs,
With all the saints on earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth!

4

Your clear hosannas raise,
And alleluias loud;
Whilst answering echoes upward float,
Like wreaths of incense cloud.

5

Yes, on through life's long path,
Still chanting as ye go;
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.

6

Still lift your standard high,
Still march in firm array;
As warriors through the darkness toil
Till dawns the golden day.

7

At last the march shall end,
The wearied ones shall rest,
The pilgrims find their Father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.

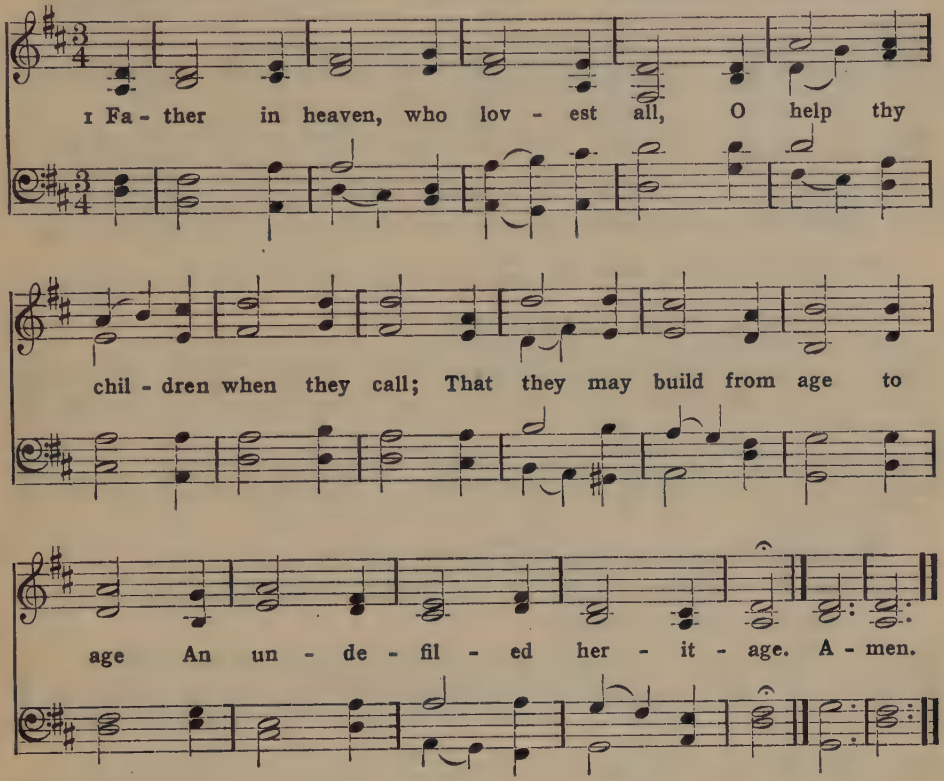
8

Then on, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks and sing;
Your glorious banner wave on high,
The cross of Christ your King.

444 E. H. Plumptre, 1865

PUER NOBIS NASCITUR L. M.

M. Praetorius, 1571-1621:
Harmonized by G. R. Woodward


1 Fa - ther in heaven, who lov - est all, O help thy
chil - dren when they call; That they may build from age to
age An un - de - fil - ed her - it - age. A - men.

(Land of our birth, we pledge to thee
Our love and toil in the years to be,
When we are grown and take our place
As men and women with our race.)

2

Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth;
That, in our time, thy grace may give
The truth whereby the nations live.

3

Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

4

Teach us to look in all our ends
On thee for Judge and not our friends;
That we, with thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favor of the crowd.

5

Teach us the strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
That, under thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

6

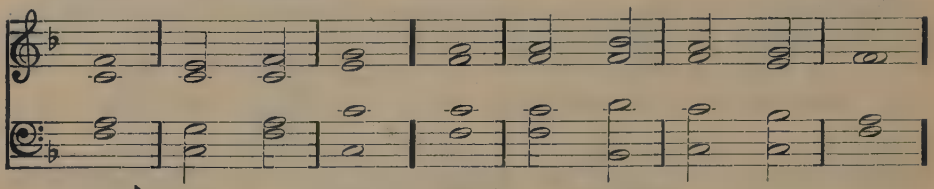
Teach us delight in simple things,
And mirth that has no bitter springs;
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And love to all men 'neath the sun.

(Land of our birth, our faith, our pride,
For whose dear sake our fathers died;
O Motherland, we pledge to thee
Head, heart, and hand through the years to be.)

Rudyard Kipling, 1906

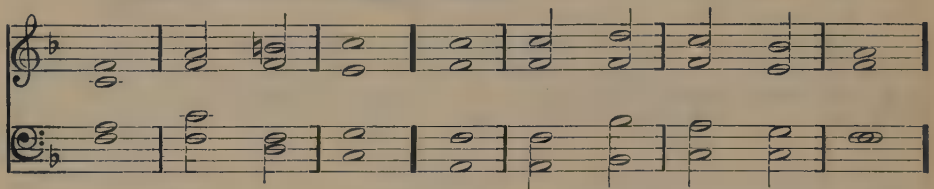
GLORIA IN EXCELSIS

First Setting — Old Chant



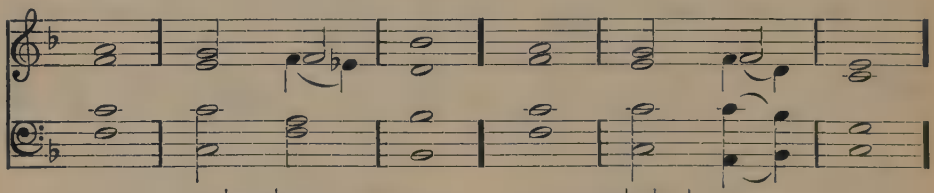
GLORY be to | God on | high || and on earth | peace, good- | -will towards | men.

We praise thee, we bless thee, we | wor - ship | thee || we glorify thee, we give thanks to | thee for | thy great | glory,



O Lord God | heaven-ly | King || God the | Fa-ther | Al- * — | -mighty.

O Lord, the only-begotten Son | Je-sus | Christ || O Lord God, Lamb of God, | Son * — | of the | Father

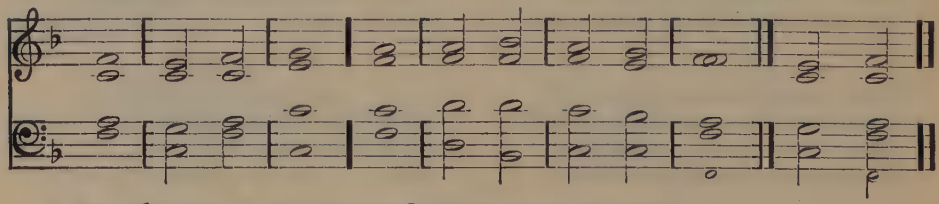


That takest away the | sins * of the | world || have mercy up- | -on * — | us.

Thou that takest away the | sins * of the | world || have mercy up- | -on * — | us.

Thou that takest away the | sins * of the | world || re- | -ceive our | prayer.

Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Fa - ther || have mercy up- | -on * — | us.



For thou | only * art | holy || thou | on-ly | art the | Lord.

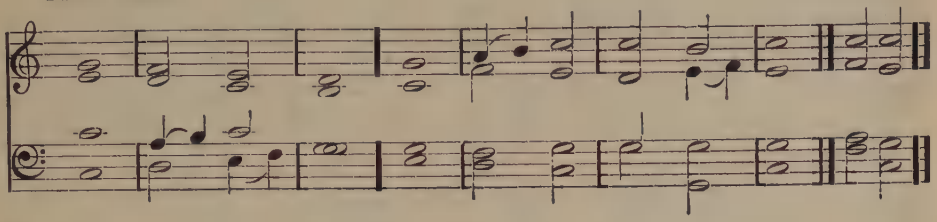
Thou only, O Christ, with the | Ho-ly | Ghost || art most high in the | glory * of | God the | Father || A- | -men.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS

Second Setting

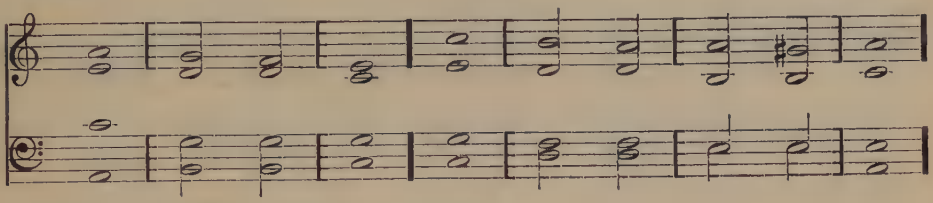
Parts I and III

William Crotch



Part II

William Croft



Part I

GLORY be to | God on | high ‖ and on earth | peace, good- | -will towards | men.

We praise thee, we bless thee, we | wor - ship | thee ‖ we glorify thee, we give thanks to | thee for | thy great | glory,

O Lord God, | heaven-ly | King ‖ God the | Fa-ther | Al- * — | -mighty.

Part II

O Lord, the only-begotten Son | Je - sus | Christ ‖ O Lord God, Lamb of God, | Son * — | of the | Father

That takest away the | sins * of the | world ‖ have | mer-cy | up-on | us.

Thou that takest away the | sins * of the | world ‖ re - | -ceive * — | our * — | prayer.

Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God * the | Father ‖ have | mer-cy | up - -on | us.

Part III

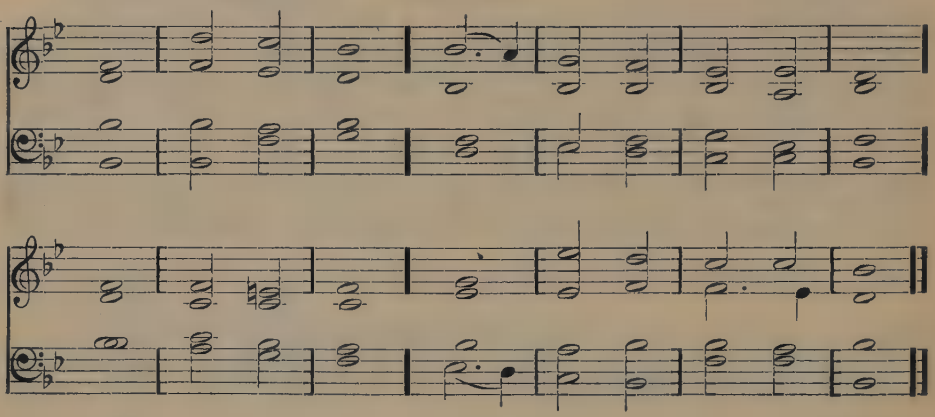
For thou | only * art | holy ‖ thou | on-ly | art the | Lord.

Thou only, O Christ, with the | Ho-ly | Ghost ‖ art most high in the | glory * of | God the | Father. ‖ A-men.

This alternative setting of the Gloria in Excelsis is given because the Old Chant, though venerable, obscures the true form of this beautiful ancient hymn.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

Henry Lawes



WE praise | thee O | God ‖ we acknow-ledge | thee to | be the | Lord.

All the earth doth | wor-ship | thee ‖ the | Fa-ther | ev-er- | -lasting.

To thee all An-gels | cry a- | -loud ‖ the Heavens, and | all the | Powers * there- | -in.

To thee Cher-ub-im and | Ser-aph- | -im ‖ con- | -tin-ual- | -ly do | cry,

Ho-ly, | Ho-ly, | Holy ‖ Lord | God of | Sa-ba- | -oth;

Heaven and earth are full of the | Maj-es- | -ty ‖ of | thy * — | glo- * — | -ry.

The glorious com-pan-y | of * the A- | -postles ‖ praise | — * — | — * — | thee.

The goodly fel-low-ship | of the | Prophets ‖ praise | — * — | — * — | thee.

The no-ble | army * of | Martyrs ‖ praise | — * — | — * — | thee.

The holy Church through-out | all the | world ‖ doth | — * ac- | -know-ledge | thee;

The | Fa- * — | -ther ‖ of an | infin-ite | Maj-es- | -ty;

Thine a- | -dor-able, | true ‖ and | on- * — | — * -ly | Son;

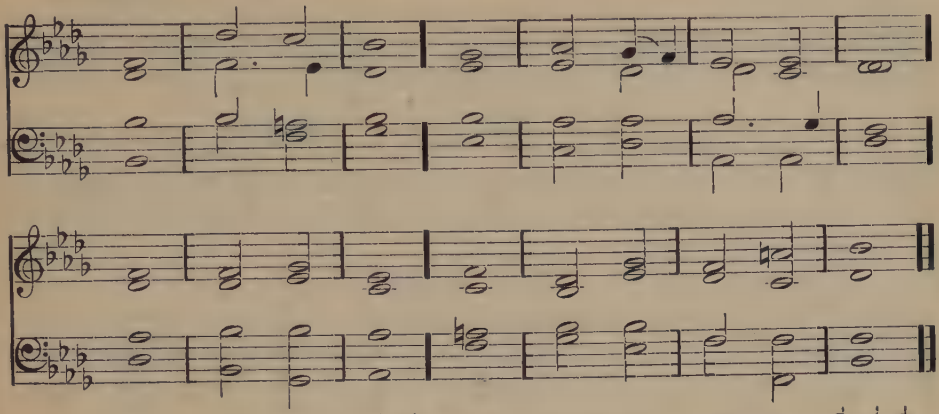
Last half of chant

Al-so the | Ho-ly | Ghost ‖ the | Com- * — | -fort- * — | -er.

Thou art the | King of | Glory ‖ O | — * — | — * — | Christ.

Thou art the ev-er- | -last-ing | Son ‖ of | — * the | Fa- * — | -ther.

Robert Cooke



When thou tookest upon thee to de- | -liv-er | man ‖ thou didst humble thyself to be | born * — | of a | Virgin.

When thou hadst overcome the | sharpness * of | death ‖ thou didst open the King- | dom of | Heaven to | all be- | -lievers.

Thou sittest at the right | hand of | God ‖ in the | Glo-ry | of the | Father.

We believe that | thou shalt | come ‖ to | be * — | our * — | Judge.

We therefore pray thee | help thy | servants ‖ whom thou hast redeem-ed | with thy | pre-cious | blood.

Make them to be num-bered | with thy | Saints ‖ in | glo-ry | ev-er- | -lasting.

O Lord, | save thy | people ‖ and | bless thine | her-it- | -age.

Gov- | — * -ern | them ‖ and | lift them | up for- | -ever.

(Return to chant in B♭ on preceding page)

Day | by * — | day ‖ we | mag-ni- | -fy * — | thee;

And we wor-ship | thy * — | name ‖ ev-er | world with- | -out * — | end.

Vouch- | -safe O | Lord ‖ to keep us this | day with- | -out * — | sin.

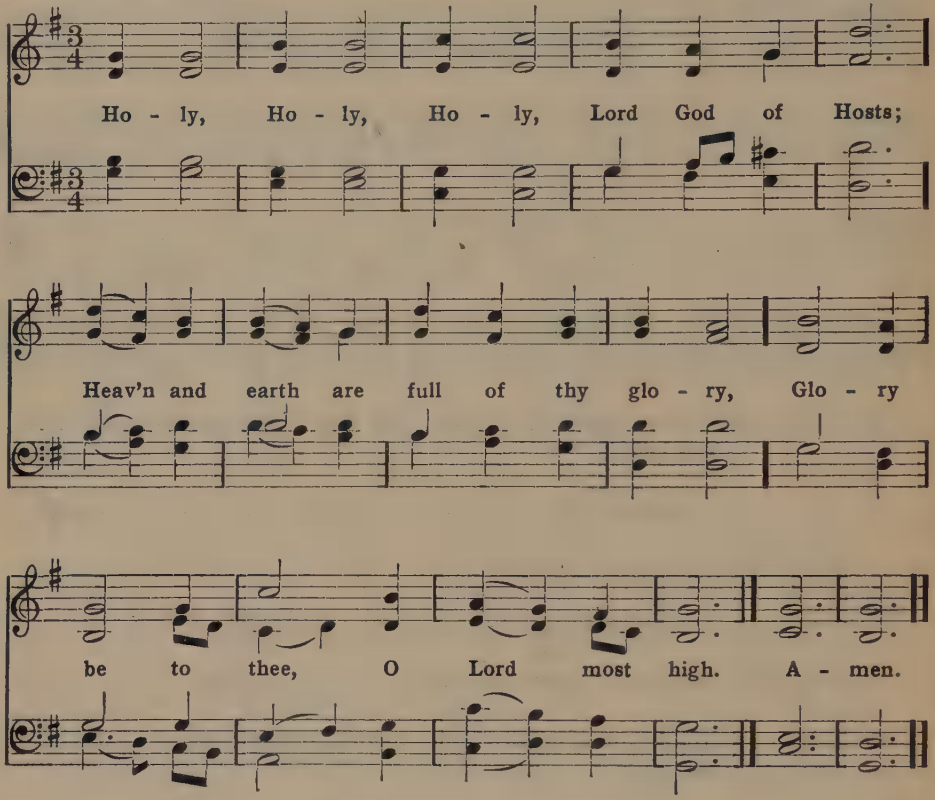
O Lord, have | mercy * up- | -on us ‖ have | mer- * — | -cy up- | -on us.

O Lord, let thy mer-cy | be up- | -on us ‖ as our | trust * — | is in | thee.

O Lord, in thee | have I | trusted ‖ let me | nev-er | be con- | -founded.

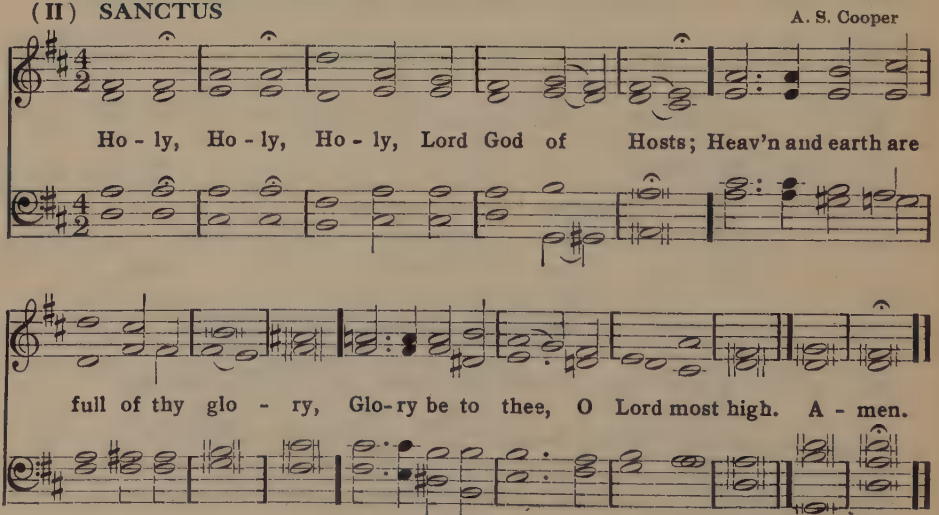
(I) SANCTUS

Stephen Elvey



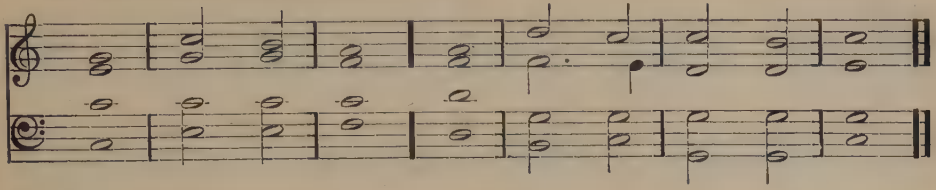
(II) SANCTUS

A. S. Cooper



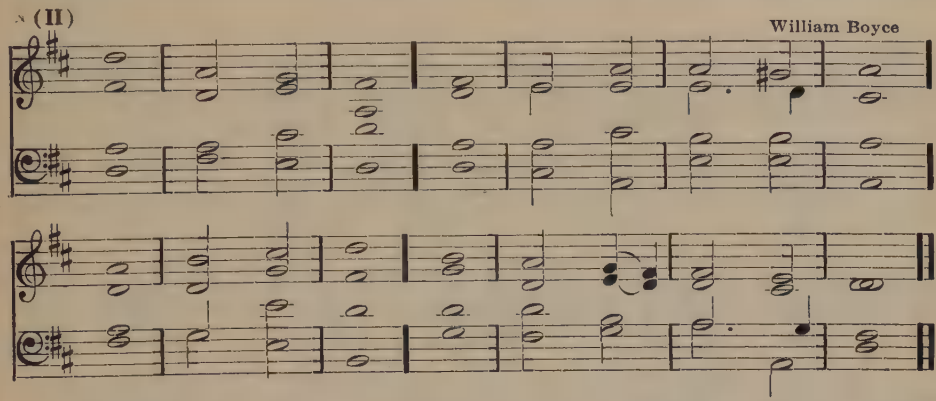
(I) VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO

Robert Goodson



(II)

William Boyce



O COME, let us sing | unto * the | Lord || let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of | our sal- | -vation.

Let us come before his pres-ence with | thanks- * — |-giving || And show ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms.

For the Lord is a | great * — | God || and a great | King a- | -bove all | gods.

In his hand are all the cor-ners | of the | earth || and the strength of the | hills is | his * — | also.

The sea is his, | and he | made it || and his hands pre- | -pared * the | dry * — | land.

O come, let us worship and | fall * — | down || and kneel be- | -fore the | Lord our | Maker.

For he is the | Lord our | God || and we are the people of his pasture, and the | sheep of | his * — | hand.

O worship the Lord in the | beauty * of | holiness || let the whole earth | stand in | awe of | him.

(Last half of double chant)

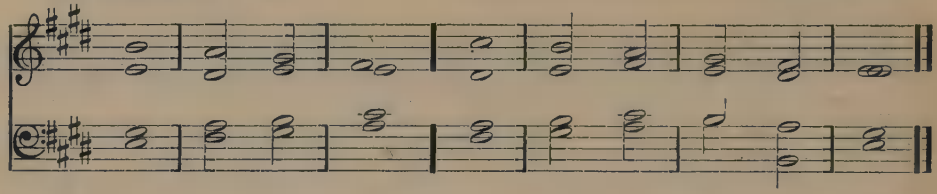
For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth || and with righteousness to judge the world, and the | peo-ple | with his | truth.

Glory be to the Fa-ther, | and * to the | Son || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be || world with-out | end. * — | A- * — | -men.

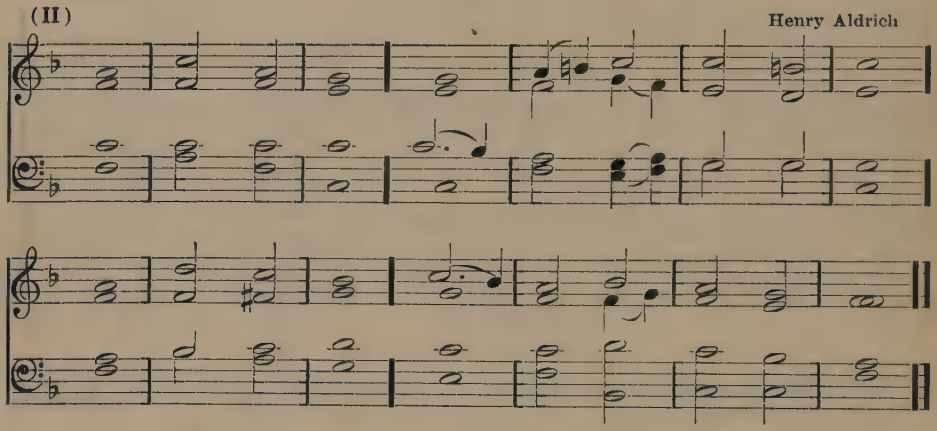
(I) JUBILATE DEO

A. R. Reinagle



(II)

Henry Aldrich



O BE joyful in the Lord, | all ye | lands || serve the Lord with gladness, and come be-fore his | pres-ence | with a | song.

Be ye sure that the Lord he is God; it is he that hath made us, and not | we our- | -selves || we are his people, and the | sheep of | his * — | pasture.

O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and in-to his | courts with | praise || be thankful unto him, and speak | good of | his * — | name.

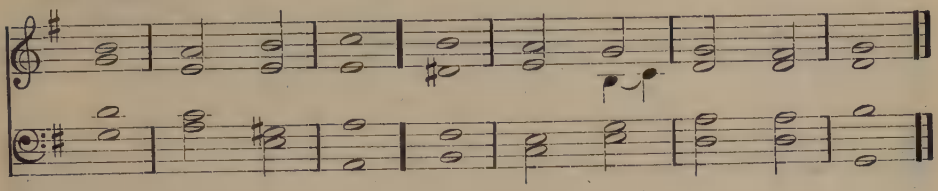
For the Lord is gracious, his mer-cy is | ev - er | lasting || and his truth endureth from gen-er- | -ation * to | gen-er- | -ation.

Glory be to the Fa-ther, | and * to the | Son || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be || world with-out | end. * — | A- * — | -men.

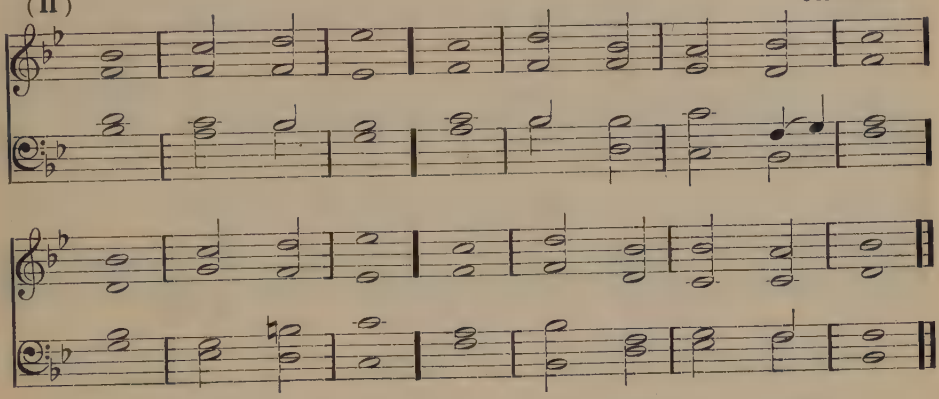
(I) DEUS MISEREATUR

Henry Aldrich



(II)

John Goss



GOD be merciful unto us, and | bless * — | us || and show us the light of his countenance, and be | merci-ful | un-to | us;

That thy way may be known up- | -on * — | earth || thy sav-ing | health a- | -mong all | nations.

Let the people praise | thee O | God || yea let all the | peo-ple | praise * — | thee.

O let the nations rejoice | and be | glad || for thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and gov-ern the | nations * up- | -on * — | earth.

Let the people praise | thee O | God || yea let all the | peo-ple | praise * — | thee.

Then shall the earth bring | forth her | increase || and God, even our own God, shall | give * — | us his | blessing.

Last half of double chant

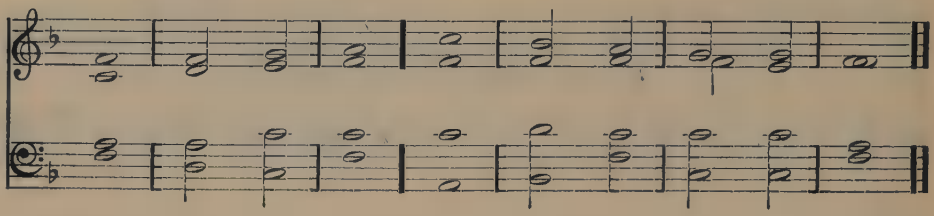
God shall | bless * — | us || and all the ends of the | world shall | fear * — | him.

Glory be to the Fa-ther, | and * to the | Son || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be || world with-out | end. * — | A- * — | -men.

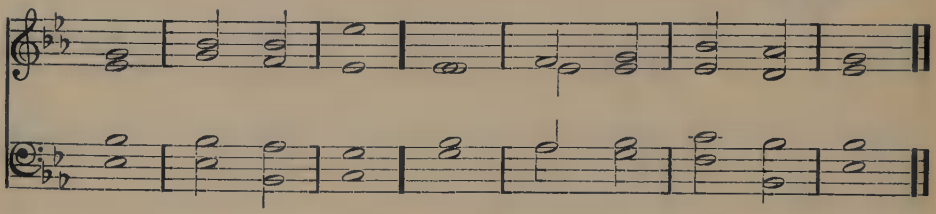
(I) BONUM EST CONFITERI

Richard Farrant



(II)

E. J. Hopkins



IT is a good thing to give thanks | unto * the | Lord || and to sing praises un-to thy | name * — | O most | Highest;

To tell of thy loving-kindness ear-ly | in the | morning || and of thy truth | in the | night- * — | -season;

Upon an instrument of ten strings, and up- | -on the | lute || upon a loud in - stru- -ment, | and up- | -on the | harp.

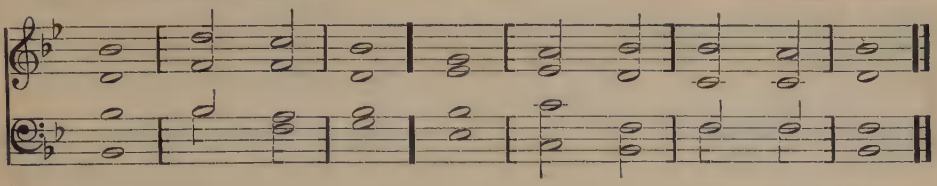
For thou Lord hast made me glad | through thy | works || and I will rejoice in giv- -ing praise for the op-er- | -a-tions | of thy | hands.

Glory be to the Fa-ther, | and * to the | Son || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be || world with-out | end. * — | A * — | men.

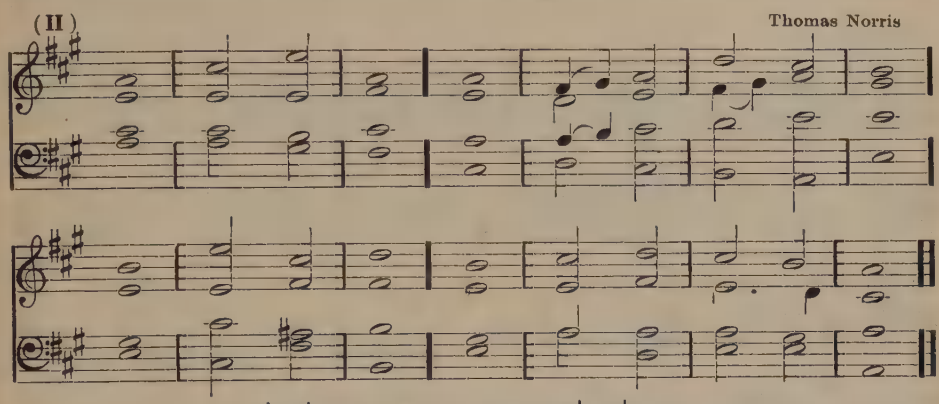
(I) CANTATE DOMINO

Stephen Elvey



(II)

Thomas Norris



O SING unto the Lord a | new * — | song || for he hath | done * — | marvel-lous | things.

With his own right hand, and with his | ho-ly | arm || hath he | gotten him- | -self the | victory.

The Lord declared | his sal- | -vation || his righteousness hath he openly showed, in the | sight * — | of the | heathen.

He hath remembered his mercy and truth, toward the | house of | Israel || and all the ends of the world have seen the sal- | -vation * of | our * — | God.

Show yourselves joyful unto the Lord, | all ye | lands || sing, re- | -joice, and | give * — | thanks.

Praise the Lord up- | -on the | harp || sing to the harp with a | psalm of | thanks- * — | -giving.

With trump-ets | also * and | shawms || O show yourselves joyful be- | -fore the | Lord the | King.

Let the sea make a noise, and all that | there-in | is || the round world, and | they that | dwell there- | -in.

Let the floods clap their hands, and let the hills be joyful togeth-er be- | -fore the | Lord || for he | cometh * to | judge the | earth.

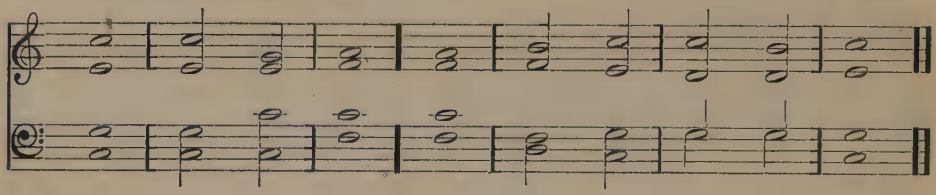
With righteousness shall he | judge the | world || and the | peo-ple | with * — | equity.

Glory be to the Father, | and * to the | Son || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be || world with-out | end. * — | A * — | men.

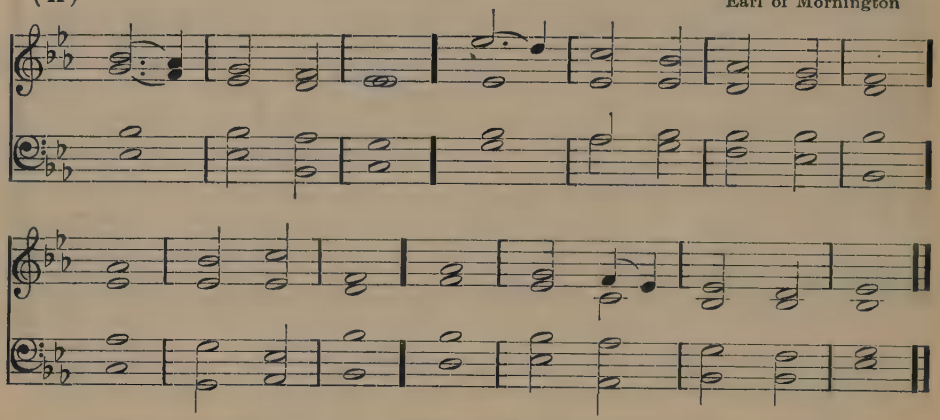
(I) BENEDIC, ANIMA MEA

Thomas Tallis



(II)

Earl of Mornington



PRAISE the Lord | O my | soul ‖ and all that is within me | praise his | ho-ly | name.

Praise the Lord | O my | soul ‖ and for- | -get not | all his | benefits;

Who forgiv-eth | all thy | sin ‖ and heal-eth | all * — | thine in- | -firmities;

Who saveth thy life | from de- | -struction ‖ and crowneth thee with | mercy * and | lov-ing- | -kindness;

O praise the Lord, ye angels of his, ye that ex- | -cel in | strength ‖ ye that fulfil his commandment, and hearken un-to the | voice of | his * — | word.

O praise the Lord, all | ye his | hosts ‖ ye serv-ants of | his that | do his | pleasure.

(*Last half of double chant*)

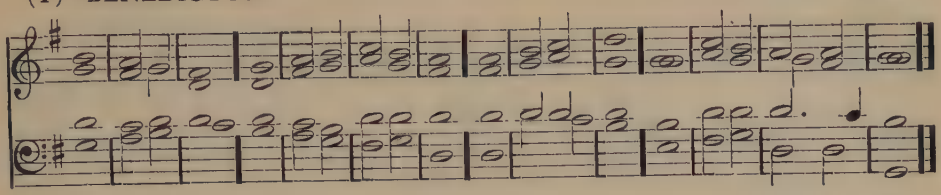
O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of his, in all plac-es of | his do- | -minion ‖ praise thou the | Lord * — | O my | soul.

Glory be to the Fa-ther, | and * to the | Son ‖ and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be ‖ world with-out | end * — | A- | -men.

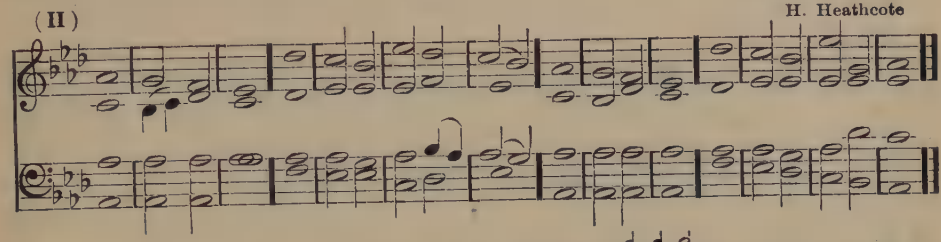
(I) BENEDICTUS

William Crotch



(II)

H. Heathcote



BLESSED be the Lord | God of | Israel || for he hath vis-it-ed | and re- | -deemed * his | people;

And hath raised up a might-y sal- | -va-tion | for us || in the house | of his | serv- -ant | David;

As he spake by the mouth of his | ho-ly | Prophets || which have been | since the | world be- | -gan;

That we should be sav-ed | from our | enemies || and from the | hand of | all that | hate us;

To perform the mercy prom-ised | to our | forefathers || and to re- | -member * his | ho-ly | covenant;

To perform the oath which he sware to our | fore-father | Abraham || that | he would | give * — | us;

That we being delivered out of the hand | of our | enemies || might serve | him with- | -out * — | fear;

In holiness and right-eous- | -ness be- | -fore him || all the | days of | our * — | life.

And thou, child, shalt be called the proph-et | of the | Highest || for thou shalt go before the face of the Lord | to pre- | -pare his | ways;

To give knowledge of salva-tion | unto * his | people || for the re- | -miss-ion | of their | sins,

Through the tender mer-cy of | our * — | God || whereby the day-spring from on | high hath | visit-ed | us;

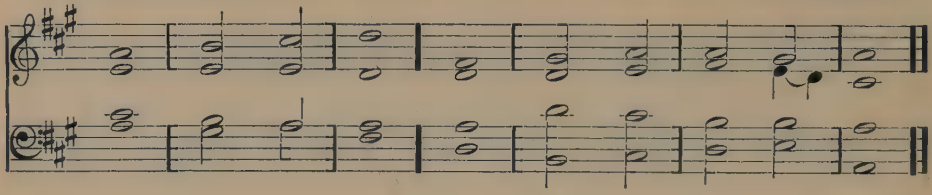
To give light to them that sit in darkness, and in the | shadow * of | death || and to guide our feet | into * the | way of | peace.

Glory be to the Fa-ther, | and * to the | Son || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be || world with-out | end * — | A- | -men.

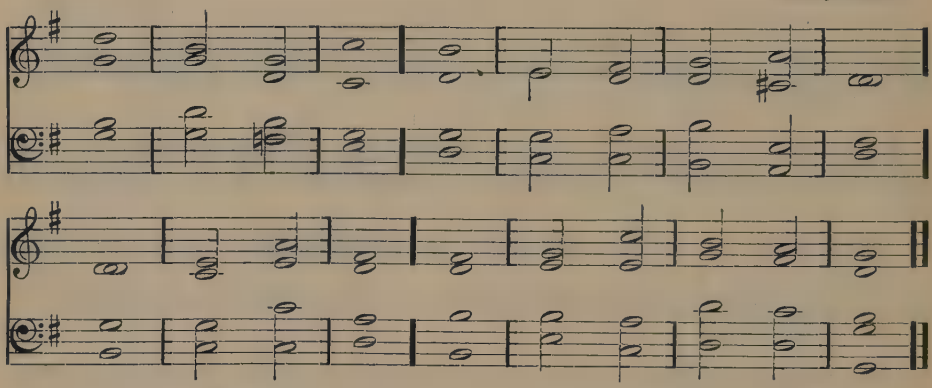
(I) MAGNIFICAT

G. A. Macfarren



(II)

Henry Smart



MY soul doth mag-ni- | -fy the | Lord || and my spirit hath re- | -joiced in | God my | Saviour.

For he | hath re- | -garded || the low-li-ness | of his | hand- * — | -maiden.

For behold, from | hence- * — | -forth || all gen-er- | -ations * shall | call me | blessed.

For he that is might-y hath | magni-fied | me || and | ho-ly | is his | name.

And his mer-cy is on | them that | fear him || throughout | all * — | gen-er- | -ations.

He hath showed strength | with his | arm || he hath scattered the proud in the im-a-gi- | -na-tion | of their | hearts.

He hath put down the might-y | from their | seat || and hath ex- | -alted * the | humble * and | meek.

He hath filled the hun-gry with | good * — | things || and the rich he hath | sent * — | empty * a- | -way.

(Last half of double chant)

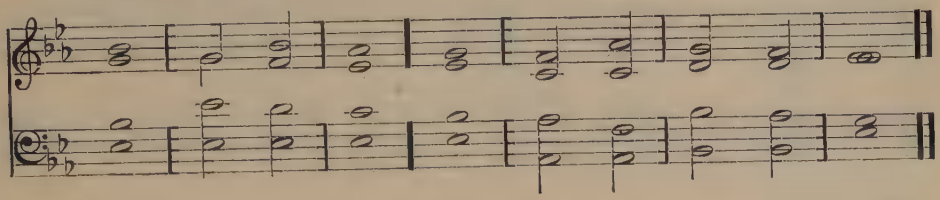
He remembering his mercy hath holp-en his | serv-ant | Israel || as he promised to our forefathers, A-bra-ham | and his | seed, for- | -ever.

Glory be to the Father, | and * to the | Son || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be || world with-out | end. * — | A * — | men.

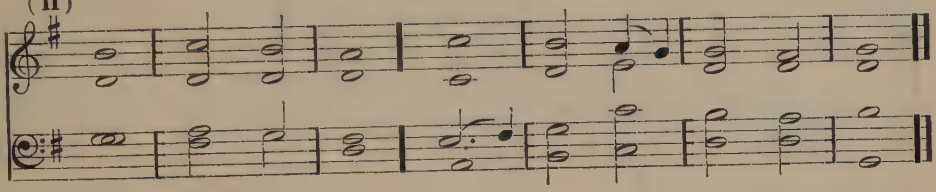
(I) NUNC DIMITTIS

Joseph Barnby



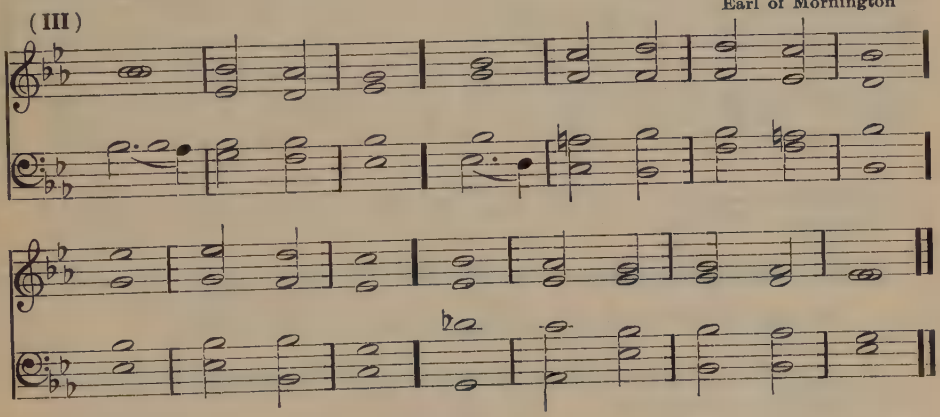
(II)

John Alcock



(III)

Earl of Mornington



LORD, now lettest thou thy serv-ant de- | -part in | peace || ac- | -cord-ing | to thy | word.

For mine | eyes have | seen || thy | — * sal- | -va- * — | -tion,

Which thou | hast pre- | -pared || before the | face of | all * — | people;

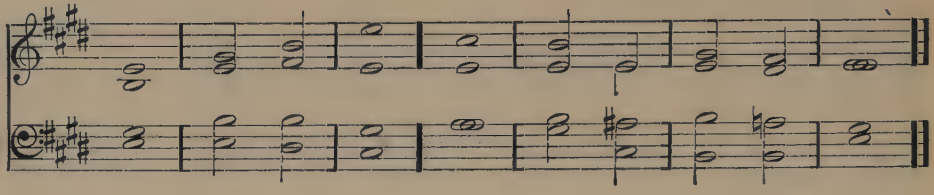
To be a light to | lighten * the | Gentiles || and to be the glo-ry | of thy | peo-ple | Israel.

Glory be to the Father, | and * to the | Son || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be || world with-out | end. * — | A- * — | -men.

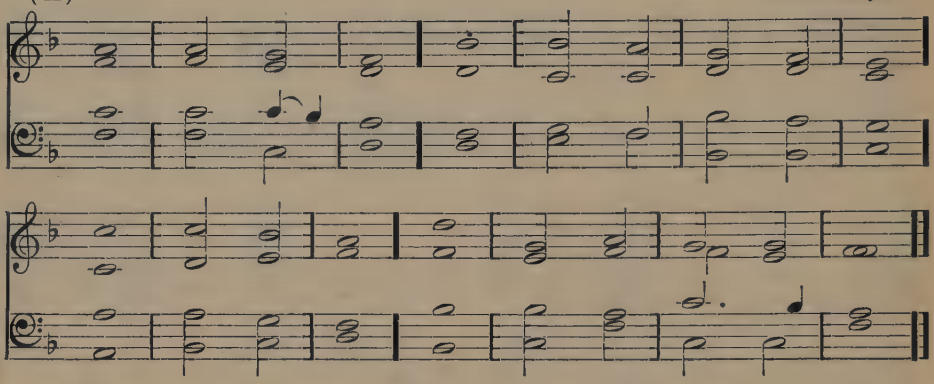
(I) EASTER

E. Burrowes



(II)

William Hayes



CHRIST our passover is sac-ri- | ficed * for | us || there-fore | let us | keep the | feast,

Not with the old leaven, neither with the leaven of | malice * and | wickedness || but with the unleavened bread of sin- | -cer-i- | -ty and | truth.

Christ being raised from the dead | dieth * no | more || death hath no more do- | -min-ion | o-ver | him.

For in that he died, he died un-to | sin * — | once || but in that he liv-eth, he | liv-eth | un-to | God.

Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead in-deed | un-to | sin || but alive unto God through | Je-sus | Christ our | Lord.

Christ is ris-en | from the | dead || and become the first- | -fruits of | them that | slept.

For since by | man came | death || by man came also the res-ur- | -rec-tion | of the | dead.

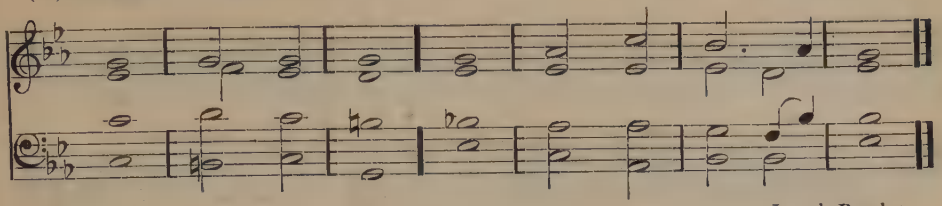
For as in Ad-am | all * — | die || even so in Christ shall | all be | made a- | -live.

Glory be to the Fa-ther, | and * to the | Son || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be || world with-out | end. * — | A- | -men.

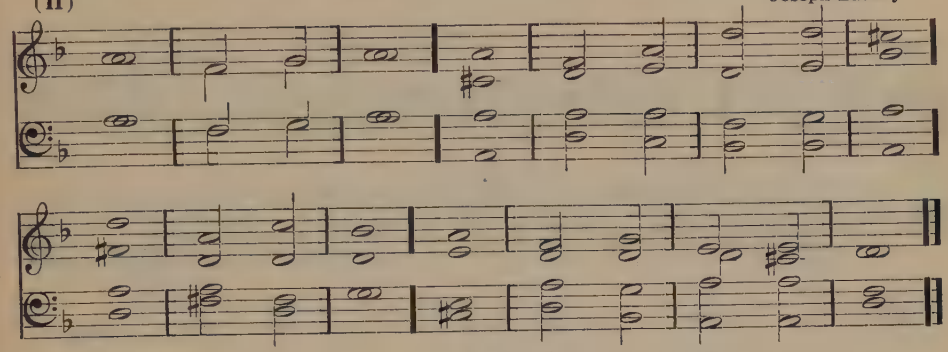
(I) PSALM xxxix

William Felton



(II)

Joseph Barnby



LORD, let me know mine end, and the num-ber | of my | days ‖ that I may be cer-ti-fied how | long I | have to | live.

Behold, thou hast made my days as it were a | span * — | long ‖ and mine age is even as nothing in respect of thee, and verily every man liv-ing is | al-to- | -geth-er | vanity.

For man walketh in a vain shadow, and disqui-et-eth him- | -self in | vain ‖ he heap-eth up riches, and cannot tell | who shall | gath-er | them.

And now Lord, what | is my | hope ‖ tru-ly my | hope is | even * in | thee.

Deliver me from all | mine of- | -fences ‖ and make me not a re- | -buke * — | unto * the | foolish.

When thou with rebukes dost chasten man for sin, thou makest his beauty to con- -sume away, like as it were a moth | fretting * a | garment ‖ ev-ery man | there-fore | is but | vanity.

Hear my prayer O Lord, and with thine ears con- | -sider * my | calling ‖ hold not thy | peace * — | at my | tears.

For I am a | stranger * with | thee ‖ and a so-journ-er, as | all my | fa-thers | were.

(Last half of double chant)

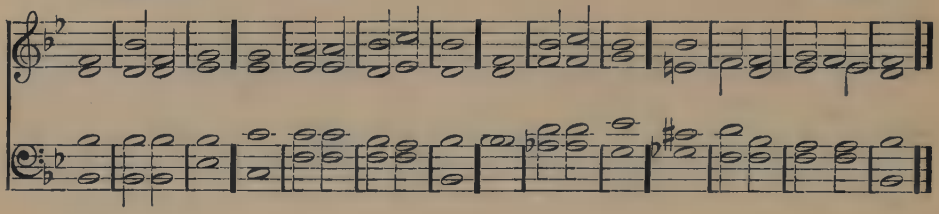
O spare me a little, that I may re- | -cover * my | strength ‖ before I go hence, and | be no | more * — | seen.

Glory be to the Father, | and * to the | Son ‖ and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be ‖ world with-out | end. * — | A-* — | -men.

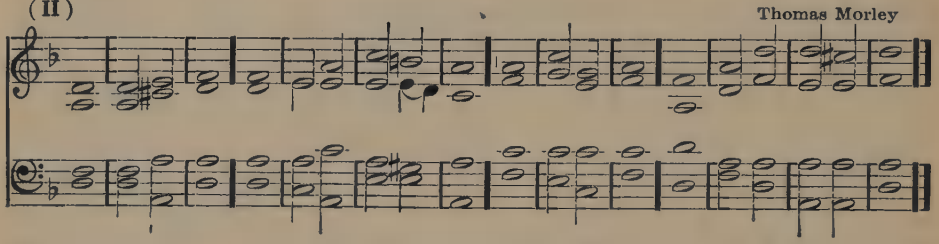
(I) DOMINE, REFUGIUM

Beethoven



(II)

Thomas Morley



LORD, thou hast | been our | refuge ‖ from one gen-er- | -a-tion | to an- | -other.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the | world were | made ‖ thou art God from everlast-ing, and | world with- | -out * — | end.

Thou turnest man | to de- | -struction ‖ again thou sayest, Come a- | -gain, ye | children * of | men.

For a thousand years in thy sight are | but as | yesterday ‖ seeing that is past as a | watch * — | in the | night.

As soon as thou scatterest them they are ev-en | as a | sleep ‖ and fade away | sudden-ly | like the | grass.

In the morning it is green, and | grow-eth | up ‖ but in the evening it is cut down, | dri-ed | up, and | withered.

For we consume away in | thy dis- | -pleasure ‖ and are afraid at thy | wrath-ful | in-dig- | -nation.

Thou hast set our mis- | -deeds be- | -fore thee ‖ and our secret sins in the | light of | thy * — | countenance.

For when thou art angry, all our | days are | gone ‖ we bring our years to an end, as it were a | tale * — | that is | told.

The days of our age are three-score years and ten, and though men be so strong that they come to | four-score | years ‖ yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow, so soon pass-eth it a- | -way, and | we are | gone.

But who who regardeth the pow-er | of thy | wrath ‖ for even thereafter as a man fear-eth, | so is | thy dis- | -pleasure.

So teach us to | number * our | days ‖ that we may apply our | hearts * — | un-to | wisdom.

Turn thee again O Lord | at the | last ‖ and be | gra-cious | unto * thy | servants.

O satisfy us with thy mercy, and | that * — | soon ‖ so shall we rejoice and be glad all the | days of | our * — | life.

Comfort us again now, after the time that thou hast | pla-gued | us ‖ and for the years where-in | we have | suffered * ad- | -versity.

Shew thy | servants * thy | work ‖ and their | chil-dren | thy * — | glory.

(Last half of double chant)

And the glorious majesty of the Lord our God | be up- | -on us ‖ prosper thou the work of our hands upon us, O pros-per | thou our | han-di- | -work.

Glory be to the Father, | and * to the | Son ‖ and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ev-er | shall be ‖ world with-out | end. * — | A- * — | -men.

✠ ✠

NOTE

The selections for responsive reading are from the familiar authorized version of the Psalms. In exceptional instances when the old version is obscure, a few lines from the revised version have been employed.

The general order of the Psalms has been followed, with an occasional departure for the sake of grouping Psalms of similar tone and subject.

With a few exceptions, the Psalms selected are given in their integrity.

Unity of thought rather than uniformity of length has been sought. Incidentally this gives a choice—often desirable—between a moderately long and a quite short selection.

The following selections may be found appropriate for special occasions

Christmas	SELECTIONS	**1, 26, 32**
Palm Sunday	"	**35**
Good Friday	"	**7, 15**
Easter	"	**2, 4, 44**
The New Year	"	**9, 13, 39**
Missions	"	**26, 36, 37**
Thanksgiving	"	**24, 40, 54**
National	"	**17, 41, 54**

Prayers

A General Confession

ALMIGHTY and most merciful Father, we have erred, and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep; we have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts; we have offended against thy holy laws; we have left undone those things which we ought to have done; and we have done those things which we ought not to have done; and there is no health in us. But thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable offenders. Spare thou those, O God, who confess their faults. Restore thou those who are penitent; according to thy promises declared unto mankind in Christ Jesus, our Lord. And grant, O most merciful Father, for his sake, that we may hereafter live a godly, righteous, and sober life, to the glory of thy holy name. Amen.

✠

A General Thanksgiving

ALMIGHTY God, Father of all mercies, we, thine unworthy servants, do give thee most humble and hearty thanks for all thy goodness and loving-kindness to us, and to all men. We bless thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life; but above all, for thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ; for the means of grace, and for the hope of glory. And, we beseech thee, give us that due sense of all thy mercies, that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful; and that we may show forth thy praise, not only with our lips, but in our lives; by giving up ourselves to thy service, and by walking before thee in holiness and righteousness all our days; through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom, with thee and the Holy Ghost, be all honor and glory, world without end. Amen.

✠

A Prayer of St. Chrysostom

ALMIGHTY God, who hast given us grace at this time with one accord to make our common supplications unto thee; and dost promise that when two or three are gathered together in thy name thou wilt grant their requests; Fulfil now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of thy servants, as may be most expedient for them; granting us in this world knowledge of thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting. Amen.

✠

An Evening Collect

LIGHTEN our darkness, we beseech thee, O Lord; and by thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night; for the love of thy only Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.

Selections from the Psalter

Arranged for Responsive Reading

SELECTION 1

PSALM 1

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season;

His leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For the LORD knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

PSALM 8

O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

What is man, that thou art mindful of him; and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour.

Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet:

All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

PSALM 19

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.

Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.

In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the LORD is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the LORD is sure, making wise the simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the LORD is clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the LORD are true and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

SELECTION 2

PSALM 2

Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?

The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against his anointed, saying, let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us.

He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the LORD shall have them in derision.

Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath, and vex them in his sore displeasure.

Yet have I set my king upon my holy hill of Zion.

I will declare the decree: the Lord hath said unto me, Thou art my Son; this day have I begotten thee.

Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.

Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.

Be wise now therefore, O ye kings: be instructed, ye judges of the earth.

Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling.

Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.

PSALM 110

The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou at my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool.

The LORD shall send the rod of thy strength out of Zion: rule thou in the midst of thine enemies.

Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power, in the beauties of holiness from the womb of the morning: thou hast the dew of thy youth.

The LORD hath sworn, and will not repent, Thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek.

The Lord at thy right hand shall strike through kings in the day of his wrath.

He shall judge among the heathen, he shall fill the places with the dead bodies; he shall wound the heads over many countries.

He shall drink of the brook in the way: therefore shall he lift up the head.

SELECTION 3

PSALM 12

Help, LORD; for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men.

They speak vanity every one with his neighbour: with flattering lips and with a double heart do they speak.

The LORD shall cut off all flattering lips, and the tongue that speaketh proud things:

Who have said, With our tongue will we prevail; our lips are our own: who is lord over us?

For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the LORD; I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him.

The words of the Lord are pure words: as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times.

Thou shalt keep them, O LORD, thou shalt preserve them from this generation for ever.

The wicked walk on every side, when the vilest men are exalted.

PSALM 13

How long wilt thou forget me, O LORD? for ever? how long wilt thou hide thy face from me?

How long shall I take counsel in my soul, having sorrow in my heart daily? how long shall mine enemy be exalted over me?

Consider and hear me, O LORD my God: lighten mine eyes, lest I sleep the sleep of death;

Lest mine enemy say, I have prevailed against him; and those that trouble me rejoice when I am moved.

But I have trusted in thy mercy; my heart shall rejoice in thy salvation.

I will sing unto the Lord, because he hath dealt bountifully with me.

PSALM 14

The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God. They are corrupt, they have done abominable works, there is none that doeth good.

The Lord looked down from heaven upon the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand, and seek God.

They are all gone aside, they are all together become filthy; there is none that doeth good, no, not one.

Have all the workers of iniquity no knowledge? who eat up my people as they eat bread, and call not upon the Lord.

There were they in great fear: for God is in the generation of the righteous.

Ye have shamed the counsel of the poor, because the Lord is his refuge.

Oh that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion!

When the Lord bringeth back the captivity of his people, Jacob shall rejoice, and Israel shall be glad.

SELECTION 4

PSALM 16

Preserve me, O God: for in thee do I put my trust.

O my soul, thou hast said unto Jehovah, Thou art my Lord: I have no good beyond thee.

As for the saints that are in the earth, they are the excellent in whom is all my delight.

Their sorrows shall be multiplied that hasten after another god: their drink offerings of blood will I not offer, nor take up their names into my lips.

The LORD is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup: thou maintainest my lot.

The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage.

I will bless the LORD, who hath given me counsel: my reins also instruct me in the night seasons.

I have set the Lord always before me: because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.

Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth: my flesh also shall rest in hope.

For thou wilt not leave my soul in the grave; neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption.

Thou wilt shew me the path of life: in thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

PSALM 17

Hear the right, O Lord, attend unto my cry, give ear unto my prayer, that goeth not out of feigned lips.

Let my sentence come forth from thy presence; let thine eyes behold the things that are equal.

Thou hast proved mine heart; thou hast visited me in the night; thou hast tried me, and shalt find nothing; I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress.

Concerning the works of men, by the word of thy lips I have kept me from the paths of the destroyer.

Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.

I have called upon thee, for thou wilt hear me, O God: incline thine ear unto me, and hear my speech.

Shew thy marvellous lovingkindness, O thou that savest by thy right hand them which put their trust in thee from those that rise up against them.

Keep me as the apple of the eye, hide me under the shadow of thy wings, from the wicked that oppress me, from my deadly enemies, who compass me about.

They are inclosed in their own fat: with their mouth they speak proudly.

They have now compassed us in our steps: they have set their eyes bowing down to the earth;

Like as a lion that is greedy of his prey, and as it were a young lion lurking in secret places.

Arise, O LORD, disappoint him, cast him down: deliver my soul from the wicked, by thy sword:

From men by thy hand, O Lord, from men of the world, which have their portion in this life, and whose belly thou fillest with thy hid treasure:

They are full of children, and leave the rest of their substance to their babes.

As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.

SELECTION 5

PSALM 18

I will love thee, O LORD, my strength. The LORD is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer;

My God, my strength, in whom I will trust; my buckler, and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower.

I will call upon the LORD, who is worthy to be praised: so shall I be saved from mine enemies.

The sorrows of death compassed me, and the floods of ungodly men made me afraid.

The sorrows of death compassed me about: the snares of death prevented me.

In my distress I called upon the Lord, and cried unto my God: he heard my voice out of his temple, and my cry came before him, even into his ears.

Then the earth shook and trembled; the foundations also of the hills moved and were shaken, because he was wroth.

There went up a smoke out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devoured: coals were kindled by it.

He bowed the heavens also, and came down; and darkness was under his feet.

And he rode upon a cherub, and did fly: yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind.

He made darkness his secret place; his pavilion round about him were dark waters and thick clouds of the skies.

At the brightness that was before him his thick clouds passed, hail stones and coals of fire.

The LORD also thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave his voice; hail stones and coals of fire.

Yea, he sent out his arrows, and scattered them; and he shot out lightnings, and discomfited them.

Then the channels of waters were seen, and the foundations of the world were discovered at thy rebuke, O LORD, at the blast of the breath of thy nostrils.

He sent from above, he took me, he drew me out of many waters.

He delivered me from my strong enemy, and from them which hated me: for they were too strong for me.

They prevented me in the day of my calamity: but the Lord was my stay.

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With the merciful thou wilt shew thyself merciful; with an upright man thou wilt shew thyself upright;

With the pure thou wilt shew thyself pure; and with the froward thou wilt shew thyself froward.

For thou wilt save the afflicted people; but wilt bring down high looks.

For thou wilt light my candle: the Lord my God will enlighten my darkness.

For by thee I have run through a troop; and by my God have I leaped over a wall.

As for God, his way is perfect: the word of the Lord is tried: he is a buckler to all those that trust in him.

For who is God save the LORD? or who is a rock save our God?

It is God that girdeth me with strength, and maketh my way perfect.

He maketh my feet like hinds' feet, and setteth me upon my high places.

He teacheth my hands to war, so that a bow of steel is broken by mine arms.

Thou hast also given me the shield of thy salvation:

And thy right hand hath holden me up, and thy gentleness hath made me great.

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SELECTION 6

PSALM 20

The LORD hear thee in the day of trouble; the name of the God of Jacob defend thee;

Send thee help from the sanctuary, and strengthen thee out of Zion;

Remember all thy offerings, and accept thy burnt sacrifice;

Grant thee according to thine own heart, and fulfil all thy counsel.

We will rejoice in thy salvation, and in the name of our God we will set up our banners: the LORD fulfil all thy petitions.

Now know I that the Lord saveth his anointed; he will hear him from his holy heaven with the saving strength of his right hand.

Some trust in chariots, and some in horses: but we will remember the name of the LORD our God.

They are brought down and fallen: but we are risen, and stand upright. Save, Lord: let the king hear us when we call.

PSALM 15

LORD, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbour, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbour.

In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoureth them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.

He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent.

He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

PSALM 24

The earth is the LORD'S, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the LORD? or who shall stand in his holy place?

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive the blessing from the LORD, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory?

The LORD strong and mighty, the LORD mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory?

The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

SELECTION 7

Psalm 22

My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? why art thou so far from helping me, and from the words of my roaring?

O my God, I cry in the daytime, but thou hearest not; and in the night season, and am not silent.

But thou art holy, O thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel.

Our fathers trusted in thee: they trusted, and thou didst deliver them.

They cried unto thee, and were delivered: they trusted in thee, and were not confounded.

But I am a worm, and no man; a reproach of men, and despised of the people.

All they that see me laugh me to scorn: they shoot out the lip, they shake the head, saying, He trusted on the Lord that he would deliver him: let him deliver him, seeing he delighted in him.

But thou art he that took me out of the womb: thou didst make me hope when I was upon my mother's breasts.

I was cast upon thee from the womb; thou art my God since my mother bare me.

Be not far from me; for trouble is near; for there is none to help.

Many bulls have compassed me: strong bulls of Bashan have beset me round.

They gaped upon me with their mouths, as a ravening and a roaring lion.

I am poured out like water, and all my bones are out of joint: my heart is like wax; it is melted in the midst of my bowels.

My strength is dried up like a potsherd; and my tongue cleaveth to my jaws; and thou hast brought me into the dust of death.

For dogs have compassed me: the assembly of the wicked have inclosed me: they pierced my hands and my feet.

I may tell all my bones: they look and stare upon me.

They part my garments among them, and cast lots upon my vesture.

But be not thou far from me, O Lord: O my strength, haste thee to help me.

Deliver my soul from the sword; my darling from the power of the dog.

Save me from the lion's mouth: for thou hast heard me from the horns of the unicorns.

I will declare thy name unto my brethren: in the midst of the congregation will I praise thee.

Ye that fear the Lord, praise him; all ye the seed of Jacob, glorify him; and fear him, all ye the seed of Israel.

For he hath not despised nor abhorred the affliction of the afflicted;

neither hath he hid his face from him; but when he cried unto him, he heard.

My praise shall be of thee in the great congregation: I will pay my vows before them that fear him.

The meek shall eat and be satisfied: they shall praise the LORD that seek him: your heart shall live for ever.

All the ends of the world shall remember and turn unto the Lord: and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before thee.

For the kingdom is the LORD's: and he is the governor among the nations.

All they that be fat upon earth shall eat and worship: all they that go down to the dust shall bow before him: and none can keep alive his own soul.

A seed shall serve him; it shall be accounted to the Lord for a generation.

They shall come, and shall declare his righteousness unto a people that shall be born, that he hath done this.

SELECTION 8

PSALM 25

Unto thee, O LORD, do I lift up my soul.

O my God, I trust in thee: let me not be ashamed, let not mine enemies triumph over me.

Yea, let none that wait on thee be ashamed: let them be ashamed which transgress without cause.

Shew me thy ways, O Lord; teach me thy paths.

Lead me in thy truth, and teach me: for thou art the God of my salvation; on thee do I wait all the day.

Remember, O Lord, thy tender mercies and thy lovingkindnesses; for they have been ever of old.

Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions: according to thy mercy remember thou me for thy goodness' sake, O LORD.

Good and upright is the Lord: therefore will he teach sinners in the way.

The meek will he guide in judgment: and the meek will he teach his way.

All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies.

For thy name's sake, O LORD, pardon mine iniquity; for it is great.

What man is he that feareth the Lord? him shall he teach in the way that he shall choose.

His soul shall dwell at ease; and his seed shall inherit the earth.

The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him; and he will shew them his covenant.

Mine eyes are ever toward the LORD; for he shall pluck my feet out of the net.

Turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon me; for I am desolate and afflicted.

The troubles of my heart are enlarged: O bring thou me out of my distresses.

Look upon mine affliction and my pain; and forgive all my sins.

Consider mine enemies; for they are many; and they hate me with cruel hatred.

O keep my soul, and deliver me: let me not be ashamed; for I put my trust in thee.

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PSALM 23

The LORD is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

SELECTION 9

PSALM 26

Judge me, O LORD; for I have walked in mine integrity: I have trusted also in the LORD; therefore I shall not slide.

Examine me, O Lord, and prove me; try my reins and my heart.

For thy lovingkindness is before mine eyes: and I have walked in thy truth.

I have not sat with vain persons, neither will I go in with dissemblers.

I have hated the congregation of evil doers; and will not sit with the wicked.

I will wash mine hands in innocency; so will I compass thine altar, O Lord:

That I may publish with the voice of thanksgiving, and tell of all thy wondrous works.

Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honour dwelleth.

Gather not my soul with sinners, nor my life with bloody men:

In whose hands is mischief, and their right hand is full of bribes.

But as for me, I will walk in mine integrity: redeem me, and be merciful unto me.

My foot standeth in an even place: in the congregations will I bless the Lord.

PSALM 27

The LORD is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the LORD is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in his temple.

For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion: in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock.

And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me: therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

Hear, O LORD, when I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek.

Hide not thy face far from me; put not thy servant away in anger: thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.

When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.

Teach me thy way, O LORD, and lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies.

Deliver me not over unto the will of mine enemies: for false witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty.

I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the LORD in the land of the living.

Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.

SELECTION 10

PSALM 28

Unto thee will I cry, O LORD my rock; be not silent to me: lest, if thou be silent to me, I become like them that go down into the pit.

Hear the voice of my supplications, when I cry unto thee, when I lift up my hands toward thy holy oracle.

Draw me not away with the wicked, and with the workers of iniquity, which speak peace to their neighbours, but mischief is in their hearts.

Give them according to their deeds, and according to the wickedness of their endeavours: give them after the work of their hands; render to them their desert.

Because they regard not the works of the LORD, nor the operation of his hands, he shall destroy them, and not build them up.

Blessed be the Lord, because he hath heard the voice of my supplications.

The LORD is my strength and my shield; my heart trusted in him, and I am helped: therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth; and with my song will I praise him.

The Lord is their strength, and he is the saving strength of his anointed.

Save thy people, and bless thine inheritance: feed them also, and lift them up for ever.

PSALM 30

I will extol thee, O Lord; for thou hast lifted me up, and hast not made my foes to rejoice over me.

O LORD my God, I cried unto thee, and thou hast healed me.

O Lord, thou hast brought up my soul from the grave: thou hast kept me alive, that I should not go down to the pit.

Sing unto the LORD, O ye saints of his, and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.

For his anger endureth but a moment; in his favour is life: weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

And in my prosperity I said, I shall never be moved.

Lord, by thy favour thou hast made my mountain to stand strong: thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled.

I cried to thee, O LORD; and unto the LORD I made supplication.

What profit is there in my blood, when I go down to the pit? Shall the dust praise thee? shall it declare thy truth?

Hear, O LORD, and have mercy upon me: LORD, be thou my helper.

Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing: thou hast put off my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness;

To the end that my glory may sing praise to thee, and not be silent.

O Lord my God, I will give thanks unto thee for ever.

SELECTION 11

PSALM 31

In thee, O LORD, do I put my trust; let me never be ashamed: deliver me in thy righteousness.

Bow down thine ear to me; deliver me speedily: be thou my strong rock, for an house of defence to save me.

For thou art my rock and my fortress; therefore for thy name's sake lead me, and guide me.

Pull me out of the net that they have laid privily for me: for thou art my strength.

Into thine hand I commit my spirit: thou hast redeemed me, O LORD God of truth.

I have hated them that regard lying vanities: but I trust in the Lord.

I will be glad and rejoice in thy mercy: for thou hast considered my trouble; thou hast known my soul in adversities;

And hast not shut me up into the hand of the enemy: thou hast set my feet in a large room.

Have mercy upon me, O LORD, for I am in trouble: mine eye is consumed with grief, yea, my soul and my belly.

For my life is spent with grief, and my years with sighing: my strength faileth because of mine iniquity, and my bones are consumed.

I was a reproach among all mine enemies, but especially among my neighbours, and a fear to mine acquaintance: they that did see me without fled from me.

I am forgotten as a dead man out of mind: I am like a broken vessel.

For I have heard the slander of many: fear was on every side: while they took counsel together against me, they devised to take away my life.

But I trusted in thee, O Lord: I said, Thou art my God.

My times are in thy hand: deliver me from the hand of mine enemies, and from them that persecute me.

Make thy face to shine upon thy servant: save me for thy mercies' sake.

Let me not be ashamed, O LORD; for I have called upon thee: let the wicked be ashamed, and let them be silent in the grave.

Let the lying lips be put to silence; which speak grievous things proudly and contemptuously against the righteous.

Oh how great is thy goodness, which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee; which thou hast wrought for them that trust in thee before the sons of men!

Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence from the pride of man: thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues.

Blessed be the LORD: for he hath shewed me his marvellous kindness in a strong city.

For I said in my haste, I am cut off from before thine eyes: nevertheless thou heardest the voice of my supplications when I cried unto thee.

O love the LORD, all ye his saints: for the LORD preserveth the faithful, and plentifully rewardeth the proud doer.

Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord.

SELECTION 12

PSALM 32

Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.

When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long.

For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me: my moisture is turned into the drought of summer.

I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the LORD; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.

For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found: surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him.

Thou art my hiding place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance.

I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye.

Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding: whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come near unto thee.

Many sorrows shall be to the wicked: but he that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about.

Be glad in the LORD, and rejoice, ye righteous: and shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart.

PSALM 33

Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous: for praise is comely for the upright.

Praise the LORD with harp: sing unto him with the psaltery and an instrument of ten strings.

Sing unto him a new song; play skilfully with a loud noise.

For the word of the LORD is right; and all his works are done in truth.

He loveth righteousness and judgment: the earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.

By the word of the LORD were the heavens made; and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth.

He gathereth the waters of the sea together as an heap; he layeth up the depth in storehouses.

Let all the earth fear the LORD: let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him.

For he spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast.

The LORD bringeth the counsel of the heathen to nought: he maketh the devices of the people of none effect.

The counsel of the Lord standeth for ever, the thoughts of his heart to all generations.

Blessed is the nation whose God is the LORD; and the people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance.

The Lord looketh from heaven; he beholdeth all the sons of men.

From the place of his habitation he looketh upon all the inhabitants of the earth.

He fashioneth their hearts alike; he considereth all their works.

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SELECTION 13

Psalm 34

I will bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth.

My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.

O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.

They looked unto him, and were lightened: and their faces were not ashamed.

This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

O fear the Lord, ye his saints: for there is no want to them that fear him.

The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger: but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.

Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good?

Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.

Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace and pursue it.

The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry.

The face of the Lord is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.

The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles.

The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.

He keepeth all his bones: not one of them is broken.

Evil shall slay the wicked: and they that hate the righteous shall be desolate.

The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants: and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate.

SELECTION 14

Psalm 37

Fret not thyself because of evil doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity.

For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb.

Trust in the LORD, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.

Commit thy way unto the LORD; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.

And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday.

Rest in the LORD, and wait patiently for him: fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.

Cease from anger, and forsake wrath: fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.

For evil doers shall be cut off: but those that wait upon the LORD, they shall inherit the earth.

For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be: yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and it shall not be.

But the meek shall inherit the earth; and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.

The wicked plotteth against the just, and gnasheth upon him with his teeth.

The Lord shall laugh at him: for he seeth that his day is coming.

The wicked have drawn out the sword, and have bent their bow, to cast down the poor and needy, and to slay such as be of upright conversation.

Their sword shall enter into their own heart, and their bows shall be broken.

A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked.

For the arms of the wicked shall be broken: but the LORD upholdeth the righteous.

The Lord knoweth the days of the upright: and their inheritance shall be for ever.

They shall not be ashamed in the evil time: and in the days of famine they shall be satisfied.

But the wicked shall perish, and the enemies of the Lord shall be as the fat of lambs: they shall consume; into smoke shall they consume away.

The wicked borroweth and payeth not again: but the righteous sheweth mercy, and giveth.

For such as be blessed of him shall inherit the earth; and they that be cursed of him shall be cut off.

The steps of a good man are ordered by the LORD: and he delighteth in his way.

Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand.

I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the right-

eous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.

He is ever merciful, and lendeth; and his seed is blessed.

Depart from evil, and do good; and dwell for evermore.

For the Lord loveth judgment, and forsaketh not his saints; they are preserved for ever: but the seed of the wicked shall be cut off.

The righteous shall inherit the land, and dwell therein for ever.

The mouth of the righteous speaketh wisdom, and his tongue talketh of judgment.

The law of his God is in his heart; none of his steps shall slide.

The wicked watcheth the righteous, and seeketh to slay him.

The LORD will not leave him in his hand, nor condemn him when he is judged.

Wait on the Lord, and keep his way, and he shall exalt thee to inherit the land: when the wicked are cut off, thou shalt see it.

I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree.

Yet he passed away, and, lo, he was not: yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace.

But the transgressors shall be destroyed together: the end of the wicked shall be cut off.

But the salvation of the righteous is of the LORD: he is their strength in the time of trouble.

And the Lord shall help them, and deliver them: he shall deliver them from the wicked, and save them, because they trust in him.

SELECTION 15

PSALM 40

I waited patiently for the LORD; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.

He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings.

And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God: many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the LORD.

Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust, and respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn aside to lies.

Many, O LORD my God, are thy wonderful works which thou hast done, and thy thoughts which are to us-ward: they cannot be reckoned up in order unto thee: if I would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered.

Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire; mine ears hast thou opened: burnt offering and sin offering hast thou not required.

Then said I, Lo, I come: in the volume of the book it is written of me, I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart.

I have preached righteousness in the great congregation: lo, I have not refrained my lips, O Lord, thou knowest.

I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart; I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation: I have not concealed thy loving kindness and thy truth from the great congregation.

Withhold not thou thy tender mercies from me, O Lord: let thy loving kindness and thy truth continually preserve me.

For innumerable evils have compassed me about: mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up; they are more than the hairs of mine head: therefore my heart faileth me.

Be pleased, O Lord, to deliver me: O Lord, make haste to help me.

Let them be ashamed and confounded together that seek after my soul to destroy it; let them be driven backward and put to shame that wish me evil.

Let them be desolate for a reward of their shame that say unto me, Aha, aha.

Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee: let such as love thy salvation say continually, The LORD be magnified.

But I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me: thou art my help and my deliverer; make no tarrying, O my God.

SELECTION 16

PSALM 42

As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?

My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?

When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me: for I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holy day.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance.

O my God, my soul is cast down within me: therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar.

Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts: all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.

Yet the Lord will command his loving kindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.

I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me? why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

As with a sword in my bones, mine enemies reproach me; while they say daily unto me, Where is thy God?

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

PSALM 43

Judge me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation:

O deliver me from the deceitful and unjust man.

For thou art the God of my strength: why dost thou cast me off? why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

O send out thy light and thy truth: let them lead me; let them bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy tabernacles.

Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy: yea, upon the harp will I praise thee, O God my God.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

SELECTION 17

PSALM 46

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;

Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the most High.

God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved; God shall help her, and that right early.

The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved: he uttered his voice, the earth melted.

The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

Come behold the works of the LORD, what desolations he hath made in the earth.

He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire.

Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.

The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

PSALM 47

O clap your hands, all ye people; shout unto God with the voice of triumph.

For the Lord most high is terrible; he is a great King over all the earth.

He shall subdue the people under us, and the nations under our feet.

He shall choose our inheritance for us, the excellency of Jacob whom he loved.

God is gone up with a shout, the LORD with the sound of a trumpet.

Sing praises to God, sing praises: sing praises unto our King, sing praises.

For God is the King of all the earth: sing ye praises with understanding.

God reigneth over the heathen: God sitteth upon the throne of his holiness.

The princes of the people are gathered together, even the people of the God of Abraham: for the shields of the earth belong unto God: he is greatly exalted.

PSALM 48

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised in the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness.

Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is mount Zion, on the sides of the north, the city of the great King.

God is known in her palaces for a refuge.

For, lo, the kings were assembled, they passed by together.

They saw it, and so they marvelled; they were troubled, and hasted away.

Fear took hold upon them there, and pain, as of a woman in travail.

Thou breakest the ships of Tarshish with an east wind.

As we have heard, so have we seen in the city of the LORD of hosts, in the city of our God: God will establish it for ever.

We have thought of thy loving kindness, O God, in the midst of thy temple.

According to thy name, O God, so is thy praise unto the ends of the earth: thy right hand is full of righteousness.

Let mount Zion rejoice, let the daughters of Judah be glad, because of thy judgments. Walk about Zion, and go round about her:

Tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generation following.

For this God is our God for ever and ever: he will be our guide even unto death.

SELECTION 18

PSALM 49

Hear this, all ye people; give ear, all ye inhabitants of the world:

Both low and high, rich and poor, together.

My mouth shall speak of wisdom; and the meditation of my heart shall be of understanding.

I will incline mine ear to a parable: I will open my dark saying upon the harp.

Wherefore should I fear in the days of evil, when iniquity at my heels compasseth me about?

They that trust in their wealth, and boast themselves in the multitude of their riches; none of them can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him:

For the redemption of their soul is precious, and it ceaseth for ever: that he should still live for ever, and not see corruption.

For he seeth that wise men die, likewise the fool and the brutish person perish, and leave their wealth to others.

Their inward thought is, that their houses shall continue for ever, and their dwelling places to all generations; they call their lands after their own names.

Nevertheless man being in honor abideth not: he is like the beasts that perish.

This their way is their folly: yet their posterity approve their sayings.

Like sheep they are laid in the grave; death shall feed on them; and the upright shall have dominion over them in the morning; and their beauty shall consume in the grave from their dwelling.

But God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave: for he shall receive me.

Be not thou afraid when one is made rich, when the glory of his house is increased;

For when he dieth he shall carry nothing away: his glory shall not descend after him.

Though while he lived he blessed his soul: and men will praise thee, when thou doest well to thyself.

He shall go to the generation of his fathers; they shall never see the light.

Man that is in honour, and understandeth not, is like the beasts that perish.

SELECTION 19

Psalm 50

The mighty God, even the Lord, hath spoken, and called the earth from the rising of the sun unto the going down thereof.

Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined.

Our God shall come, and shall not keep silence: a fire shall devour before him, and it shall be very tempestuous round about him.

He shall call to the heavens from above, and to the earth, that he may judge his people.

Gather my saints together unto me; those that have made a covenant with me by sacrifice.

And the heavens shall declare his righteousness: for God is judge himself.

Hear, O my people, and I will speak; O Israel, and I will testify against thee: I am God, even thy God.

I will not reprove thee for thy sacrifices or thy burnt offerings, to have been continually before me.

I will take no bullock out of thy house, nor he goats out of thy folds.

For every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills.

I know all the fowls of the mountains: and the wild beasts of the field are mine.

If I were hungry, I would not tell thee: for the world is mine, and the fulness thereof.

Will I eat the flesh of bulls, or drink the blood of goats?

Offer unto God thanksgiving; and pay thy vows unto the most High.

And call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.

But unto the wicked God saith, What hast thou to do to declare my statues, or that thou shouldst take my covenant in thy mouth?

Seeing thou hatest instruction, and castest my words behind thee.

When thou sawest a thief, then thou consentedst with him, and hast been partaker with adulterers.

Thou givest thy mouth to evil, and they tongue frameth deceit.

Thou sittest and speakest against thy brother; thou slanderest thine own mother's son.

These things hast thou done, and I kept silence; thou thoughtest that I was altogether such a one as thyself:

But I will reprove thee, and set them in order before thine eyes.

Now consider this, ye that forget God, lest I tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver.

Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me: and to him that ordereth his conversation aright will I shew the salvation of God.

SELECTION 20

Psalm 51

Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy holy spirit from me.

Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free spirit.

Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation: and my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.

For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offering.

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion: build thou the walls of Jerusalem.

Then shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt offering and whole burnt offering:

Then shall they offer bullocks upon thine altar.

SELECTION 21

Psalm 56

Be merciful unto me, O God: for man would swallow me up; he fighting daily oppresseth me.

Mine enemies would daily swallow me up: for they be many that fight against me, O thou most High.

What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee.

In God I will praise his word, in God I have put my trust; I will not fear what flesh can do unto me.

Every day they wrest my words: all their thoughts are against me for evil.

They gather themselves together, they hide themselves, they mark my steps, when they wait for my soul.

Shall they escape by iniquity? in thine anger cast down the people, O God.

Thou tellest my wanderings: put thou my tears into thy bottle: are they not in thy book?

When I cry unto thee, then shall mine enemies turn back: this I know; for God is for me.

In God will I praise his word: in the Lord will I praise his word. In God have I put my trust: I will not be afraid what man can do unto me.

Thy vows are upon me, O God: I will render praises unto thee.

For thou hast delivered my soul from death: wilt not thou deliver my feet from falling, that I may walk before God in the light of the living?

PSALM 57

Be merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me: for my soul trusteth in thee:

Yea, in the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge, until these calamities be overpast.

I will cry unto God most high; unto God that performeth all things for me.

He shall send from heaven, and save me from the reproach of him that would swallow me up. God shall send forth his mercy and his truth.

My soul is among lions: and I lie even among them that are set on fire, even the sons of men, whose teeth are spears and arrows, and their tongues a sharp sword.

Be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens; let thy glory be above all the earth.

They have prepared a net for my steps; my soul is bowed down: they have digged a pit before me, into the midst whereof they are fallen themselves.

My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed: I will sing and give praise.

Awake up, my glory; awake, psaltery and harp: I myself will awake early.

I will praise thee, O Lord, among the people: I will sing unto thee among the nations.

For thy mercy is great unto the heavens, and thy truth unto the clouds.

Be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens: let thy glory be above all the earth.

SELECTION 22

PSALM 61

Hear my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer.

From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed: lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

For thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy.

I will abide in thy tabernacle for ever: I will trust in the covert of thy wings.

For thou, O God, hast heard my vows: thou hast given me the heritage of those that fear thy name.

Thou wilt prolong the king's life: and his years as many generations.

He shall abide before God for ever: O prepare mercy and truth, which may preserve him.

So will I sing praise unto thy name for ever, that I may daily perform my vows.

PSALM 62

Truly my soul waiteth upon God: from him cometh my salvation.

He only is my rock and my salvation; he is my defence; I shall not be greatly moved.

How long will ye imagine mischief against a man? ye shall be slain all of you: as a bowing wall shall ye be, and as a tottering fence.

They only consult to cast him down from his excellency: they delight in lies: they bless with their mouth, but they curse inwardly.

My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from him.

He only is my rock and my salvation: he is my defence; I shall not be moved.

In God is my salvation and my glory: the rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God.

Trust in him at all times; ye people, pour out your heart before him: God is a refuge for us.

Surely men of low degree are vanity, and men of high degree are a lie: to be laid in the balance, they are altogether lighter than vanity.

Trust not in oppression, and become not vain in robbery: if riches increase, set not your heart upon them.

God hath spoken once; twice have I heard this; that power belongeth unto God.

Also unto thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy: for thou renderest to every man according to his work.

PSALM 63

O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee: my soul thirsteth for thee,

My flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is; to see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary.

Because thy lovingkindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

Thus will I bless thee while I live: I will lift up my hands in thy name.

My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness; and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips:

When I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in the night watches.

Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.

My soul followeth hard after thee: thy right hand upholdeth me.

But those that seek my soul, to destroy it, shall go into the lower parts of the earth.

They shall fall by the sword: they shall be a portion for foxes.

But the king shall rejoice in God; every one that sweareth by him shall glory: but the mouth of them that speak lies shall be stopped.

SELECTION 23

Psalm 65

Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion: and unto thee shall the vow be performed.

O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.

Iniquities prevail against me: as for our transgressions, thou shalt purge them away.

Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts: we shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, even of thy holy temple.

By terrible things in righteousness wilt thou answer us, O God of our salvation; who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea:

Which by his strength setteth fast the mountains; being girded with power:

Which stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people.

They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid at thy tokens: thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.

Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it: thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water: thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it.

Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly: thou settlest the furrows thereof: thou makest it soft with showers: thou blessest the springing thereof.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness.

They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness: and the little hills rejoice on every side.

The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn;

They shout for joy, they also sing.

Psalm 29

Give unto the Lord, O ye mighty, give unto the Lord glory and strength.

Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name; worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

The voice of the Lord is upon the waters: the God of glory thundereth: the Lord is upon many waters.

The voice of the Lord is powerful; the voice of the Lord is full of majesty.

The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars; yea, the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon.

He maketh them also to skip like a calf; Lebanon and Sirion like a young unicorn.

The voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire.

The voice of the Lord shaketh the wilderness; the Lord shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh.

The voice of the LORD maketh the hinds to calve, and discovereth the forests:

And in his temple doth everyone say, Glory.

The LORD sitteth upon the flood; yea, the LORD sitteth King for ever.

The Lord will give strength unto his people; the Lord will bless his people with peace.

SELECTION 24

PSALM 66

Make a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands: sing forth the honour of his name: make his praise glorious.

Say unto God, How terrible art thou in thy works! through the greatness of thy power shall thine enemies submit themselves unto thee.

All the earth shall worship thee, and shall sing unto thee; they shall sing to thy name.

Come and see the works of God: he is terrible in his doing toward the children of men.

He turned the sea into dry land: they went through the flood on foot: there did we rejoice in him.

He ruleth by his power for ever; his eyes behold the nations: let not the rebellious exalt themselves.

O bless our God, ye people, and make the voice of his praise to be heard:

Which holdeth our soul in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved.

For thou, O God, hast proved us: thou hast tried us, as silver is tried.

Thou broughtest us unto the net; thou laidst affliction upon our loins.

Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads; we went through fire and through water: but thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place.

I will go into thy house with burnt offerings: I will pay thee my vows, which my lips have uttered, and my mouth hath spoken, when I was in trouble.

I will offer unto thee burnt sacrifices of fatlings, with the incense of rams; I will offer bullocks with goats.

Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul.

I cried unto him with my mouth, and he was extolled with my tongue.

If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me:

But verily God hath heard me; he hath attended to the voice of my prayer.

Blessed be God, which hath not turned away my prayer, nor his mercy from me.

PSALM 67

God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us;

That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations.

Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

O let the nations be glad and sing for joy: for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.

Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee. Then shall the earth yield her increase; and God, even our own God, shall bless us.

God shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

SELECTION 25

Psalm 68

Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered: let them also that hate him flee before him.

As smoke is driven away, so drive them away: as wax melteth before the fire, so let the wicked perish at the presence of God.

But let the righteous be glad; let them rejoice before God: yea, let them exceedingly rejoice.

Sing unto God, sing praises to his name: extol him that rideth upon the heavens by his name JAH, and rejoice before him.

A father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows, is God in his holy habitation.

God setteth the solitary in families; he bringeth out those which are bound with chains: but the rebellious dwell in a dry land.

O God, when thou wentest forth before thy people, when thou didst march through the wilderness; the earth shook, the heavens also dropped at the presence of God:

Even Sinai itself was moved at the presence of God, the God of Israel.

Thou, O God, didst send a plentiful rain, whereby thou didst confirm thine inheritance when it was weary.

Thy congregation hath dwelt therein: thou, O God, hast prepared of thy goodness for the poor.

The Lord gave the word: great was the company of those that published it.

Kings of armies did flee apace: and she that tarried at home divided the spoil.

Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold.

When the Almighty scattered kings in it, it was white as snow in Salmon.

The hill of God is as the hill of Bashan; a high hill as the hill of Bashan.

Why leap ye, ye high hills? this is the hill which God desireth to dwell in; yea, the Lord will dwell in it for ever.

The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels: the Lord is among them, as in Sinai, in the holy place.

Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led captivity captive: thou hast received gifts for men; yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them.

Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits, even the God of our salvation.

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Sing unto God, ye kingdoms of the earth; O sing praises unto the Lord.

To him that rideth upon the heavens of heavens, which were of old; lo, he doth send out his voice, and that a mighty voice.

Ascribe ye strength unto God: his excellency is over Israel, and his strength is in the clouds.

O God, thou art terrible out of thy holy places:

The God of Israel is he that giveth strength and power unto his people. Blessed be God.

SELECTION 26

Psalm 72

Give the king thy judgments, O God, and thy righteousness unto the king's son.

He shall judge thy people with righteousness, and thy poor with judgment.

The mountains shall bring peace to the people, and the little hills, by righteousness.

He shall judge the poor of the people, he shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor.

They shall fear thee as long as the sun and moon endure, throughout all generations.

He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass: as showers that water the earth.

In his days shall the righteous flourish; and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth.

He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth.

They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before him; and his enemies shall lick the dust.

The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents: the kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts.

Yea, all kings shall fall down before him: all nations shall serve him.

For he shall deliver the needy when he crieth; the poor also, and him that hath no helper.

He shall spare the poor and needy, and shall save the souls of the needy.

He shall redeem their soul from deceit and violence: and precious shall their blood be in his sight.

And he shall live, and to him shall be given of the gold of Sheba: prayer also shall be made for him continually; and daily shall he be praised.

There shall be a handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon: and they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth.

His name shall endure for ever: his name shall be continued as long as the sun: and men shall be blessed in him; all nations shall call him blessed.

Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things. And blessed be his glorious name for ever: and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen, and Amen.

SELECTION 27

Psalm 73

Truly God is good to Israel, even to such as are of a clean heart.

But as for me, my feet were almost gone; my steps had well nigh slipped.

For I was envious at the foolish, when I saw the prosperity of the wicked.

For there are no bands in their death: but their strength is firm.

They are not in trouble as other men; neither are they plagued like other men.

Therefore pride compasseth them about as a chain; violence covereth them as a garment.

Their eyes stand out with fatness: they have more than heart could wish.

They are corrupt, and speak wickedly concerning oppression: they speak loftily.

They set their mouth against the heavens, and their tongue walketh through the earth.

Therefore his people return hither: and waters of a full cup are wrung out to them.

And they say, How doth God know? and is there knowledge in the Most High?

Behold, these are the ungodly, who prosper in the world; they increase in riches.

Verily I have cleansed my heart in vain, and washed my hands in innocency.

For all the day long have I been plagued, and chastened every morning.

If I say, I will speak thus; behold, I should offend against the generation of thy children.

When I thought to know this, it was too painful for me;

Until I went into the sanctuary of God; then understood I their end.

Surely thou didst set them in slippery places: thou castedst them down into destruction.

How are they brought into desolation, as in a moment! they are utterly consumed with terrors.

As a dream when one awaketh; so, O Lord, when thou awakest, thou shalt despise their image.

Thus my heart was grieved, and I was pricked in my reins.

So foolish was I, and ignorant: I was as a beast before thee.

Nevertheless I am continually with thee: thou hast holden me by my right hand.

Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory.

Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee.

My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.

For, lo, they that are far from thee shall perish: thou hast destroyed all them that play the harlot, departing from thee.

But it is good for me to draw near to God: I have put my trust in the Lord God, that I may declare all thy works.

SELECTION 28

Psalm 77

I cried unto God with my voice, even unto God with my voice; and he gave ear unto me.

In the day of my trouble I sought the Lord: my hand was stretched out in the night, and slacked not; my soul refused to be comforted.

I remembered God, and was troubled: I complained, and my spirit was overwhelmed.

Thou holdest mine eyes waking: I am so troubled that I cannot speak.

I have considered the days of old, the years of ancient times.

I call to remembrance my song in the night: I commune with mine own heart: and my spirit made diligent search.

Will the Lord cast off for ever? and will he be favourable no more?

Is his mercy clean gone for ever? doth his promise fail for evermore?

Hath God forgotten to be gracious? hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies?

And I said, This is my infirmity: but I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High.

I will remember the works of the Lord: surely I will remember thy wonders of old.

I will meditate also of all thy work, and talk of thy doings.

Thy way, O God, is in the sanctuary: who is so great a God as our God?

Thou art the God that doest wonders: thou hast declared thy strength among the people.

Thou hast with thine arm redeemed thy people, the sons of Jacob and Joseph.

The waters saw thee, O God, the waters saw thee; they were afraid: the depths also were troubled.

The clouds poured out water: the skies sent out a sound: thine arrows also went abroad.

The voice of thy thunder was in the heaven: the lightnings lightened the world: the earth trembled and shook.

Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known.

Thou leddest thy people like a flock by the hand of Moses and Aaron.

SELECTION 29

Psalm 80

Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel, thou that leadest Joseph like a flock; thou that dwellest between the cherubim, shine forth.

Before Ephraim and Benjamin and Manasseh stir up thy strength, and come and save us.

Turn us again, O God, and cause thy face to shine; and we shall be saved.

O Lord God of hosts, how long wilt thou be angry against the prayer of thy people?

Thou feedest them with the bread of tears; and givest them tears to drink in great measure.

Thou makest us a strife unto our neighbours: and our enemies laugh among themselves.

Turn us again, O God of hosts, and cause thy face to shine; and we shall be saved.

Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt: thou hast cast out the heathen, and planted it.

Thou preparedst room before it, and didst cause it to take deep root, and it filled the land.

The hills were covered with the shadow of it, and the boughs thereof were like the goodly cedars.

She sent out her boughs unto the sea, and her branches unto the river.

Why hast thou then broken down her hedges, so that all they which pass by the way do pluck her?

The boar out of the wood doth waste it, and the wild beast of the field doth devour it.

Return, we beseech thee, O God of hosts: look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine;

And the vineyard which thy right hand hath planted, and the branch that thou madest strong for thyself.

It is burned with fire, it is cut down: they perish at the rebuke of thy countenance.

Let thy hand be upon the man of thy right hand, upon the son of man whom thou madest strong for thyself.

So will not we go back from thee: quicken us, and we will call upon thy name.

Turn us again, O Lord God of hosts, cause thy face to shine; and we shall be saved.

Psalm 82

God standeth in the congregation of the mighty; he judgeth among the gods.

How long will ye judge unjustly, and accept the persons of the wicked?

Defend the poor and fatherless: do justice to the afflicted and needy.

Deliver the poor and needy: rid them out of the hand of the wicked.

They know not, neither will they understand; they walk on in darkness: all the foundations of the earth are out of course.

I have said, Ye are gods; and all of you are children of the Most High. But ye shall die like men, and fall like one of the princes.

Arise, O God, judge the earth: for thou shalt inherit all nations.

SELECTION 30

Psalm 84

How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

Yea, the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God.

Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee.

Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the ways of thy house.

Passing through the valley of Baca, they make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools.

They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.

O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob.

Behold, O God our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.

For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand.

I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

Psalm 85

Lord, thou hast been favourable unto thy land: thou hast brought back the captivity of Jacob.

Thou hast forgiven the iniquity of thy people; thou hast covered all their sin.

Thou has taken away all thy wrath: thou hast turned thyself from the fierceness of thine anger.

Turn us, O God of our salvation, and cause thine anger toward us to cease.

Wilt thou be angry with us for ever? wilt thou draw out thine anger to all generations?

Wilt thou not revive us again: that thy people may rejoice in thee?

Shew us thy mercy, O Lord, and grant us thy salvation.

I will hear what God the LORD will speak: for he will speak peace unto his people, and to his saints: but let them not turn again to folly.

Surely his salvation is nigh them that fear him; that glory may dwell in our land.

Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other.

Truth shall spring out of the earth; and righteousness shall look down from heaven.

Yea, the LORD shall give that which is good; and our land shall yield her increase.

Righteousness shall go before him; and shall set us in the way of his steps.

SELECTION 31

PSALM 86

Bow down thine ear, O LORD, hear me: for I am poor and needy.

Preserve my soul; for I am holy: O thou my God, save thy servant that trusteth in thee.

Be merciful unto me, O Lord: for I cry unto thee daily.

Rejoice the soul of thy servant: for unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.

For thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive; and plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon thee.

Give ear, O Lord, unto my prayer; and attend to the voice of my supplications.

In the day of my trouble I will call upon thee: for thou wilt answer me.

Among the gods there is none like unto thee, O Lord; neither are there any works like unto thy works.

All nations whom thou hast made shall come and worship before thee, O Lord; and shall glorify thy name.

For thou art great, and doest wondrous things: thou art God alone.

Teach me thy way, O LORD; I will walk in thy truth: unite my heart to fear thy name.

I will praise thee, O Lord my God, with all my heart: and I will glorify thy name for evermore.

For great is thy mercy toward me: and thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest hell.

O God, the proud are risen against me, and the assemblies of violent men have sought after my soul; and have not set thee before them.

But thou, O Lord, art a God full of compassion, and gracious, longsuffering, and plenteous in mercy and truth.

O turn unto me, and have mercy upon me; give thy strength unto thy servant, and save the son of thine handmaid.

Shew me a token for good; that they which hate me may see it, and be ashamed:

Because thou, Lord, hast holpen me, and comforted me.

SELECTION 32

Psalm 89

I will sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever: with my mouth will I make known thy faithfulness to all generations.

For I have said, Mercy shall be built up for ever: thy faithfulness shalt thou establish in the very heavens.

I have made a covenant with my chosen, I have sworn unto David my servant,

Thy seed will I establish for ever, and build up thy throne to all generations.

And the heavens shall praise thy wonders, O Lord: thy faithfulness also in the congregation of the saints.

For who in the heaven can be compared unto the Lord? who among the sons of the mighty can be likened unto the Lord?

God is greatly to be feared in the assembly of the saints, and to be had in reverence of all them that are about him.

O Lord God of hosts, who is a strong Lord like unto thee? or to thy faithfulness round about thee?

Thou rulest the raging of the sea: when the waves thereof arise, thou stillest them.

Thou hast broken Rahab in pieces, as one that is slain; thou hast scattered thine enemies with thy strong arm.

The heavens are thine, the earth also is thine: as for the world and the fulness thereof, thou hast founded them.

The north and the south thou hast created them: Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in thy name.

Thou hast a mighty arm: strong is thy hand, and high is thy right hand.

Justice and judgment are the habitation of thy throne: mercy and truth shall go before thy face.

Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound: they shall walk, O Lord in the light of thy countenance.

In thy name shall they rejoice all the day: and in thy righteousness shall they be exalted.

For thou art the glory of their strength: and in thy favour our horn shall be exalted.

For the Lord is our defence; and the Holy One of Israel is our King.

Then thou spakest in vision to thy Holy One, and saidst, I have laid help upon one that is mighty; I have exalted one chosen out of the people.

I have found David my servant; with my holy oil have I anointed him:

With whom my hand shall be established: mine arm also shall strengthen him.

The enemy shall not exact upon him; nor the son of wickedness afflict him.

And I will beat down his foes before his face, and plague them that hate him.

But my faithfulness and my mercy shall be with him: and in my name shall his horn be exalted.

I will set his hand also in the sea, and his right hand in the rivers.

He shall cry unto me, Thou art my Father, my God, and the Rock of my salvation.

Also I will make him my first-born, higher than the kings of the earth.

My mercy will I keep for him for evermore, and my covenant shall stand fast with him.

SELECTION 33

Psalm 90

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled.

Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale that is told.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be four score years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

Who knoweth the power of thine anger? even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Return, O Lord, how long? and let it repent thee concerning thy servants.

O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil.

Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children.

And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish thou

the work of our hands upon us;

Yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

SELECTION 34

Psalm 91

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the most High, thy habitation; there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him.

With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation.

SELECTION 35

Psalm 92

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O most High:

To shew forth thy lovingkindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night,

Upon an instrument of ten strings, and upon the psaltery; upon the harp with a solemn sound.

For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy work; I will triumph in the works of thy hands.

O Lord, how great are thy works! and thy thoughts are very deep.

A brutish man knoweth not; neither doth a fool understand this.

When the wicked spring as the grass, and when all the workers of

iniquity do flourish; it is that they shall be destroyed for ever:

But thou, Lord, art most high for evermore.

For, lo, thine enemies, O LORD, for, lo, thine enemies shall perish; all the workers of iniquity shall be scattered.

But my horn shalt thou exalt like the horn of a unicorn: I shall be anointed with fresh oil.

Mine eye also shall see my desire on mine enemies, and mine ears shall hear my desire of the wicked that rise up against me.

The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree; he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.

Those that be planted in the house of the LORD shall flourish in the courts of our God.

They shall bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing;

To shew that the LORD is upright: he is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in him.

PSALM 93

The Lord reigneth, he is clothed with majesty; the Lord is clothed with strength, wherewith he hath girded himself; the world also is stablished, that it cannot be moved.

Thy throne is established of old: thou art from everlasting.

The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves.

The LORD on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.

Thy testimonies are very sure; holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, for ever.

SELECTION 36

PSALM 95

O come, let us sing unto the LORD: let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

For the LORD is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

In his hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is his also.

The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands formed the dry land.

O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our maker.

For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

Today if ye will hear his voice, harden not your heart, as in the provocation, and as in the day of temptation in the wilderness:

When your fathers tempted me, proved me, and saw my work.

Forty years long was I grieved with this generation, and said, It is a people that do err in their heart, and they have not known my ways:

Unto whom I sware in my wrath that they should not enter into my rest.

PSALM 96

O sing unto the Lord a new song: sing unto the Lord, all the earth.

Sing unto the LORD, bless his name; shew forth his salvation from day to day.

Declare his glory among the heathen, his wonders among all people.

For the LORD is great, and greatly to be praised: he is to be feared above all gods.

For all the gods of the nations are idols: but the Lord made the heavens.

Honour and majesty are before him: strength and beauty are in his sanctuary.

Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people, give unto the Lord glory and strength.

Give unto the LORD the glory due unto his name: bring an offering, and come into his courts.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness; fear before him, all the earth.

Say among the heathen that the LORD reigneth: the world also shall be established that it shall not be moved: he shall judge the people righteously.

Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad; let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof.

Let the field be joyful, and all that is therein: then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice before the LORD:

For he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth: he shall judge the world with righteousness, and the people with his truth.

SELECTION 37

PSALM 97

The LORD reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of isles be glad thereof.

Clouds and darkness are round about him: righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne.

A fire goeth before him, and burneth up his enemies round about.

His lightnings enlightened the world: the earth saw, and trembled.

The hills melted like wax at the presence of the LORD, at the presence of the Lord of the whole earth.

The heavens declare his righteousness, and all the people see his glory.

Confounded be all they that serve graven images, that boast themselves of idols: worship him, all ye gods.

Zion heard, and was glad; and the daughters of Judah rejoiced because of thy judgments, O Lord.

For thou, LORD, art high above all the earth: thou art exalted far above all gods.

Ye that love the Lord, hate evil: he preserveth the souls of his saints; he delivereth them out of the hand of the wicked.

Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.

Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous; and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.

PSALM 98

O sing unto the LORD a new song; for he hath done marvellous things: his right hand, and his holy arm, hath gotten him the victory.

The Lord hath made known his salvation: his righteousness hath he openly shewed in the sight of the heathen.

He hath remembered his mercy and his truth toward the house of Israel: all the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth: make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise.

Sing unto the LORD with the harp; with the harp, and the voice of a psalm.

With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King.

Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

Let the floods clap their hands: let the hills be joyful together before the Lord; for he cometh to judge the earth:

With righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity.

PSALM 100

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

Serve the LORD with gladness: come before his presence with singing.

Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

For the Lord is good, his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.

SELECTION 38

PSALM 103

Bless the LORD, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies;

Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger for ever.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the LORD pitieth them that fear him.

For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

But the mercy of the LORD is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children;

To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

The LORD hath prepared his throne in the heavens; and his kingdom ruleth over all.

Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.

Bless ye the LORD, all ye his hosts; ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.

Bless the Lord, all his works in all places of his dominion: bless the Lord, O my soul.

SELECTION 39

PSALM 104

Bless the LORD, O my soul. O LORD my God, thou art very great; thou art clothed with honour and majesty.

Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment: who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain:

Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters: who maketh the clouds his chariot: who walketh upon the wings of the wind:

Who maketh his angels spirits; his ministers a flaming fire:

Who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed for ever.

Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a garment: the waters stood above the mountains.

At thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of thy thunder they hasted away.

They go up by the mountains; they go down by the valleys unto the place which thou hast founded for them.

Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over; that they turn not again to cover the earth.

He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills.

They give drink to every beast of the field: the wild asses quench their thirst.

By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches.

He watereth the hills from his chambers: the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.

He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man; that he may bring forth food out of the earth;

And wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart.

The trees of the Lord are full of sap; the cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted;

Where the birds make their nests: as for the stork, the fir trees are her house.

The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats; and the rocks for the conies.

He appointed the moon for seasons: the sun knoweth his going down.

Thou makest darkness, and it is night; wherein all the beasts of the forest do creep forth.

The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God.

The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together, and lay them down in their dens.

Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labor until the evening.

O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all; the earth is full of thy riches.

So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts.

There go the ships: there is that leviathan, whom thou hast made to play therein.

These wait all upon thee; that thou mayest give them their meat in due season.

That thou givest them they gather: thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good.

Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled: thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to their dust.

Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created: and thou renewest the face of the earth.

The glory of the LORD shall endure

for ever: the LORD shall rejoice in his works.

He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth: he toucheth the hills, and they smoke.

I will sing unto the LORD as long as I live: I will sing praise to my God while I have my being.

My meditation of him shall be sweet: I will be glad in the Lord.

Let the sinners be consumed out of the earth, and let the wicked be no more.

Bless thou the Lord, O my soul. Praise ye the Lord.

SELECTION 40

PSALM 107

O give thanks unto the LORD, for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever.

Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy;

And gathered them out of the lands, from the east, and from the west, from the north, and from the south.

They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way; they found no city to dwell in. Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them.

Then they cried unto the LORD in their trouble, and he delivered them out of their distresses.

And he led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation.

Oh that men would praise the LORD for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

For he satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness.

Such as sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, being bound in affliction and iron; because they rebelled against the words of God, and contemned the counsel of the Most High:

Therefore he brought down their heart with labour; they fell down, and there was none to help.

Then they cried unto the LORD in their trouble, and he saved them out of their distresses.

He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, and brake their bands in sunder.

Oh that men would praise the LORD for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

For he hath broken the gates of brass, and cut the bars of iron in sunder.

Fools, because of their transgression, and because of their iniquities, are afflicted.

Their soul abhorreth all manner of meat; and they draw near unto the gates of death.

Then they cry unto the LORD in their trouble, and he saveth them out of their distresses.

He sent his word, and healed them, and delivered them from their destructions.

Oh that men would praise the LORD for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

And let them sacrifice the sacrifices of thanksgiving, and declare his works with rejoicing.

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the LORD and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof.

They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end.

Then they cry unto the LORD in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses.

He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven.

Oh that men would praise the LORD for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

Let them exalt him also in the congregation of the people and praise him in the assembly of the elders.

He turneth rivers into a wilderness, and the watersprings into dry ground; a fruitful land into barrenness, for the wickedness of them that dwell therein.

He turneth the wilderness into a standing water, and dry ground into watersprings. And there he maketh the hungry to dwell, that they may prepare a city for habitation; and sow the fields, and plant vineyards, which may yield fruits of increase.

He blesseth them also, so that they are multiplied greatly; and suffereth not their cattle to decrease.

Again, they are minished and brought low through oppression, affliction, and sorrow.

He poureth contempt upon princes, and causeth them to wander in the wilderness, where there is no way.

Yet setteth he the poor on high from affliction, and maketh him families like a flock.

The righteous shall see it, and rejoice: and all iniquity shall stop her mouth.

Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord.

SELECTION 41

PSALM 111

Praise ye the LORD.

I will praise the Lord with my whole heart, in the assembly of the upright, and in the congregation.

The works of the LORD are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.

His work is honourable and glorious: and his righteousness endureth for ever.

He hath made his wonderful works to be remembered: the LORD is gracious and full of compassion.

He hath given meat unto them that fear him: he will ever be mindful of his covenant.

He hath shewed his people the power of his works, that he may give them the heritage of the heathen.

The works of his hands are verity and judgment; all his commandments are sure.

They stand fast for ever and ever, and are done in truth and uprightness.

He sent redemption unto his people; he hath commanded his covenant for ever: holy and reverend is his name.

The fear of the LORD is the beginning of wisdom: a good understanding have all they that do his commandments: his praise endureth for ever.

PSALM 112

Praise ye the Lord.

Blessed is the man that feareth the LORD, that delighteth greatly in his commandments.

His seed shall be mighty upon earth; the generation of the upright shall be blessed.

Wealth and riches shall be in his house: and his righteousness endureth for ever.

Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness: he is gracious, and full of compassion, and righteous.

A good man sheweth favour, and lendeth: he will guide his affairs with discretion.

Surely he shall not be moved for ever: the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.

He shall not be afraid of evil tidings: his heart is fixed, trusting in the LORD.

His heart is established, he shall not be afraid, until he see his desire upon his enemies.

He hath dispersed, he hath given to the poor; his righteousness endureth for ever; his horn shall be exalted with honour.

The wicked shall see it, and be grieved; he shall gnash with his teeth, and melt away: the desire of the wicked shall perish.

SELECTION 42

PSALM 114

When Israel went out of Egypt, the house of Jacob from a people of strange language;

Judah was his sanctuary, and Israel his dominion.

The sea saw it, and fled: Jordan was driven back.

The mountains skipped like rams, and the little hills like lambs.

What ailed thee, O thou sea, that thou fleddest? thou Jordan, that thou wast driven back?

Ye mountains, that ye skipped like rams; and ye little hills, like lambs?

Tremble, thou earth, at the presence of the LORD, at the presence of the God of Jacob;

Which turned the rock into a standing water, the flint into a fountain of waters.

PSALM 115

Not unto us, O LORD, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake.

Wherefore should the heathen say, Where is now their God?

But our God is in the heavens: he hath done whatsoever he hath pleased.

Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands.

They have mouths, but they speak not: eyes have they, but they see not:

They have ears, but they hear not: noses have they, but they smell not:

They have hands, but they handle not: feet have they, but they walk not: neither speak they through their throat.

They that make them are like unto them; so is every one that trusteth in them.

O Israel, trust thou in the LORD:

He is their help and their shield.

O house of Aaron, trust in the LORD:

He is their help and their shield.

Ye that fear the LORD, trust in the LORD:

He is their help and their shield.

The LORD hath been mindful of us: he will bless us; he will bless the house of Israel; he will bless the house of Aaron.

He will bless them that fear the Lord, both small and great.

The LORD shall increase you more and more, you and your children. Ye are blessed of the LORD which made heaven and earth.

The heaven, even the heavens, are the Lord's: but the earth hath he given to the children of men.

The dead praise not the LORD, neither any that go down into silence.

But we will bless the Lord from this time forth and for evermore. Praise the Lord.

SELECTION 43

PSALM 116

I love the LORD, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications.

Because he hath inclined his ear

unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.

The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow.

Then called I upon the name of the Lord; O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul.

Gracious is the LORD, and righteous; yea, our God is merciful.

The Lord preserveth the simple: I was brought low, and he helped me.

Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the LORD hath dealt bountifully with thee.

For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.

I will walk before the LORD in the land of the living.

I believed, therefore have I spoken: I was greatly afflicted: I said in my haste, All men are liars.

What shall I render unto the LORD for all his benefits toward me? I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the LORD.

I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people.

Precious in the sight of the LORD is the death of his saints.

O Lord, truly I am thy servant; I am thy servant, and the son of thine handmaid: thou hast loosed my bonds.

I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and will call upon the name of the LORD.

I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people, In the courts of the Lord's house, in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem. Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM 117

O praise the LORD, all ye nations: praise him, all ye people.

For his merciful kindness is great toward us: and the truth of the Lord endureth for ever. Praise ye the Lord.

SELECTION 44

PSALM 118

O give thanks unto the LORD: for he is good: because his mercy endureth for ever.

Let Israel now say, that his mercy endureth for ever.

Let the house of Aaron now say, that his mercy endureth for ever.

Let them now that fear the Lord say, that his mercy endureth for ever.

I called upon the LORD in distress: the LORD answered me, and set me in a large place.

The Lord is on my side; I will not fear: what can man do unto me?

The LORD taketh my part with them that help me: therefore shall I see my desire upon them that hate me.

It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man.

It is better to trust in the LORD than to put confidence in princes.

All nations compassed me about: but in the name of the Lord will I destroy them.

They compassed me about; yea, they compassed me about: but in the name of the LORD I will destroy them.

They compassed me about like bees; they are quenched as the fire of thorns: for in the name of the Lord I will destroy them.

Thou hast thrust sore at me that I might fall: but the LORD helped me.

The Lord is my strength and song, and is become my salvation.

The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles of the righteous: the right hand of the LORD doeth valiantly.

The right hand of the Lord is exalted: the right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly.

I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the LORD.

The Lord hath chastened me sore: but he hath not given me over unto death.

Open to me the gates of righteousness: I will go into them, and I will praise the LORD:

This gate of the Lord, into which the righteous shall enter.

I will praise thee: for thou hast heard me, and art become my salvation.

The stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner.

This is the LORD'S doing: it is marvellous in our eyes.

This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.

Save now, I beseech thee, O LORD: O LORD, I beseech thee, send now prosperity.

Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord: we have blessed you out of the house of the Lord.

God is the LORD, which hath shewed us light: bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar,

Thou art my God, and I will praise thee: thou art my God, I will exalt thee.

O give thanks unto the LORD; for he is good:

For his mercy endureth for ever.

SELECTION 45

PSALM 119—Part I

ALEPH

Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the LORD.

Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart.

They also do no iniquity: they walk in his ways.

Thou hast commanded us to keep thy precepts diligently.

O that my ways were directed to keep thy statutes!

Then shall I not be ashamed, when I have respect unto all thy commandments.

I will praise thee with uprightness of heart, when I shall have learned thy righteous judgments.

I will keep thy statutes: O forsake me not utterly.

BETH

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word.

With my whole heart have I sought thee: O let me not wander from thy commandments.

Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee.

Blessed art thou, O Lord: teach me thy statutes.

With my lips have I declared all the judgments of thy mouth.

I have rejoiced in the way of thy testimonies, as much as in all riches.

I will meditate in thy precepts, and have respect unto thy ways.

I will delight myself in thy statutes: I will not forget thy word.

HE

Teach me, O LORD, the way of thy statutes; and I shall keep it unto the end.

Give me understanding, and I shall keep thy law; yea, I shall observe it with my whole heart.

Make me to go in the path of thy commandments; for therein do I delight.

Incline my heart unto thy testimonies, and not to covetousness.

Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity; and quicken thou me in thy way.

Stablish thy word unto thy servant, who is devoted to thy fear.

Turn away my reproach which I fear: for thy judgments are good.

Behold, I have longed after thy precepts: quicken me in thy righteousness.

SELECTION 46

PSALM 119—PART II

MEM

O how love I thy law! it is my meditation all the day.

Thou through thy commandments hast made me wiser than mine enemies: for they are ever with me.

I have more understanding than all my teachers: for thy testimonies are my meditation.

I understand more than the ancients, because I keep thy precepts.

I have refrained my feet from every evil way, that I might keep thy word.

I have not departed from thy judgments: for thou hast taught me.

How sweet are thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth!

Through thy precepts I get understanding: therefore I hate every false way.

NUN

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.

I have sworn, and I will perform it, that I will keep thy righteous judgments.

I am afflicted very much: quicken me, O LORD, according unto thy word.

Accept, I beseech thee, the free-will offerings of my mouth, O Lord, and teach me thy judgments.

My soul is continually in my hand: yet do I not forget thy law.

The wicked have laid a snare for me: yet I erred not from thy precepts.

Thy testimonies have I taken as a heritage for ever: for they are the rejoicing of my heart.

I have inclined mine heart to perform thy statutes alway, even unto the end.

KOPH

I cried with my whole heart; hear me, O LORD: I will keep thy statutes.

I cried unto thee; save me, and I shall keep thy testimonies.

I prevented the dawning of the morning, and cried: I hoped in thy word.

Mine eyes prevent the night watches, that I might meditate in thy word.

Hear my voice according unto thy lovingkindness: O LORD, quicken me according to thy judgment.

They draw nigh that follow after mischief: they are far from thy law.

Thou art near, O LORD, and all thy commandments are truth.

Concerning thy testimonies, I have known of old that thou hast founded them for ever.

SELECTION 47

PSALM 120

In my distress I cried unto the LORD, and he heard me.

Deliver my soul, O Lord, from lying lips, and from a deceitful tongue.

What shall be given unto thee? or what shall be done unto thee, thou false tongue?

Sharp arrows of the mighty, with coals of juniper.

Woe is me, that I sojourn in Mesech, that I dwell in the tents of Kedar!

My soul hath long dwelt with him that hateth peace.

I am for peace: but when I speak, they are for war.

PSALM 121

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the LORD, which made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

The LORD shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

PSALM 122

I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.

Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together: whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.

For there are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David. Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee.

Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good.

SELECTION 48

PSALM 123

Unto thee lift I up mine eyes, O thou that dwellest in the heavens.

Behold, as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress; so our eyes wait upon the Lord our God, until that he have mercy upon us.

Have mercy upon us, O LORD, have mercy upon us: for we are exceedingly filled with contempt.

Our soul is exceedingly filled with the scorning of those that are at ease, and with the contempt of the proud.

PSALM 124

If it had not been the LORD who was on our side, now may Israel say;

If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, when men rose up against us: then they had swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us:

Then the waters had overwhelmed us, the stream had gone over our soul: then the proud waters had gone over our soul.

Blessed be the Lord, who hath not given us as a prey to their teeth.

Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers: the snare is broken, and we are escaped.

Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth.

PSALM 125

They that trust in the LORD shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever.

As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even for ever.

For the rod of the wicked shall not rest upon the lot of the righteous; lest the righeous put forth their hands unto iniquity.

Do good, O Lord, unto those that be good, and to them that are upright in their hearts.

As for such as turn aside unto their crooked ways, the LORD shall lead them forth with the workers of iniquity: but peace shall be upon Israel.

PSALM 126

When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream.

Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing: then said they among the heathen, The LORD hath done great things for them.

The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad.

Turn again our captivity, O LORD as the streams in the south.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

SELECTION 49

PSALM 130

Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O LORD. Lord, hear my voice; let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications.

If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand? But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared.

I wait for the LORD, my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope.

My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning: I say, more than they that watch for the morning.

Let Israel hope in the LORD: for with the LORD there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption.

And he shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities.

PSALM 131

LORD, my heart is not haughty, nor mine eyes lofty: neither do I exercise myself in great matters, or in things too high for me.

Surely I have behaved and quieted myself, as a child that is weaned of his mother: my soul is even as a weaned child.

Let Israel hope in the LORD from henceforth and for ever.

PSALM 132

Lord, remember David, and all his afflictions:

How he sware unto the LORD, and vowed unto the mighty God of Jacob;

Surely I will not come into the tabernacle of my house, nor go up into my bed;

I will not give sleep to mine eyes, or slumber to mine eyelids,

Until I find out a place for the Lord, a habitation for the mighty God of Jacob.

Lo, we heard of it at Ephratah: we found it in the fields of the wood.

We will go into his tabernacles: we will worship at his footstool.

Arise, O LORD, into thy rest; thou, and the ark of thy strength.

Let thy priests be clothed with righteousness; and let thy saints shout for joy.

For thy servant David's sake turn not away the face of thine anointed.

The Lord hath sworn in truth unto David; he will not turn from it; Of the fruit of thy body will I set upon thy throne.

If thy children will keep my covenant and my testimony that I shall teach them, their children shall also sit upon thy throne for evermore.

For the Lord hath chosen Zion; he hath desired it for his habitation.

This is my rest for ever: here will I dwell; for I have desired it.

I will abundantly bless her provision: I will satisfy her poor with bread.

I will also clothe her priests with salvation: and her saints shall shout aloud for joy. There will I make the horn of David to bud:

I have ordained a lamp for mine anointed. His enemies will I clothe with shame: but upon himself shall his crown flourish.

SELECTION 50.

PSALM 133

Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!

It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard:

Even Aaron's beard that went down to the skirts of his garments;

It is as the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion:

For there the LORD commanded the blessing, even life for evermore.

PSALM 134

Behold, bless ye the Lord, all ye servants of the Lord, which by night stand in the house of the Lord.

Lift up your hands in the sanctuary, and bless the LORD.

The Lord that made heaven and earth bless thee out of Zion.

PSALM 135

Praise ye the LORD. Praise ye the name of the LORD; praise him, O ye servants of the LORD.

Ye that stand in the house of the Lord, in the courts of the house of our God, praise the Lord; for the Lord is good: sing praises unto his name; for it is pleasant.

For the LORD hath chosen Jacob unto himself, and Israel for his peculiar treasure.

For I know that the Lord is great, and that our Lord is above all gods.

Whatsoever the LORD pleased, that did he in heaven, and in earth, in the seas, and all deep places.

He causeth the vapours to ascend from the ends of the earth; he maketh lightnings for the rain; he bringeth the wind out of his treasuries.

Who smote the firstborn of Egypt, both of man and beast. Who sent tokens and wonders into the midst of thee, O Egypt, upon Pharaoh, and upon all his servants.

Who smote great nations, and slew mighty kings; Sihon king of the Amorites, and Og king of Bashan, and all the kingdoms of Canaan: and he gave their land for a heritage, a heritage unto Israel his people.

Thy name, O LORD, endureth forever; and thy memorial, O LORD, throughout all generations.

For the Lord will judge his people, and he will repent himself concerning his servants.

The idols of the heathen are silver and gold, the work of men's hands.

They have mouths, but they speak not; eyes have they, but they see not;

They have ears, but they hear not; neither is there any breath in their mouths.

They that make them are like unto them: so is everyone that trusteth in them.

Bless the LORD, O house of Israel: bless the LORD, O house of Aaron. Bless the LORD, O house of Levi: ye that fear the LORD, bless the LORD.

Blessed be the Lord out of Zion, which dwelleth at Jerusalem. Praise ye the Lord.

SELECTION 51

PSALM 136

O give thanks unto the LORD; for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever.

O give thanks unto the God of gods: for his mercy endureth for ever.

O give thanks to the Lord of lords: for his mercy endureth forever.

To him who alone doeth great wonders: for his mercy endureth for ever.

To him that by wisdom made the heavens: for his mercy endureth for ever.

To him that stretched out the earth above the waters: for his mercy endureth for ever.

To him that made great lights: for his mercy endureth for ever:

The sun to rule by day: for his mercy endureth forever.

The moon and stars to rule by night: for his mercy endureth for ever.

To him that smote Egypt in their firstborn: for his mercy endureth for ever:

And brought out Israel from among them: for his mercy endureth forever:

With a strong hand, and with a stretched out arm: for his mercy endureth for ever.

To him which divided the Red Sea into parts: for his mercy endureth for ever:

And made Israel to pass through the midst of it: for his mercy endureth for ever.

But overthrew Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea: for his mercy endureth for ever.

To him which led his people through the wilderness: for his mercy endureth for ever.

To him which smote great kings: for his mercy endureth for ever:

And slew famous Kings: for his mercy endureth for ever.

Sihon king of the Amorites: for his mercy endureth for ever:

And Og the king of Bashan: for his mercy endureth for ever.

And gave their land for a heritage: for his mercy endureth for ever:

Even a heritage unto Israel his servant: for his mercy endureth for ever.

Who remembered us in our low estate: for his mercy endureth for ever:

And hath redeemed us from our enemies: for his mercy endureth for ever.

Who giveth food to all flesh; for his mercy endureth for ever.

O give thanks unto the God of heaven: for his mercy endureth forever.

SELECTION 52

Psalm 139

O Lord thou hast searched me, and known me.

Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising; thou understandest my thought afar off.

Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.

For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.

Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me.

Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it.

Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in the grave, behold thou art there.

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me.

Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

For thou hast possessed my reins: thou hast covered me in my mother's womb.

I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made: marvellous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well.

My substance was not hid from thee, when I was made in secret, and curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth.

Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being unperfect; and in thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them.

How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them!

If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand: when I awake, I am still with thee.

Surely thou wilt slay the wicked, O God: depart from me therefore, ye bloody men.

For they speak against thee wickedly, and thine enemies take thy name in vain.

Do not I hate them, O LORD, that hate thee? and am not I grieved with those that rise up against thee.

I hate them with perfect hatred: I count them mine enemies.

Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts:

And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

SELECTION 53

PSALM 143

Hear my prayer, O LORD, give ear to my supplications: in thy faithfulness answer me, and in thy righteousness.

And enter not into judgment with thy servant: for in thy sight shall no man living be justified.

For the enemy hath persecuted my soul; he hath smitten my life down to the ground; he hath made me to dwell in darkness, as those that have been long dead.

Therefore is my spirit overwhelm-

ed within me; my heart within me is desolate.

I remember the days of old; I meditate on all thy works; I muse on the work of thy hands.

I stretch forth my hands unto thee: my soul thirsteth after thee, as a thirsty land.

Hear me speedily, O LORD: my spirit faileth: hide not thy face from me, lest I be like unto them that go down into the pit.

Cause me to hear thy lovingkindness in the morning; for in thee do I trust: cause me to know the way wherein I should walk; for I lift up my soul unto thee.

Deliver me, O LORD, from mine enemies: I flee unto thee to hide me.

Teach me to do thy will; for thou art my God: thy spirit is good; lead me into the land of uprightness.

Quicken me, O LORD, for thy name's sake: for thy righteousness' sake bring my soul out of trouble.

And of thy mercy cut off mine enemies, and destroy all them that afflict my soul: for I am thy servant.

PSALM 137

By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion.

We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof.

For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion.

How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.

If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.

* *

PSALM 138

I will praise thee with my whole heart: before the gods will I sing praise unto thee.

I will worship toward thy holy temple, and praise thy name for thy lovingkindness and for thy truth; for thou hast magnified thy word above all thy name.

In the day when I cried thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul.

All the kings of the earth shall praise thee, O Lord, when they hear the words of thy mouth.

Yea, they shall sing in the ways of the LORD: for great is the glory of the LORD.

Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly: but the proud he knoweth afar off.

Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me: thou shalt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and thy right hand shall save me.

The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me: thy mercy, O Lord, endureth for ever: forsake not the works of thine own hands.

SELECTION 54

Psalm 145

I will extol thee, my God, O King; and I will bless thy name for ever and ever.

Every day will I bless thee; and I will praise thy name for ever and ever.

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised; and his greatness is unsearchable.

One generation shall praise thy works to another, and shall declare thy mighty acts.

I will speak of the glorious honour of thy majesty, and of thy wondrous works.

And men shall speak of the might of thy terrible acts: and I will declare thy greatness.

They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodness, and shall sing of thy righteousness.

The Lord is gracious, and full of compassion; slow to anger, and of great mercy.

The Lord is good to all: and his tender mercies are over all his works.

All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord; and thy saints shall bless thee.

They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power; to make known to the sons of men his mighty acts, and the glorious majesty of his kingdom.

Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.

The Lord upholdeth all that fall, and raiseth up all those that be bowed down.

The eyes of all wait upon thee; and thou givest them their meat in due season.

Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.

The Lord is righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his works.

The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth.

He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him: he also will hear their cry, and will save them.

The Lord preserveth all them that love him: but all the wicked will he destroy.

My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord: and let all flesh bless his holy name for ever and ever.

SELECTION 55

Psalm 146

Praise ye the Lord. Praise the Lord, O my soul.

While I live will I praise the Lord: I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being.

Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help.

His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish.

Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the LORD his God:

Which made heaven, and earth, the sea, and all that therein is: which keepeth truth for ever.

Which executeth judgment for the oppressed: which giveth food to the hungry.

The Lord looseth the prisoners: the Lord openeth the eyes of the blind: the Lord raiseth them that are bowed down: the Lord loveth the righteous:

The LORD preserveth the strangers; he relieveth the fatherless and widow: but the way of the wicked he turneth upside down.

The Lord shall reign for ever, even thy God, O Zion, unto all generations. Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM 147

Praise ye the LORD: for it is good to sing praises unto our God; for it is pleasant; and praise is comely.

The Lord doth build up Jerusalem: he gathereth together the outcasts of Israel.

He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.

He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names.

Great is our Lord, and of great power: his understanding is infinite.

The Lord lifteth up the meek: he casteth the wicked down to the ground.

Sing unto the LORD with thanksgiving; sing praise upon the harp unto our God:

Who covereth the heaven with clouds, who prepareth rain for the earth, who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.

He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry.

He delighteth not in the strength of the horse: he taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man.

The LORD taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in those that hope in his mercy.

Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem; praise thy God, O Zion.

For he hath strengthened the bars of thy gates; he hath blessed thy children within thee.

He maketh peace in thy borders, and filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.

He sendeth forth his commandment upon earth: his word runneth very swiftly.

He giveth snow like wool; he scattereth the hoar frost like ashes.

He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand before his cold?

He sendeth out his word, and melteth them: he causeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow.

He sheweth his word unto Jacob, his statutes, and his judgments unto Israel.

He hath not dealt so with any nation: and as for his judgments, they have not known them. Praise ye the Lord.

SELECTION 56

Psalm 148

Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens; praise him in the heights.

Praise ye him, all his angels; praise ye him, all his hosts.

Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise him, all ye stars of light.

Praise him, ye heavens of heavens, and ye waters that be above the heavens.

Let them praise the name of the Lord: for he commanded, and they were created.

He hath also stablished them for ever and ever: he hath made a decree which shall not pass.

Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons, and all deeps:

Fire, and hail; snow, and vapours; stormy wind fulfilling his word:

Mountains, and all hills; fruitful trees, and all cedars:

Beasts, and all cattle; creeping things, and flying fowl:

Kings of the earth, and all people; princes and all judges of the earth:

Both young men, and maidens; old men, and children:

Let them praise the name of the Lord: for his name alone is excellent; his glory is above the earth and heaven.

He also exalteth the horn of his people, the praise of all his saints; even of the children of Israel, a people near unto him. Praise ye the Lord.

Psalm 150

Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary: praise him in the firmament of his power.

Praise him for his mighty acts; praise him according to his excellent greatness.

Praise him with the sound of the trumpet: praise him with the psaltery and harp.

Praise him with the timbrel and dance: praise him with stringed instruments and organs.

Praise him upon the loud cymbals: praise him upon the high sounding cymbals.

Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.

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